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AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

I.

HOUSE-HUNTING AND HOUSEKEEPING IN
BRITTANY, PARIS, AND THE SUBURBS
OF PARIS.

IN the next place, — for the prejudice against going back to the beginning of the world to tell how it all came about is well founded, — in the next place, then, we landed at Cherbourg the last of July. It is no “editorial we” here employed: my pronoun refers to our family of two, and this family, if I recollect aright, had been married just two years to a dot. We by no means hold up our modest housekeeping and house-hunting experiences abroad as a model; indeed, I fear we shall too often prove “the horrible example.” When we spoke of being gone two years, our friends in America thought it a long time, and we ourselves hardly believed in it; but nearly four years have rolled away. Our experiment extended its proportions, and, so far as I can see, we do not seem even yet disposed to go back, and leave this pleasing Nice, this warm, sunny, fragrant, friendly Riviera, which became our chosen harbor of refuge after many wanderings, and from which I write.

We had no set destination. We did not want a great many practical things that other people want; we were not in search of good schools, musical advantages, improving society, in the usual sense, nor a climate to restore our shattered health. We wanted to gratify to the full that taste for antiquity and ro-

mantic tradition which is so American, though it is the way to represent us as only modern and practical; and at the same time to test personally the cheapness of foreign living, of which we have all heard so much. Our theory was that, being a man of letters, I could write as well, or as ill, on one side of the water as on the other; and it appeared, too, that the sound advice to reduce your divisor, if you can't increase your dividend, could not be carried out under such favorable circumstances by any other plan. When it comes to figures, it will be seen that this promise was justified, and notable economies were possible. Indeed, I am afraid our figures are of such a character that anybody who may be looking for a hint of practical advice herein must take these prices “and upwards,” as hotel-men and storekeepers are wont to advertise; for I think it would be very difficult to depart much from our prices downwards.

Other people simply traveled; we meant to go to housekeeping in romantic places, and see the life in them through and through. I think we had an idea that we might even seek some French village, and find entertainment enough in the quiet life to be found there. There would be certain to be some good architecture, for it is scattered everywhere, and plenty of history; perhaps for the American habit, which is used to making much of a little, there would even be too much history. We would go one day to the local *fête*, another to see the

administration of justice, another to a marriage at the *mairie*, and the like ; we should probably come to know the mayor, the doctor, the *curé*, and other local dignitaries, and, in short, study the place in complete detail. What is the matter with such a programme as that ? If it be true, as our romancers so largely incline to represent, that the choicest material for fiction is in the few vestiges of foreign life lingering about our outskirts at home, why should it not be infinitely more interesting to plunge over head and ears into foreign life itself, — foreign life entire and free from admixture ? Remark how I say, very skeptically, *if* it be true. Our plan had really no need of any such argument ; it had plenty without it. So, then, I begin.

It almost seemed at first as if Cherbourg itself might do. There at once was all the traditional French atmosphere : the silvery-gray and warm tones ; the uniforms ; the peasants, — the men in Millet-blue blouses, and the women in white caps fresh as so many snowflakes. And there was Napoleon prancing on horseback in a wide paved square, promising to renew in the great navy yard before him the marvels of Egypt. There was a beach with a pretty Casino, too ; but this was suffering, as were all the bathing-beaches along the coast, from an exceptionally cold summer. Brittany with its neighborhood is a rainy country, and this peculiarity was made unusually apparent that year. It did not rain all the time, it is true, and the gleams of sunshine gave charming effects of broken light ; but no sooner was your umbrella down than you must put it up again, and that finished by becoming *embêtant*, as you would say on the spot.

Cherbourg was not even a very good place to rest in. We connect with it an uncommon clatter of wooden shoes over the stones, a booming of heavy carts and cabs, a shrieking of whistles in the port, a piping of bugles and trotting along of

troops, very early in the morning, at that double-quick which has become the pace of the modernized athletic French soldier. We did not ask the price of any houses at Cherbourg, but we first became acquainted there with the Saint Michel whose name figures so prominently on all bills of houses to let. I believe we had, for a moment, an amusing idea that the various places billed "*pour le jour de Saint Michel prochain*" (for the Saint Michael's day next coming) were for some possible fine street procession then to come off, of which their windows might afford an exceptionally good view. But the phrase stands simply for the beginning of the October term, — "the Michaelmas term," as they say in England. From that day principally, and the 1st of April secondarily, the renting of houses and apartments begins ; and if you are not on hand to share in the general movement, you may expect to put up with rather poor leavings.

We took our few days of needed rest at Mont Saint Michel ; and from that island rock, all one prodigious abbey, so curious and so good after its kind that the government has made a national monument of it, we looked back across miles of wet shining sand to Avranches. One would not exactly live at Mont Saint Michel, but it would be most charming to have it within a stone's-throw, its fascinations added to those of Saint Malo, Cancale, Concarneau, and all the rest, if one chanced to live in that part of the world. To note a practical detail, there were beds in the old-fashioned room they gave us, up among the ram-parts, which shut into large alcoves, or closets, with folding doors. We thought the plan quite worthy of American invention, at first, but finding it adopted also in our modern Paris apartment, later on, we fell out of conceit with it ; those perverse doors were forever in the way, — always open when they should be shut, or shut when they should be open.

We cherished the idea of passing the

hot weather at one of the little Brittany bathing-stations before actively beginning our campaign; but the hot weather obstinately declined to appear. Dinard, the most considerable of these stations, seemed much too modern to our eyes. The same reproach could not be made against fine old Saint Malo, well walled in on its promontory, and with the genial clumsiness about its marine life that painters like. To me there has always been something in a bit of battlemented wall on a height that nearly dispensed with all further recommendation; but do you know that this taste is not shared by all the world? Can you conceive of there being people who do not like walled towns? Prepare to be not a little astonished, then, when I tell you that even a person very near to this expedition, that "Madame," that "S—," that — that — in short, the other half of the expedition, whose opinion in the matter of home-making was naturally of high importance, found, on trial, that they gave you a "shut-in feeling." Shall I dwell here upon the want of logic in this view, since their whole theory and reason for existence were rather to give other people a shut-out feeling? However, it is a taste that can be acquired, — as well, let me say, as abated, — and we came in our time to live in a walled town that would have warmed the heart of Sir Walter Scott or of Froissart.

Some strangers live in Saint Malo, and a habitation there, though dear if taken only for the summer season, would be reasonable enough for all the year round. It was the recollection of Victor Hugo's grandiose fiction, *The Toilers of the Sea*, and of the melancholy harmonies of Châteaubriand, who is buried there, that chiefly led us to Saint Malo. It was Feyen-Perrin's poetic picture, at the Luxembourg, *A Return of Oyster-Catchers*, that led me personally to Cancale — and a disappointment. Oysters are a controverted point internationally,

and I do not enter upon that; the cliffs and the limpid greenish-blue water are lovely, but the Cancaleise women, instead of being the dream-maidens of the picture, balancing their nets against the sky like a beauteous procession with banners, are plain, and even squalid, to a degree.

These earlier wanderings were but a preliminary to Dinan, eight or ten miles back in the country, south of Dinard. We knew of Dinan before leaving America; the romancers have dealt with it, and we had heard pleasant things said of it by a group of artists and their friends who used to go there to sketch. The prettiest way thither is up a little sylvan river, the Rance, which narrows into a still more sylvan canal. The steamboat, running you aground a few times incidentally, as it works its way up the exiguous channel, lands you under a fine high stone viaduct, at a point where, in climbing a moderate steep to the town, you will pass through the old portecullised gateway of Jersual. It is part of the mediæval defenses left behind them by the dukes of Brittany; for the bastions, the crenelations, the donjon keeps, exist here, too, in imposing prominence. Only, let it be said at once, in the interest of such as might dread gloomy impressions, that the greater part of the old fortifications has been turned into a charming green promenade. This is a plan you frequently find adopted as a happy compromise, where such antiquities are not swept out of sight altogether.

Dinan seems larger than its population of eight or nine thousand would appear to warrant; perhaps the cobblestones, set with their thin edges upwards, which early begin to make a sort of penance of your walking about in exploration of it, have something to do with the illusion. It is gray and ivy-grown, plentifully supplied with old arcaded houses, quaint shop-fronts, and the graver architectural monuments of the most interesting sort.

The English colony have built a quarter of their own, spick-and-span-new houses, very little in keeping with the old town. There are an English church, tennis courts, a circulating library, and an English club. At the latter I found myself, though a stranger, heartily entertained by one who insisted that he must pay off to me an old favor he had received from some other American. The climate cannot be very severe in winter; the character of the vegetation shows this. Indeed, I heard of two persons who had kept a record of temperature respectively at Dinan and Cannes, and had found it not to vary greatly, — though I should be inclined to doubt this unless in some exceptional season. There are similar English settlements scattered everywhere over the Continent. Each has its peculiar local reason for existing. Those throughout northern France have the standing advantage of nearness to England. If you have occasion to run over to London, it is a very slight matter, and you do not impair your economies by the cost of long journeys. Although these settlements have been begun, almost as a rule, by artists and literary men, who had found something that especially pleased them, yet this modest class of people have an involuntary way of creating publicity, and they find themselves followed, in course of time, not merely by the well to do, but by the great of the world, who want to try for themselves the localities that have become so famous. Thus, there were major-generals, bishops, and titles of note among the frequenters of Dinan; and going, one day, on foot, to see the Renaissance *château* of La Conninais, down in the valley by the mineral spring, I found it occupied by a great parliamentary leader. The seeming check proved to be only one more occasion for an experience of English kindness; for, although the occupants of an historic monument are by no means held to be agreeable to the clients of an over-zealous guidebook, I

was courteously shown all that was important to see.

I went further, on this same jaunt, to the ruins of La Garaye, a *château* of the gay, elegant Francis I. period, looking like an abandoned fairy palace in a lonesome wood. I should not otherwise have acquired that intimate idea of the country which it is desirable for one to have of the country surrounding the place he may think of choosing for an abode. I should not have known, for instance, that system of sunken roads which take you across the land without being visible from its surface. They are often ten or twelve feet deep, — deep enough to hide not only a pedestrian, but a whole farm wagon with its load; and in their sunless depths linger clayey mire and standing pools. There is a mystic solemnity about the country, as if the spirit of its old Druids hovered over it still; it would require plenty of sunshine to brighten it, but sunshine, unfortunately, it does not get. The peasants are silent and solemn, too, in keeping with the tone of the place. A Brittany school of painters have shown us all this, but somehow there is such a decorative quality in the pottery, embroideries, furniture, and even the costumes of sombre dark blue and black, relieved by the sparkling white caps, that you do not bring yourself to believe in so much solemnity till you have seen it for yourself.

The very first house we looked at, at Dinan, was charming. It seemed to be a prosperous grange made over into a villa. The approach was through a farm garden, and thence, by a green door in a wall, through a flower garden. It had pleasant nooks, blue and white wall papers and chintzes, and many of the old oak Breton wardrobes with rich brass mountings, which the English proprietor had picked up in the peasant interiors of the district. But it was much too large; it was furnished, and we were already coquetting with the idea of buying our

own furniture, for the pleasure of artistic "finds" and bargains; the rent, too was something like a thousand dollars a year. I was already carrying in mind, as a sort of basis, a taking old manor house, halfway between Trouville and Honfleur (of course far too large for us), for which, rather meagrely furnished, an American family we had known had paid four hundred dollars a year. Of unfurnished habitations there was a dearth, as there is apt to be. The foreign colony would not be likely to have them; and the truth seems forced upon you that if you want something attractive and hygienic, among the older residences, in these small places where there is little moving about, it must be a matter of long previous search and negotiation. Perhaps you might pay somebody handsomely to turn out for you, but this would take both time and money, even if it could be done at all. A small apartment, that would not have been bad after you once got there, might have been had in a sculptured old hotel near the Place des Cordeliers for three hundred francs, but the entrance was vilely impossible. In the Place Saint Sauveur, facing close up to the buttresses of the gray old church, with a view of the sylvan valley, near by, over the parapet, there was vacant a small stone house for five hundred francs. Here we could drink our deep draught of mediævalism; but the house faced due north; it was in a condition to need cleaning with shovels rather than with brooms, and water trickled in rivulets down the natural rock of its foundations.

An uneasy feeling all the time that it was necessary to wait for the rain to stop, and to see how the places would appear under settled daylight, impeded all this house-hunting. But the rain did not stop; it only increased. The destiny of men is dependent, after all, upon small circumstances. Brittany was not down on the cards for us. We left damp, gray, dripping Dinan behind us,

and set out directly for Paris. In a great capital distractions can be found even in the rain.

On the way it perversely turned hot and dusty, and our suddenly formed resolution was shaken. We looked with a certain longing at Chartres, then at Rambouillet, but did not really yield to temptation till we reached Versailles, which had been on our vague mental list. Captivated by the great park of Le Nôtre and the fine traditions of the court of Louis XIV., we left the train at Versailles, and went to housekeeping there for a month. Our lodging was on the Rue de la Paroisse, and we used to go through the Gate of the Dragon, opening just at the end of it, past the Basin of Apollo, and so up to the esplanade in front of the palace. The Basin of Apollo is where the best of the fountains play, in the grand monthly exhibition of the spouting waters; but in our day it was torn up for wholesale repairs, and we used to hurry by it as rapidly as possible. We tired ourselves — an agreeable, well-paid fatigue, I am sure — in the endless galleries of the palace, but there were few days when the weather allowed us to enjoy the yet more enticing park. Finally there came one such, a perfect summer day, so delightful among those vast alleys and other vagaries of sculptured foliage, with their quaint population of statues, as to wipe out the memory of a multitude of disappointments. We took our lunch with us, and spent a long day at the further end of the park. It is a point so remote that it used to seem as if nobody else had ever been there. The hasty bands of tourists from Paris scurry about the palace and nearer alleys, and rarely go beyond the Trianons. We rested in the shade, under the high railing that cuts off the royal domain from the farming country towards Saint Cyr. There are vast carpet stretches of greensward; the roads between the noble straight avenues there are greensward, too, hardly

broken by a wheel-track. You see an ancient woman gathering fagots, like a witch, or a solitary officer trying the paces of a new charger, preparatory to going down to command his men, who are practicing throwing pontoon bridges over the neglected southern arm of the great fish-pond. The palace is much better from that interminable distance than near by, since its slope of ground serves as a sort of pedestal; and, with the play of light and shade upon it, at the end of its long vista, you do not mind so much its monotonous drab and total lack of sky-line. The formal park has here relapsed into nature again, like some fine gentleman of the old *régime* who has abandoned the artificial court, and taken to a life of philosophy and simple rural tastes. There is something extremely grateful, restful, and pensive about these noble alleys of green, going on and on and on in unbroken directness. I should think one might be very happy who had the chance to walk in them often; and we still think the choice of Versailles a good one, and look back to it as the pleasantest of all the suburbs around Paris, though the exceptional season still pursued us, and ended by driving us away.

The town itself was silent, without gayety, sunk in slumber soon after night-fall. Even the tramway seemed to steal away to Paris, on its wide shaded avenue, with a discreet, hushed air. A certain Hortense, a nice-looking young servant, reticent and with a sad expression, as if she had some history to conceal, did our first cooking for us, and gave us our first acquaintance with the useful *femme de ménage* system. The *femme de ménage* comes to do your day's work, or any part of it you like, for about six cents an hour, and returns to her home to sleep. It is a recognized thing, like going to a trade or other occupation. By this system, you do not have to provide a chamber for her in your apartment, and if she comes only a part of the day you do not

even have to feed her. I mention for the moment only the advantageous side of the system.

At Versailles, too, S——, flanked by Hortense as chief of staff, after a first attempt alone, did her earliest marketing. It is a veritable ordeal, as she represents to me, and the worst of it is that it is one that has to be renewed in each foreign country, and, to some extent, always continues. Shrewd insidious or crabbed old women stare hard at you, to throw you into confusion, if possible, by their appreciation of the fact that you are a novice and a stranger. They practice extortion on all hands, and return impudence, or affect to toss back their lettuce or plums into the basket in disdain, if you attempt to bargain. I think no masculine mind, in superior pride of intellect, will be much inclined to smile at the difficulties of mastering all the new qualities and quantities of the received kinds of provisions, and keeping a proper eye out for taking novelties. To estimate in kilogrammes and litres instead of pounds and quarts, and in francs and centimes instead of dollars and cents, is simple enough, I grant you, in cold blood; but to do it under fire, as it were, and know where you are in your economies, is a matter of long and serious practice. Suppose it is suddenly sprung upon you, for instance, that you have eggs to the amount of *soixante-dix* centimes, mushrooms for *quatre-vingt-quinze*, and four hektos of butter at *trente-huit* the hekto, will you remember instantly that these are simply fourteen, nineteen, and seven and three fifths cents respectively, and that four hektos is four tenths of a kilo, which is two and one tenth pounds? I should very much doubt it. Then, too, the difficulties of language come in. However glib you may be with it, it will not always serve; for the lower order of people, the world over, have a way of mouthing or chopping their words, or changing them into a *patois* of their own,

which renders them all but unintelligible.

"Even if you get them to send a written account, it isn't much better." S—— was given to complaining, in these days. "They make their figures all alike, and nothing is in the least distinct but the sum total."

However, this is one of the conditions of the problem; it is an ordeal to be met, — the earlier and more bravely, the better. A personal acquaintance with prices is indispensable as a check, even if the marketing is afterwards to be committed to another. Surely, some of the hardships of the campaign are offset, too, by the never-failing supply of humorous episodes that arise, and the bright, bustling character of these market scenes, in which a good part of foreign picturesqueness resides.

When the rain came down and dampened the gayeties of a gingerbread fair, and put out its strings of paper lanterns, it dampened anew our fancy for rural life, and again we turned our attention to Paris. I went in to see what could be done in the way of permanent quarters there, and, finding something to our liking, we soon took possession. Among vague plans we had contemplated in advance was one that would be a pleasant thing, if feasible, — to live a year in each of the great capitals of Europe in turn. Paris proper had entered no more into our scheme than this, but now many considerations, not necessary to set down here, made it seem the best thing to do. In Paris we must expect to live rather high up, as the houses run six and seven stories into the air, and, except in the most expensive, there are no "lifts," or elevators. But how often you hear it said by artistic people at home, enthusiasts for foreign life, that in Paris you do not mind all those stairs, as you would elsewhere! — they are the custom; and then there are so many distractions that all drawbacks are swept away. We came to have a somewhat different opinion on

this subject, later, but we had no great prejudice, for the moment, against a *quatrième* or even a *cinquième*.

We ruled out the quarter about the Arc de Triomphe, the colony of the wealthy strangers, and plunged into the midst of more thoroughly French surroundings. That exception apart, I trust it will be seen that we were governed by no narrow exclusiveness, for we searched in sites so far apart as the hill of Montmartre; the Place des Vosges, in the Marais, with the house of Madame Sévigné; the Luxembourg; and the Invalides. Montmartre is the most picturesque thing in all Paris; and, as it is a landmark from every side, it repays this prominence by returning a wide view over the city and the country beyond. I recollected visiting there, years before, a young American literary man and painter, not a little known to fame, who, with the aid of a Greek servant brought back from his campaigning in the Russo-Turkish war, led a charming family life in a small house of his own. I remember it was entered through a green door in a garden wall. What is the standing fascination of a green door in a garden wall, and do others share it with me? Well, the studios were still there along the boulevards below; the view was as fine as ever from the windmills above; the great votive church, building ever since the war, was finished; but, whether I had forgotten the address or the small house itself had disappeared, it could not be found. The quarter itself had grown even more shabby and less reputable than of old, and we were told afterwards that it was not pleasant at all times, for ladies especially, to pass along through its teeming and noisy life.

On the whole, the staid portion of the Latin Quarter, under the shade of the university and schools, seemed the most promising for our case. Away from the dazzle of the great shops and the mighty rush of the central boulevards, it would naturally, we said, have

the habit of dealing with frugal-minded people, and looking with content upon moderate prices. There are some houses along the Rue Madame and the Rue du Luxembourg giving, either front or rear, into the Luxembourg garden. That seemed a particularly attractive point. We had not been satiated with clipped vegetation and statuary at Versailles, — only tantalized; and if we could have had the ancient domain of Catherine de Médicis under our eyes, it would have been worth while indeed. The sign "To Let" was hung out on a fresh-looking house in the Rue du Luxembourg. There was only a *cinquième* to be had, however. It was large enough, consisting of a *salon*, dining-room, three principal bedrooms, and the rest.

"And the price?" we asked the beaming *concierge*. A *concierge*, on first and brief acquaintance, is always beaming.

"Two thousand francs, m'seu et 'dame," she replied.

"That is the lowest price?"

"Mon Dieu! one can always see the proprietor; there is no harm in that. There may be a small diminution."

Generally there is a small diminution on seeing the proprietor in person, but not very much. We thought two thousand francs for a fifth story too high in several senses, though I dare say, considering the accommodation, the rate was not excessive.

Accident led us into the pleasant quarter of the Invalides, which I doubt if we should ever have thought of looking up expressly. It remains a sort of still-water point, — tranquil, roomy, healthy, and reasonable in prices, with all Paris about it, — the rich, fashionable district one way, overcrowded, grimy outskirts the other. I don't quite understand it, but fancy that another tramway line or two will finish it, and set it swirling with the general movement. It is a precinct where people tell you, as in America, that they recollect well when there was nothing but gardens where you now

see solid blocks of houses. The gilded dome of the Invalides presides over it, like a fine local planet, to take the place of the sun when that is missing, which is often. Numerous wide avenues, planted with quadruple or octuple rows of trees, cross at obtuse angles and make a sort of continuous garden. They abound in the names of heroes of the old régime, as the stout admirals Duquesne and De Suffren, the marshals De Villars and De Saxe, and keep the Invalides in general view as their objective point. It is a part, too, of the stately Faubourg Saint Germain, and there still remain a number of the fine old residences of great families of the faubourg, standing free in their own grounds. When we were settled, we were fortunate enough to have those of the Prince de Léon and the Count de Chambrun quite under our eyes, — both real châteaux.

In the Place Saint François Xavier there was a ground floor for fourteen hundred francs. The rooms were large and fine; there was gas for cooking, as well as a range, and the house was exceptionally handsome. The entrance hall, for instance, was fifteen or twenty feet wide, and in tessellated marble. We should surely have made a good impression on our friends, in that house; but we agreed that there was something gloomy about a ground floor, no matter how many stories of basement might be under it, and nothing else was vacant there except at the very top, — I have noted it down as a seventh story, — which was to be had for twelve hundred francs. In another handsome house, just around the corner, on the Avenue de Villars, was a fifth story for eleven hundred and fifty francs. There were, naturally, more of these apartments than any others to rent. My impression, too, is, that the exposure of all these was rather northerly.

We found our affair at last about the corner of the Avenue Duquesne and the Avenue de Breteuil. It was an *entresol*

that caught our eye, — that is to say, up only one pair of stairs, — and for no more than eight hundred francs. The house was fresh, and sufficiently *comme il faut*. There were shops under it, it is true, as there were not under those last mentioned; but it is the custom to have shops under your house, on the Continent. We were on the point of taking it. But why put too fine a point upon it? — we *had* taken it, and had to get out of it afterwards by means of considerable negotiation and an exchange. As the day was often gray, the matter of determining your exposure was apt to be difficult; and an unblushing concierge assured us that a flood of sunshine came pouring into that entresol. When we came actually to test it, we found that no ray of sun could ever reach it except in midsummer.

The alternative was a cinquième: the price the same. We climbed to it up a neat, well-kept staircase, waxed and polished. It cannot be gainsaid that it was a long pull, but it would have been impossible, I should think, not to be delighted with the brightness there, the quite remarkable view. There were the Place, the fine church, and the châteaux in front; the long lines of trees on the boulevard; the Invalides to the left, the artesian-well tower to the right, and notable monuments in the distance, even off to the dome of the Pantheon and the Tower of Saint Jacques. A balcony ran past our windows. It is the custom, in a great Paris house, to give a balcony only to the fifth story, partly out of compensation, I suppose, and to the first; the latter probably on the principle of overloading him that already hath. The morning sun came in, and was well reflected from the polished parquet floors; the wall papers were in good taste; the dining-room was wainscoted; the little kitchen, which had half the look of an alchemist's laboratory, was tiled with blue tiles. When you were once there, nothing could be more cheer-

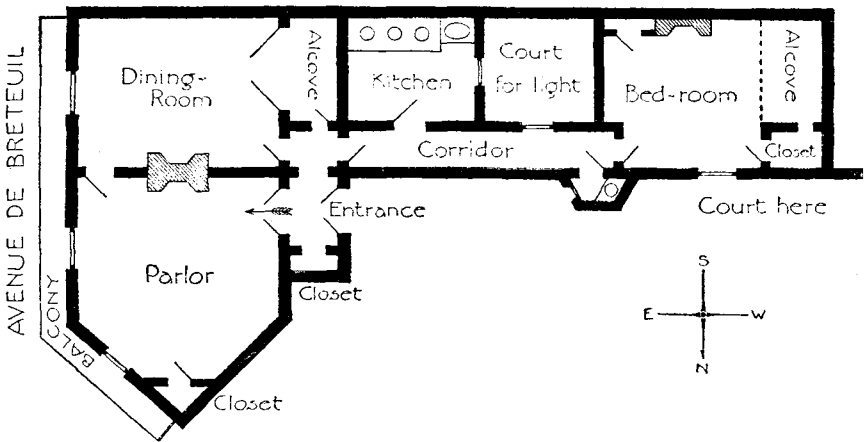
ful. We took it, and as often as we went out among our various friends, now to spick-and-span-new Rue de Bassano, now to dark and narrow old Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and even — yes, even to Rue Marbeuf and Avenue Marceau, though these were pure luxury, and so out of the question, we always came back thinking our own apartment was much the best. No doubt, too, our friends, when they came to see us, all went away thinking theirs was much the best, and scolding at us for our stairs; which they continued to climb, nevertheless, with an amiable kindness I have often wondered at. Later on, I believe we were sometimes inclined to ask ourselves the use of all our stir about sunshine, when we found how little sun there really was in a Paris winter.

The rent did not include ten francs to the concierge, which it is necessary to pay to bind the bargain, twenty francs for water, sixteen francs for door and window tax, etc., nor fifty francs for a house tax, which we did not know about till the end of the year; so that the total was nearly nine hundred francs instead of eight hundred. But think what you would get for that sum, say one hundred and eighty dollars, in any American city! To be sure, the difference carries with it the sacrifice of various conveniences: you have the high staircase, the cooking is done by charcoal, you must burn lamps instead of gas, and you have no fixed bath-tubs, but must have recourse to portable bath-tubs of your own. On the other hand, it is accompanied by respectability, whereas at home such a rent would mean impossible squalor. You pay a quarter's rent in advance, and, if you wish to go away, you are held to give a *congé*, or notice, of three months. Our quarter began the 15th of October, but, as the lodging stood vacant, we were allowed to take possession long before that time without extra charge.

One often admires the ingenuity of

design in the Paris apartments. They are adapted to every variety of size and space, yet are almost always compact,

well arranged, and sightly. A little diagram of ours will be clearer than a description.



The salon was about fifteen feet in width; the other dimensions can be judged of from that. The principal bed-room was well lighted from a large court, the kitchen and corridor from a small one. In the dining-room is seen the curious closet alcove for a bed, mentioned above. The three charcoal holes in the kitchen, to which various odd contrivances for roasting, etc., were adapted, proved insufficient for cooking, and we put in a small portable range, called, I may patriotically mention, a *fourneau Américain*.

The furnishing of our new domain, modest as it was, took more than a month, principally because we insisted upon picking up each piece separately, and trying to get pieces with something of a history. There were dealers, on the Avenue de Lamotte Piquet, about the Military School, and elsewhere, who rented furniture to officers, students, and others; but this plan, on examination, did not seem a cheap one. Our total outlay for furniture might have been something like four hundred dollars. This would have been high for, say, a single year, but, spread over all the years of our stay, it has been, even with expenses of moving it about from to place, an economy

as well as a comfort. May I state in a word my theory of furnishing? It might be called an impressionist theory. It is that the most really satisfactory result is the broadly decorative effects produced by color, contrast, general mass, and form, irrespective of the value of the materials. Beautiful textures and quality are so much the better if you can have them, but they are not necessary. This is an especially good traveling theory. So a considerable part of the expense went into stuffs, *voiles de Gènes*, etc., easy to roll up and carry along; into a lot of the fine large photographs of the Brogi collection, after the Italian galleries; and into Breton and other faïence, to put upon the wall, — all of which, too, might well enough go back to America, one day. The salon was in white and yellow, with large-flowered chintzes of cheerful rosy hue; the picture frames were all made of the simplest and lightest wood, flat, and covered with the same chintzes, which warmed the grave tones of the photographs, and carried the colors well into the walls. Chintzes in a tapestry pattern, none over sixteen sous a metre, went well with the greenish paper and redwood wainscot of the dining-room; and Louis XVI. chintzes, blue

and white, draped the alcove of the bedroom.

I obtained two good carved armchairs of the last century, *style* Jacob, from our upholsterer, who had them on sale. A harp-backed chair in nutwood came from a second-hand dealer near the ancient Hôtel Rambouillet, scene of famous literary and worldly reunions. Another honest dealer trundled over in a large handcart, from the Boulevard Henri Quatre, all across Paris, an Empire table and console, brass-mounted and gilded. He told us he had heard Americans never bargained. While he mopped his heated brow he related the experience of his shop in the day of the Commune. The windows were barricaded with mattresses, which became riddled with balls. The shop was finally burnt, and the government allowed him an indemnity of a third its value, which he discounted one half further, to have the money in a reasonable time. I shall not unfold all the secrets of our prison-house, but the effect of the furnishing was thought to be good by some who prided themselves on their taste in such matters.

The care of all this magnificence and of the household as described was entrusted to one Josephine, a *femme de ménage*. She lived near at hand, and had a husband, a cab-driver, and a small son of five, Eugène, who used to play below on the boulevard, as much as possible under her eye. We have seen her descend, in a fury, all the steep flights of stairs, to shake her finger at one Louis Morel, a bold playmate, who had given the small Eugène a *claque*, and then mount them again, with a healthy air of duty performed. The weak point with the *femme de ménage* is that she is a woman of family. Although she always declares in the beginning that her family is of such a sort as never to be seen or heard, it presently becomes an occasion for continual humoring, and the overshadowing interest in life. It soon

transpired, for instance, that little Eugène had nobody satisfactory to take care of him during his mother's absence, so she brought him with her, and kept him in the kitchen. We often used to hear him advising her, in an old-fashioned way, about the cooking; and sometimes the poor little chap was there till ten o'clock at night, and fell off his chair, dead beat with sleep. It was half pathetic, of course, but not in the least convenient for us; and every *femme de ménage* we tried or heard of had some impediment of that kind.

There were butchers, bakers, and grocers, all near at hand, who mounted the long staircase with our supplies and made nothing of the ascent. Twice a week, moreover, a regular market was pitched under a continuous light shed all along the Avenue de Breteuil, holes being left in the asphalt for its posts. The wagons and mules that brought it were parked along each side. It presented a novel and animated spectacle, well worth looking down upon, especially when S—— and Josephine, with the small Eugène in his blouse always in their train, could be discerned moving about there, sagaciously making their purchases. At three o'clock precisely it must disappear; after that hour, to buy or sell was an indictable offense. There was a *filet*, or net with handles, for carrying the marketing, which we thought another thing worthy to be of American invention, since, while carrying as much as a market basket, it could be rolled up when out of use and put in the pocket. Similar ambulant markets are set up in different parts of Paris, according to the days of the week, and it is well to note if you are going to have one at hand. I do not quite know how near S—— was once to incurring the majestic displeasure of the two promenading *sergents de ville* for buying something after three o'clock.

"Put it down," said the market woman, coming to the rescue with a deft suggestion. And so the small object

was dropped back upon the stall as if no purchase had been thought of, and justice was hoodwinked.

A large saving in rent seemed evident, but we feared this might be counterbalanced by a greater cost of provisions. America is an agricultural land of plenty, and food would naturally be dearer in the countries to which it is forever exporting its surplus. On the contrary, we could not find that the cost of the necessities of life here went much, if any, on the whole, above the range of New York prices. As there are few remarkable persons or astonishing adventures in this account, let us at least try to be useful. S—— informs me that good beef, mutton, and veal are at the rate of about twenty-two cents a pound; the choice *filet*, or tenderloin, being twice that. Butter is forty cents a pound, but it is always delicious fresh butter, and never the salted kind we have at home, which is not made here. Eggs are three sous apiece, but this when at their dearest, and every one perfect. Poultry is apt to be dear, but you have some new kinds of food as a resource in excellent rabbit and hare. One of the first dishes our Hortense made for us at Versailles was *lapin sauté*. The meat was white, resembling chicken; it was cooked in hot butter and bits of bacon, with a glass of red wine and fresh mushrooms in the sauce. When this was flanked by crisp fried potatoes and tender green beans, and followed by a delicious heap of red raspberries that cost comparatively nothing, treated with red wine and sugar, we thought that foreign life was opening auspiciously. Fruits of that sort and exquisite Reine Claude plums are plentiful and cheap. As much cannot be said of apples and peaches, and the latter, though alluring to the view, are almost always unripe. Salads and green vegetables generally, owing to the milder climate, are much longer in season, always cheaper, and frequently so low that you long for a capacity to consume un-

heard-of quantities, for fear such an occasion should never offer again. Milk is six cents a litre, a little more than a quart; only, in spite of the laws against adulteration, it is always of a thin quality, and you can hardly get it with the cream remaining, no matter how much you are willing to pay for it. Wine — ah! but is it wine in our days? Since the phylloxera ruined the vineyards, the problem of what to drink is a serious one, the water being esteemed bad. Every American family resolves it in its own way.

So here we have a certain basis for comparison. S——, in summing up the general subject, calls attention to two characteristic things of important bearing. The first is the absence of ice, which is so indispensable in America; you soon begin not to give it even a thought, and to feel better without it. The absence of ice and ice-boxes for preserving provisions brings it about that these are purchased in much smaller quantities. It is the received thing to buy only enough for the day's use, and buying in small quantities is a distinct advantage and economy for small families, since it gives them plenty of variety without extravagance. The meats are cut differently, and everything else is adapted to this system. You can buy excellent juicy roast beef to the value of a franc and a half, if you like, whereas the very smallest piece two people could buy at home, without being ridiculous, would have to keep reappearing in various forms for several days.

"On the servant question," S—— says, "you may put in that, though Josephine would get no more than forty francs and her board if we kept her altogether, — that is, though servants' wages are much lower over here, — one good servant in America would do as much as two or three here. It would not be all her own merit, either, for the houses in America are better arranged for housekeeping. For instance, there is

no place here for washing or drying clothes; you are expected to give the washing to the *blanchisseuse*, and the charge for it makes an important addition to the item of wages."

"On the other hand," I suggest, "you have so much more of your servant's time to yourself, and none of the traditional miseries of washing-day."

"You can't turn that into money. Perhaps you would like to see the last bill?" is the effective reply.

In summing up the pros and cons on living abroad, I find S——, who was no strong enthusiast for the scheme at first, is apt to argue as follows: vastly cheaper rent; provisions and servants' wages not any dearer, and probably, on the whole, less; a brighter, freer life in an agreeable climate, — this when we had succeeded in finding one, — and improving surroundings.

"Put in," she adds, "that if even rich people, with everything to make life enjoyable at home, like to come over, it ought not to be at all surprising if some in less fortunate circumstances should. No, don't put that in; it might tend to bring over others with very different tastes, who would get into difficulties; who would n't want to give up the friends, local interests, and duties to which they are attached; who would n't like it at all."

So I don't put that in — any further.

Winter came early; it was cold by the 1st of October. We met the question of fire most successfully with a cylindrical air-tight rolling stove, a modified form of the characteristic Choubersky, the real Choubersky being supposed infallibly to poison you while you sleep. Yet another invention worthy of introduction into America: such was our highest form of praise. It could be lightly rolled about from one room to another, if you wished, so as to heat all in turn; and, with a single charging, I really think it could have been made to keep the fire alive three days.

Why had no one told us what to expect of a Paris winter? Travelers come and go in the bright summer days, and know nothing about it. One is not much better off than in London, these late years. A depressing gray sky hangs overhead; for ten days at a time you don't see the sun; the morning is about over before it has begun, and it is night by three o'clock. Do you ever conceive that the knights in armor, and the chevaliers of the old régime in their silks and velvets, went slopping about in the snow and rain and viscous mud, which must have come to the knees then, though it comes only to the ankles now? No, I should think not; no American, at least, ever realizes that the winter climate of the greater part of Europe is not very unlike his own. It would be interesting to have the history of our ancestors' gallant pageants rewritten from that point of view. The men in armor must have got extremely rusty at times. The worst day we knew was one of such genuine London fog that people carried lanterns and got lost in the street. And yet this was not the worst, either, for it was original, and it made us the more content with our balcony; for thence we looked down upon the fog billowing like a murky lake in the Place, and up to the moon and stars shining clearly overhead.

Our balcony, with its varied views of the life below, and of the soldiers who often came to drill under the trees, was a standing pleasure to us. We did not often go to the Louvre. We had thought in advance we should spend almost all our time there; but somehow, when you are a householder, you put those things off; it is the travelers who do them conscientiously. We saw a little of foreign family life, but not much. It is not altogether the fault of Americans, or other strangers, who are often reproached with coming abroad only to herd together and see none but themselves, — not altogether their own fault that they do this. Even

with the most admiring sentiments towards the country they visit, there are few points of community, and the opportunities to meet its refined class of people in a familiar social way are rare. It would be too much to expect, perhaps, that those who are at home should listen with much pleasure even to expressions of good will from strangers, in the halting, imperfect language in which they are apt to be framed. So I fancy the exiles more often think their friendly interest repulsed, and form their cliques with a sigh rather than narrow-minded disdain. And yet these foreign colonies are a sort of *élite*, even after ample allowance is made for the ridicule often justly heaped upon many eccentric specimens among them. Their very coming abroad for improving opportunities shows it, and their social equals in other lands might well find their account in cultivating an acquaintance with them.

With the view that all means to become glib in the language quickly were justifiable, I fear we talked so much to our Josephine at first that we helped to spoil her. She little knew that it was the adjectives and idioms we found the most interesting, in her long narratives of personal experience, and the warmth of her colloquialisms that reconciled us to the coldness of many a dish she would hold absently in her hand, or forget to serve us, while she talked. I personally broke away from household matters, and managed to hear some of the lectures by men of great names at the Sorbonne and the College of France. A son, our first child, was born to us in the apartment described, and illness followed. I really think I could make a most exciting chapter on Getting Born in Paris. On the whole, the winter was gloomy; the circumstances were not favorable, and so my impressions of Paris are hardly just. I only give them for what they are worth.

Thus it was that, with the approach of spring, the desire for something warmer, pleasanter, freer, our old ideal of coun-

try life in fact, revived with great force. I began a comprehensive exploration of the suburbs; I went out on all the great lines leading from Paris in search of a house with a garden. To take the north first, Saint Denis was impossible: it is a mere grimy manufacturing quarter; the tombs of the kings of France are smudged with foundry soot, the chimes of the fine old abbey keep up a losing competition with factory-bells and steam-whistles. One might go farther on, of course. At Ecouen, for instance, a quiet little hamlet, once the site of the school of Frère, I saw a fine large house, — so large we should have been wholly swallowed up in it, — and partly furnished at that, for twelve hundred francs a year. Better still, in the same grounds, was a pretty pavilion for no more than four hundred francs. There was a chance of its being vacant in July, when a young girl, who lived there with her father, a retired officer, had completed her studies at the school into which the old château on the hill above has been turned for daughters of the Legion of Honor; but we never went back to see.

Southward I explored Bourg-la-Reine, and walked thence over to Sceaux and Fontenay-aux-Roses, in a driving snow-storm; for I had not waited for winter to end. The rolling country, its bold fort of Châtillon frowning down over it, looked bleak enough under that aspect, and even the more luxurious villas stiff and conventional, as villas under the wing of a great city are apt to look. On the Grande Rue at Bourg-la-Reine, not far from an old hunting-lodge of Henri IV., now a deaf-mute school, were a small first-story apartment and a small house, both with gardens: the latter at six hundred and fifty francs, the former at four hundred and fifty. Here I first discovered a characteristic and very unpleasant feature of French suburban gardens. In the first case, a small plot of ground was allotted to each tenant in a general inclosure, as gardens are often

allotted to children, "to call their own ;" in the second, the ground was separated from that of the neighbors only by a slight lattice barrier about three feet high : so that in neither case was there any privacy whatever. The practice may be adopted because of limited amount of sun ; the shadows cast by really effectual walls would take too much away from the scant space open to cultivation at best. It may be an enforced choice of evils ; but at any rate, in the more modest Parisian suburban dwelling, one is not *chez soi*, not in his own home. At Sceaux, where vestiges of great Colbert and the Duchess of Maine still linger, a second-story apartment, all in Louis XVI. white, high, paneled wainscoting, a Grinling Gibbons sort of carving, the rooms large and fine, and all the windows south, and looking upon a slope which dropped rapidly to the valley, had no small attraction. All things considered, it seemed well worth the eight hundred francs asked for it ; but there was a pestilential odor in the house, as from defective drainage. I went back again with S——, and it was still there, so it could have been no mere accident. The station for this odd little circular line of Sceaux is in quite a remote part of Paris, a point to be taken into account ; for it would be much more convenient to be on a line that would bring you into the heart of the vast city.

It was still winter in town, but spring was already abroad in the country, on the 20th of March, when I took the line eastward for Vincennes. At the Saint Mandé, three miles from Paris, where two trains recently collided, making one of the most dreadful railway accidents on record, the small apartment I saw looking directly out into a park, at two minutes from the station and at one thousand francs, was not at all bad. Nor was another, at the same price, with two principal bedrooms and a servant's room, on the broad, pleasant Avenue Victor Hugo. Both had only the usual conven-

tional *petit jardin* belonging to them. In the park of Vincennes gardeners were comfortably burning stubble, sheep were browsing upon the beautifully green new grass, military buglers were piping in the copses, and soldiers — mere dots and lines on the vast parade ground — were firing at iron targets, which responded, when hit, with a sharp ring. It would have been pleasant to be near that, but houses did not offer. Joinville-le-Pont, again, theatre of picnics and pleasant strolls in earlier days, seemed merely shabby. That was a long day's wandering, not fruitful with regard to the object in view, but improving as a glimpse of realistic suburban life. An omnibus goes from Joinville-le-Pont to Saint Maur, but I made the journey on foot instead. The region is pervadingly commonplace and bare of interest. It appears to have been originally a sort of prairie of scrub oak, resembling those about Chicago. The streets and parcels of ground, though but freshly made, are as irregular as in Paris. Land was everywhere for sale ; to each person taking as much as six hundred square metres on a certain avenue a yearly commutation ticket on the railway was given. I paused to look at some little houses in a block, for sale, perhaps to minor clerks or superior mechanics. They cost seven thousand francs. I compared them with some of the clerks' houses, put up by the building societies, which one sees around Washington. An enormous pair of Percherons, kicked and dragged at by a driver who wore a scarlet cap and a blouse of Millet blue, were delivering building material in the petty street. They looked as if they belonged in Brobdingnag, and had dropped down upon Lilliput. The houses were built of black and red bricks. Their design was better than that of some of a more pretentious sort, which had glaring stringcourses of bright tiles relieved with bosses of rough glass, and very crude roofs in green and yellow. Have I explained that all houses in the land are of the more solid mate-

rials, mainly rubblestone cemented over? No? Then it is an important omission, to be repaired; there is never one of them all in wood. At last I got down to the Marne. It was in freshet, running over a half-submerged island. It looked as if it might be pleasant in summer time. There was an inn offering *friture* and like hospitality for canoeists, and there were some small villas, red and striped in the Italian fashion, that half made you think of the Brenta; but none of them were vacant.

I can only touch lightly upon a few typical bits. We did not go back again to Versailles. I have known of Americans living there pleasantly for a long stretch, but then we had brushed off its novelty; and they tell you the stately fish-ponds in the park are unhealthy, as they are certainly sometimes malodorous. Saint Germain is, next to Versailles, the suburb of Paris uniting the greatest number of fine old traditions. Though I have left that scene of the glories of Francis I. and home of the exiled Stuarts to the last, we visited it more than once, and were on the very point of taking up our abode there.

I got off first at Nanterre, where a *rosière* is annually crowned, and Rueil, full of traditions of the Bonapartes. All the streets there are named after them, and Josephine and Hortense are buried in the church. The surface thereabout is divided into verdant strips of market garden, and the fort of Mont Valérien looks down upon it from its bold hill, as does the fort of Châtillon upon Fontenay-aux-Roses. The idea of the crowning of the *rosière* casts over Nanterre in advance a pleasant glamour, which its commonplaceness does not justify. The wide grassy Avenue de Paris at Rueil had a nice rural look, but its villas were closed. In general it would take all the summer foliage to make those places agreeable, and we were looking for a place where we could live all the year round. There were long streets

of peculiarly cold, depressing, detached houses, boxlike and uniform, that recalled too much the tombs in a French cemetery.

All the country between Rueil and Saint Germain is sown with villas and chalets; an American activity all about, a prodigious amount of building going on. Lands were advertised for sale in the stations; ancient estates and woods were being cut up into building lots at Chatou, at Le Vesinet, and even in the historic park of Malmaison. The same things have to be done in much the same way the world over. The Seine was in flood, turbid and violent, and had submerged the long island at Croissy, the bare trees of which projected from it like the masts of a foundered vessel.

Saint Germain is hardly as popular a resort as it once was; it is rather the way now to call its situation exposed, and to pretend that you get a peculiar sort of cold there even by a day's jaunt. Saint Germain is a city of sixteen thousand people; Versailles has near fifty thousand, Bourg-la-Reine twenty-seven hundred, Nanterre five thousand. The things to "do" are to walk in the large forest, look down upon the views of the valley from the grand terrace, and study the collections in the ancient château of Francis I., which has been turned into a museum of national antiquities. The museum is most improving, but the château itself suffers from having been so immensely smartened up and put to such practical use. A first view of it and of the famous terrace was rather disappointing, yet here at last was a place where the house-hunter might take heart. The town has a pleasant, ancient, comfortable look, and it seemed worth while to search.

The American painter Hennessy has for many years occupied, at Saint Germain, a quaint old low dwelling, once the property of a morganatic wife of Louis XIV., and called for her the Pavillon Montespan. It is exactly the thing in this way, so charming a picture that it tends

to make one who has seen it unsatisfied to take anything less. For the time being nothing at all comparable offered; what there was was modern, gardenless, or in various other ways devoid of interest. A rather attractive apartment in the Rue Voltaire was to be had for nine hundred francs; one in the Rue de Mareuil for one thousand; another in the Rue de la République, opposite the ancient Hôtel de Longueville, for eight hundred. These were larger, and none were higher than a second story; otherwise, the prices, as will be seen, offered no great advantage over those in Paris. Our friends knew of an American family who had found a charming pavilion, in a garden, for three hundred francs; but these opportunities are always heard of when just too late; they are never overtaken. We coquetted with a two-story house in the Rue de Pologne, fairly good in itself, but the outlook not very good, and especially with another in the street descending towards the Pavillon Montespain; each, I think, with a rent of about twelve hundred francs. That last one was in some respects *pas mal du tout*. I tremble when I think how near we were to going there. The proprietor would not allow the overrank foliage to

be pruned, and there was but a single room which the sun penetrated freely; it must have been damp and chilly even in summer, and in winter — br-r-r!

There was apparently considerable perversity in all our objections; we seemed to find fault with the city for not being the country, and with the country for not being the city. We considered that if we lived in one of the suburban towns we should be forever yielding to the temptation to run in to the various attractions of Paris, and so fatigue ourselves by trying to do too much. Paris itself now began to have some charming days, when the flower-venders perfumed the air around the Arc de Triomphe, and all the world was going to the Bois on foot or on wheels. Nothing was more delightful than when, in April, the young girls, who wore white for a long time apropos of their first communion, began to trip, vaporous and sylphlike, about our little square of Saint François Xavier. The truth was, we had not chanced to hit upon the fascinating spot that might have retained us. Then, too, more important still, there had begun to arise the idea of a radical change, of more distant, entirely new horizons; we began to meditate the plan of a bold migration southwards.

William Henry Bishop.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE BLACK HILLS.

IT is five o'clock A. M. as we pass through Buffalo Gap and swing up Fall River Cañon. The walls of the cañon are steep; the sky is like a gray awning stretched from cliff to cliff. The old moon worn to a thin crescent drops an occasional spangle into the river, which goes tumbling from us, first on one side of the track, then on the other. Every now and again the noise of the locomotive is drowned by the roar of a waterfall, a roar which is half echo, and the falls

assume strange breadths and elongations in the half-light. We leave a trail of curling white smoke behind us, which pulls itself out into a long swirl and hangs like mist over the water. The atmosphere is peculiarly clear. Gradually the sky turns a whiter gray, and seems to rise slowly and majestically beyond the reach of the crags; things begin to take individual forms; the pines loosen themselves from the black mass of the walls; the boulders assert their curves;

the river is turning a nacreous pink, because of a great blush that has risen from the east and swallowed the pale slip of the old moon. As we ascend, the sky steadily rises and broadens above us. Then the pink blush gives way to a luminous blue, and the world seems suddenly to have broken into color. We shoot a long, shrill whistle at a little white town at the head of the cañon and slacken our pace. We have reached the Minnekahta Hot Springs. We are at the threshold of the Black Hills.

Minnekahta Hot Springs, October 1. It is a day all of light, — one of those dazzling days of Indian summer when one can find stars in the atmosphere. The season is over, and the hotels begin to look like dance-halls by daylight. The towns supported by tourists, agricultural or stock interests, could come only with the reflux from the mining districts, and are consequently of a more recent date.

Minnekahta Springs is three years old. The rheumatic ranchman of early days, or the cowboy who first took a run this way to soothe the exasperation of the Texas distemper, had his bath in an Indian tub hewn out of stone, shaped like a moccasin. This tub was the nucleus of a little thermal town of tepees, which soon melted away before a claim cabin; and then this claim cabin, constituting to itself what might be called the old quarter, was put on wheels and unceremoniously trotted off to the far end of the town, to make way for the stone hotel at which we are stopping. There are a few persons here who, like ourselves, are about to take a driving tour; others who, relieved of a slight touch of rheumatism, linger on to follow up their cure with the tonic of long walks; and after them the invalids. The real invalids, with the gleam of faith in their eyes, — one meets them everywhere: on their crutches, in their roller chairs, on the porches in the sunlight, in the ambu-

lances on their way to the baths. They tell their story with febrile enthusiasm every time the trains bring them a fresh audience. It is always the same story, to be sure, — how they were brought here upon a stretcher, how much worse they felt at first, then how the congealed sap in their limbs seemed to thaw in the soft warm water. Now they can go about; they are born anew; and they smile that wan, beatific smile which painters draw on the lips of the resurrected. They are familiar with the properties of all the thermal waters of the country. They know the analysis of the springs by heart. Peroxide of iron, calcium sulphate, magnesium sulphate, are words which, on their lips, assume the significance of a litany. One might fancy one's self at Lourdes, listening to the hallelujahs of the paralytic restored to flexibility by a miracle. A sad little world this, half concealed, during the summer months, among Saturday evening hops and outdoor concerts by the band, but exposed now in all its naked sadness, — a world in which pain has exhausted every idea but one, and from which the mind carries away pictures of an indescribable pathos: disconnected visions of the stoop of a back, the rigidity of a neck, a knitted shawl pinned with a woman's brooch around the shrunken shoulders of a man still young.

From Hot Springs we turn our horses' heads toward Custer. We drive under a sky that seems to twinkle with electric flashes, and over a rolling prairie covered with yellow buffalo grass. At the end of two hours we reach Wind Cave, where we make a halt to explore its recesses. The old Custer stage road, as we find it again, after leaving the cave, leads us up through a region so totally different from that which we have left behind us that it would seem as though the world had been transformed during the five hours we spent underground. We drive through an arroyo inclosed between rugged gray palisades surmounted by

pinces which are extremely tall and rich in color. The hollow of the arroyo is filled with the quivering gold of the cottonwood. Every now and then the eye is caught and held by the intense tone of a scarlet vine flung around the trunk of a tree, or creeping among mosses, over gray rocks. The walls of the cañon broaden and rise, the palisades disappear, and we drive on for several miles between thickly wooded parks, strangely wild and lonely. The hush of the wood is occasionally broken by a startled deer that goes bounding from us and loses himself in the colonnade of pines. Chipmunks, with erect tails, skim like exhalations along the fallen trees, and flights of belated bluebirds, that seem unusually blue, rise with a whirl and vanish in the velvet tops of the pines. As we emerge upon a height, we are suddenly confronted by imposing masses of granite bearing the eccentric name of Calamity Jane Peaks. These masses are the southern portals of the granite region of the Hills. It is difficult to put into words the impression that these strange uplifts produce. They are massive enough to create the impression of squarely seated, immovable weight, and yet they are high enough to be bold. The vegetation at their base is luxuriant, and still they have expanse enough of bare gray rock to be dreary. The Jane of the terrible epithet who gave her name to these heights was the first to ascend them, and is said to have celebrated the event by tossing up her cap and riddling it with bullets, in full view of the troops below. This extraordinary product of frontierism made her appearance in the Hills in 1875 with the troops accompanying Professor Jenney's scientific expedition. The people of Custer remember her in buckskins, six-shooter in belt, riding among the soldiers, and answering the roll call, to the mystification of the officers. Her feats of valor and misdeeds filled this wild region with anecdotes. After having carried a woman's caprices

through all the most reckless phases of a man's life, she fell a victim to the tender passion, and is now leading an existence of conjugal felicity somewhere in Montana. "Of woman flesh and horse flesh," the Arabs say, "one can predict nothing."

Pushing on through Custer, and leaving the stage road, we find ourselves again immersed in a forest of wonderful beauty. The ground is covered with a thick carpet of k'neck-k'neck green, with the green of the holly, and bearing berries like a thick sprinkling of coral beads. Here we find spruce, some fir, clumps of willows with a feathery Japanesque effect, and a young growth of birch and aspen, a tangle of wire limbs from which the round yellow leaves dangle like gold coins, whiffed off by the first cold winds in little dancing oblique showers. Great granite masses hump their backs above the trees. This beautiful wood is called Custer Park. The centre of the park forms a bed of about ten acres inclosed between granite palisades, which is to be filled, I believe, and converted into a lake. At the far end from Custer, and overlooking what is known as Sunday Gulch, the granite piles rise to a height of three and four hundred feet. They are broad and massive, or cut into saw-teeth and slim needles of a most toppling effect. Down the almost vertical cañon of which these are the walls comes what would seem like a cataract of boulders suddenly stopped in their course. Beneath them is a thin stream fighting its way to the valley. Each step down these boulders changes the scene as if by magic. The needles present different shapes and poses at every angle; they seem to rise, bend, and execute all manner of ponderous movements. In the far distance of peaceful blue the Castle Creek divide is stretched across the narrow horizon, restful and dreamy in contrast with the tormented foreground.

We return to Custer by the same road, which we scarcely recognize. While we

were in the cañon a snowstorm swept the forest, and transformed it. It is not earnest snow, however. The flakes are small and light. They have merely thrown a sheen upon the pines and powdered the willows. The sky is gray, but very soft. The sun looks down upon us like a luminous wafer. This is the first of those mock storms of early October that brush the sky and leave it pure and blue until Christmas.

Hurney Peak, October 9. We are, in reality, only eighty-two hundred feet above the sea, but we are on the pinnacle of the Black Hills, and, as all things are relative, we seem to be standing on the summit of things, with the world rolling from us to the horizon in great circular waves.

According to Professor Henry Newton, the geology of the Black Hills is simply and generally as follows: "Around a nucleal area of metamorphic slates and schists containing masses of granite, the various members of the sedimentary series of rocks — the Potsdams, carboniferous, trias or red beds, Jura, cretaceous, and tertiary — lie in rudely concentric belts or zones of varying width, dipping on all sides away from the elevatory axis of the Hills. From the Hills outward the inclination of the beds gradually diminishes, until all evidence of the elevation is lost in the usually rolling configuration of the Plains. . . . Separated as they are by more than one hundred miles from the nearest spur or sub-range of the Rocky Mountains, they are a complete study in themselves. Exhibiting in the strata exposed and in the general character of the elevation most of the principal features of the geology of the Rocky Mountains, they are a geological epitome of the neighboring portions of that great range." It has elsewhere been said, very graphically, that the central nucleus has been thrust up through the different sedimentary formations much as one could thrust his fist

up through the layers of a very large jelly cake. If the Hills were shorn of their timber, we could almost realize, from the summit on which we stand, that the bedding planes that dip from us are nearly perpendicular. As it is, what we really see is a wilderness of wooded peaks encircled by a broad valley, the Red Valley, which the Indians call the Race Course, in turn inclosed by a wall of foothills. It is all curiously symmetrical, — a castle of geologic dimensions, with domes and turrets and a broad moat within its ramparts. Among the domes and turrets rise the innumerable streams that scar the mountain sides with cañons and gulches, and then disappear before reaching the valley wherever the limestone deposits open for them a subterranean passage.

Of the snow that fell a few days since the sun has left but a delicate arabesque upon the granite cap of this pinnacle. Double rows of enormous needles radiate from us to the foot of the mountain like great causeways, which the pines seem to be climbing in solemn, star-gazing files. I can find no word luminous enough to qualify the atmosphere. It is literally of light, of that intense light which cheats distances and draws the horizons nearer together. We look through our eyelashes over the heads of mountains, and see the far-off plains and the snow-covered ranges of other States. Nebraska lies south of us, flat and yellow, like a great ripe cornfield. Wyoming ends in an undulating line of blue, the Bighorn, touched here and there with a glint of snow. To the west we look into the accursed region of the Bad Lands, redeemed and transfigured by the glory of the sun into a broad plain of pure gold. Then there is the unidentified distance, the most beautiful of all, — the vaporous blue country of dreams, in which we loosen our fancies, and which send us back a peaceful mood.

On our way down we go winding about the great causeways, from the

heights of which we should look like a hurrying procession of ants, if there were any one there to look at us. But we are sure of being entirely alone on the mountain. The mountain sheep-trail loses itself constantly among the low-limbed spruce, under the moss, or around the huge piles of granite. There is something delicious in this loneliness and silence, — not a sound but the forest sounds, which come to be other forms of stillness, a breath of wind in the trees, the trickling of a spring. We realize the grade of our trail as we reach the foot of the mountain. We have been less than two hours covering a course which it took us over three hours to ascend.

As we travel to Deadwood from Hill City, which is the nearest neighbor of importance to Custer, we leave the granites behind us. The deep cañons through which we pass are inclosed within flaky heights of slate rock. We are traversing another geological zone. We are gradually losing the pines, too. Within some twenty miles of Deadwood the Hills are entirely bare, shorn to supply the great reduction works with fuel. The streams that come tumbling toward us are all of a reddish-brown, like liquid clay. They have been interrupted in their course, and this is the way they have returned to their beds, after a whirl through the great mills and a close contact with gold.

Deadwood, the great mining centre of the Hills, lies in the deep gulches of the Whitewood and the Deadwood creeks. It has been twice destroyed: once by fire in 1879, when property to the extent of a million and a half is said to have evaporated in pine smoke; then again in 1883, when abnormal snows and rains sent the mountain streams down the gulches in torrents; and, strange to say, it was both times rebuilt upon its original site, with the main street running down the gulch, and the cross-streets

scrambling up the hillsides, over the very ground where the miners of 1876 staked their claims and panned out their gold. The wild days of the history of Deadwood are included between 1877 and 1885, the days of "excitements," of "hurdy-gurdies" and the hazing of the "tenderfoot;" for, although the town was incorporated as a city in 1880, its mining-camp character disappeared totally only several years after that time.

From 1876 to 1877 the pioneers may be said to have fought the grizzly and the elements. The striking feature of Deadwood to-day is its decorousness, at least its outward decorousness. It is, perhaps, that of the *blasé*, who has had his fill of the kind of excitement which finds a vent in noise and broils. Be this as it may, the streets of this town of men, and of men more or less bent on the same pursuit, and breathing an atmosphere avowedly intoxicating, are as quiet by night as they are by day. The advent of two railroads, with their narrow gauges to Lead City and Bald Mountain, their spurs up every gulch and to the very dumps of nearly every mine, absorbing all the traffic formerly done by ox-teams, drays, and stages, has cleared the streets of much noise and incumbrance, but also of much local color. In such towns as this the typical disappears with the lawless.

From Deadwood to Bald Mountain, by the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley narrow-gauge railroad. Another blue day. This is the 12th of October, and the air is almost balmy. The scenery is full of beauty, and even of grandeur at certain points. Our train, which looks like a toy, is running up impossible heights and describing impossible curves, skirting precipices and skimming over trellises, leaving its tracks below in a tangle of loops and bends. A wonderful piece of engineering, the construction of this road, — attacking a grade of 4.30 feet to the mile in some

places, and describing a curve of 38° . After an hour's ascent, the heights that close us in seem suddenly to drop away, and we look over an immeasurable expanse of dark blue hills and yellow prairies. Our car is wedged in between ore cars and flat cars. Our fellow-passengers consist of a German family of well-fed rotundity, and a stubby little pigeon-toed Chinese woman, whose wrists are covered with bangles, and whose shining chignon is bristling with brass pins. On the flat car behind us is a group of an equally foreign appearance, — two middle-aged men, a boy, and a young woman. They have strong faces of a pronounced northern type. They do not seem to feel the necessity of conversation. The woman sits with her chin in her hand, her almost colorless gaze fixed on some point in the horizon. The boy holds a puppy in his arms, which he strokes now and then very soberly. The train stops in the midst of what would seem a wilderness. Our neighbors climb down, and unload the car with strong agility. They have lumber, a case of window panes, boxes and bags of groceries, bags of utensils and tools, bedding and clothes tied in a horse blanket, and a small stove, — an embryo home. The things are heaped on either side of the track, and as the train pulls off they stand amid their household goods, screening their eyes from the sun, and watch us disappear around a curve. As we lose them, I feel as though I had peeped into the first chapter of a story and dropped the book by the wayside.

From Bald Mountain we make one of the crossings and catch the Black Hills and Fort Pierre narrow gauge, which takes us down to Piedmont. This ride is, perhaps, more beautiful than the one up Bald Mountain, with all the effects reversed. We spin down grade, and the hills and high masses of rock seem to be climbing over each other and flying from us in a panic. We pass great fields of glistening stubble; stacks of harvested

grain of a duller gold; peaceful nooks sheltered by high hills, where trim little cabins have been built in the centre of cabbage-planted stretches; soft pastures where cows are browsing. Then we drop suddenly into a wild cañon inclosed between great cliffs of limestone, full of sombreness and echoes. At Piedmont we find our horses, and, resuming our drive, we reach Sturgis in the full glow of sunset. Sunset in these Hills is an hour of transfiguration. The little towns which we come upon then may have a prosaic side, but they are very apt to carry this halo with them in our memory.

The horizon is of a complex, bewildering order of beauty. If the colors on birds' wings, the varying tints of shells, and the lights that opals catch could be blended and vaporized, they might produce something of this effect. Sturgis, like a little dreamland town, lies in a valley with a slight inclination toward a creek that looks as if it were a rainbow lying on the ground. This valley is the Red Valley, the Indian Race Course, the great agricultural zone of the Hills. Although it completely encircles the Hills, it is not everywhere so fertile as it is in this eastern portion; for, the slope of the country being east, all the streams rising in the central and western Hills drain these regions on their way to the Cheyenne. The heaviest rainfalls, too, occur here, enabling the farmer to dispense with irrigation to a great extent.

All the winds that blow over the Black Hills have swept the plains for great distances, and bring what moisture they have gathered to these peaks to be condensed into rain. These Hills, therefore, manufacture their own climate, and manage to keep their vegetation green and fresh when the plains are parched with thirst. Some localities do more condensing work than others, however, for the contributions vary with the different winds. Those from the north bring little moisture with them from the cold

Canadian regions; the cargo of the southern winds is intercepted long before reaching these latitudes; the Pacific winds, depositing almost all their moisture in rain and snow along the Rocky Mountains, give the Hills only that which they may have collected on the intervening plains; and so it happens that the eastern winds, sweeping up from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, in spite of all they deposit along the Alleghanies and the Mississippi Valley, bring the heaviest freight of moisture with them for distribution along these eastern slopes.

The great product of these valleys is wheat; that is, more attention has been given to its cultivation, and Black Hills wheat has a higher grade in the market to-day than that of northern Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, or Iowa. But the growth of all small grains is equally luxuriant, and corn, heretofore supposed to require totally different conditions, is now beginning to prove a sure crop. The similitude between the flora of the Hills and that of southern Maine and New Hampshire in the same latitude, as determined by late scientific explorations, would indicate that the fruit and vegetables of those States must also flourish here. These things will be verified as soon as agriculturalists shall have entirely supplanted the farming miners, attracted to the country by gold, and who turned to land claims only as a makeshift, when mining claims were not within reach.

Ascending the foothills that overlook Sturgis, one comes suddenly in view of Bare Butte. Unlike the usual Western formation called "butte," this particular Indian watch-tower is a rock with evidences of erosion, what the miners call float. It is difficult to form an idea of a butte, if one has never seen one. Buttes are usually formations of yellowish clay, bare of vegetation, and strangely suggestive of a construction, — a fortress, or a town of queer roofs huddled together within a stuccoed wall. They are a

great relief to the eye and the mind, breaking as they do the horizontal monotony of the plain. There is an indescribable lonesomeness about them, — that lonesomeness which gives personality to an inanimate thing. To the early explorers the coming upon a butte must have been like the first sight of a caravan to a man who is crossing the desert. Bare Butte, being of rock, differs widely from the usual butte. In the golden air of Indian summer it seems translucent. The projections that are licked by the sun are of various degrees of golden brown, and their shadows are a deep purple. It lies like a great camel carved out of rough topaz and amethyst, looking over a yellow desert.

It was in the shadow of this butte that the military camp which eventually became Fort Meade was located. It was then known as Camp Sturgis, in honor of Lieutenant "Jack" Sturgis, who was killed at the Custer massacre. The present position of Fort Meade was determined by General Sheridan in 1876. The site is a superb one, both from a scenic and a strategic standpoint. This ten-company post means much to the little town of Sturgis, and in fact to the whole county in which it is situated. The quantity of supplies consumed by its men and horses is enormous.

Our route to Spearfish takes us along the Race Course through cultivated lands, by thriving farms, well-built farmhouses, fenced fields filled with the gleaming stubble of oats and timothy. From Spearfish to the Bear Gulch we drive sixteen miles through a dense pine forest, the air saturated with a resinous smell. By the ups and downs of the road we perceive that we are traveling west, but the great wall of pines never once opens a breach. Within this pine forest is a young forest of oaks, and, further up, a forest of aspens, leafless now, like trees of silver wire, delicate and fragile, shrouding the body of pines in a haze of vaporous gray. We dine deliciously on grouse

and fresh vegetables at the lonely Bear Gulch camp, and turn our horses' heads eastward again.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the valley drive between the Spearfish and the Belle Fourche. We have two hours, at least, before we strike the rolling stock range. The Belle Fourche River, the beautiful fork of the Cheyenne, gives its name to a little town opened on the 1st of last June, and now a shipping point of no small importance. From June to October sixty thousand head of cattle were taken from here by the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley railroad. This is essentially the cowboy's *piéd-à-terre*. With its floating population it counts about two hundred and fifty souls. Almost half as many again are in the place to-day, for it is fair-day, and the ranches within a radius of twenty-five miles have emptied themselves here to witness the races. Ponies are anchored by their hanging bridles in a line along the row of stores and cabins that constitute the town. Vehicles of every imaginable sort, from sulkies to hayracks, stand outside, tilted forward, with their shafts and poles on the ground. Flaring bills, tacked up on every available back-ground, proclaim the attractions of the race course. Besides the usual trotting, pacing, and running races, there are to be steer-roping contests, ladies' races, and finally, as a bouquet, a purse of twenty-five dollars for the cowboy who will start his pony, mount, light a cigar, open an umbrella, dismount, mount again, and be back at the stand in a given number of minutes. In the parlor of the hotel, where we stop for an hour, that our horses may be fed, we find numerous other evidences of the fair. The walls are hung with much elaborate fancy-work: satin banners painted to represent embroidery, embroidered banners made to represent painting, — all more or less awry on brass rods, — many species of crochet, and every variant of the tidy. A number of women sit here

while their husbands go out to "hitch." Two girls are talking over their winter's course at the Spearfish normal school. A small bony German woman and a ponderous American in sealskin and black plumes are excitedly discussing a conjugal problem which refers to the question whether milking the cow is the duty of the man or the woman.

Our horses being ready, we push on toward Sundance, over miles of stock range. This grass land, sweeping off to the horizon in every direction, has some of the grandeur of the desert with all the cheerful beauty of fertility. In the summer this is a vast, many-colored meadow. Now it is all gold; the frost has gilded it. There is a fascination in looking over the wheels at the ground running from under us, and noticing the infinite variety of grasses that go to make a prairie, — the short copper-tinted blades, the greenish-yellow frizzles, the silky meshes with all the lights and shadows of golden hair, the stretches that are like a pale haze powdered with fine seeds. It is like the fascination of looking over the side of a ship into the blue and green lights of the sea.

The stockman in these parts has indeed little expense, and less care. The cattle and horses roam over the range all winter. The grasses, which cure into rich hay on the ground, give them a pasture as nutritious in January as it is in June. All that is required of the stockman is that he know his own stock. "The Black Hills are gold from the grass roots down, but there's still more gold from the grass roots up," is perhaps the wisest remark ever attributed to "California Joe."

As we approach Sundance a broken line of hills rises along the yellow horizon. The sun is setting without a cloud to catch the colors. The hills assume metallic tints, like the blues and greens of verdigris. The west is all of a reddish copper glow, which shoots over the dome of the sky and hangs over the

east in a faint pink, — so faint that it is like a blush in the air. The disk of the sun is blood-red and enormous. A little bunch of horses, startled at our appearance, stop for a second on the summit of a mound directly in front of us, and stand, with flying manes, in strange black foreshortenings, against the sun. In the pink blush of the east a star of silver filigree is taking to itself light.

In the heart of the cattle country rises Sundance Mountain, an almost isolated elevation, rock-flanked and level-topped, like a great stage, upon which one can fancy the Indians performing their religious dance, with the witness of the horizons. In its shadow is the white town of Sundance, evolved out of a road ranch and a saloon as soon as farms began to spring up in the valley, and the rising stock industry had begun to sprinkle the range with horses and cattle. It is now an agricultural as well as a stock centre. We are within near sight of the Bear Lodge range and Inyan Kara ("the peak which makes stone"). Inyan Kara stands about six hundred feet out of an encircling rim that suggests the throat of a crater. It is so abrupt that it seems perpendicular at some angles. The igneous rocks of which it is composed, like Bare Butte, have all the deep, gorgeous tones of rough jewels. Warren's Peak, the crowning peak of the Bear Lodge range, though some two thousand feet higher, is less prominent for being set in the centre of others which diminish gradually and reach the valley by rounded grass-covered steps. From these heights one looks out upon an infinite space of blue, and down upon Mato Tepee, the Bear Lodge which gives its name to the range. Mato Tepee is generally known as the Devil's Tower; for it seems that, among the Indians, it is more commonly spoken of now as "the Tower of the Bad God." At this distance it looks like an obelisk of basalt on a plain. The current hypotheses are in favor of its

being the core that was left standing when a cataclysm had torn open some great volcano by the mouth and scattered its flanks, or of its having been ejected with great violence when in a liquid state, and solidified by sudden cooling. But the geologists who have studied this region believe that the tower was forced up "through the sedimentary strata under great pressure, and at such a temperature as to make it plastic rather than fluid;" that, had it been otherwise, the sedimentary rocks tilted around it would have been more metamorphosed than they are by igneous heat. Approached from Sundance, it presents a number of varied aspects, according to the different angles from which it is seen: now a great fluted column, a tall black truncated cone; again a tremendous organ, whose pipes shoot out of a hill and converge at the top. It is gray, or black, or purple, in sympathy with the clouds or the sun, and as one draws nearer the great pipes seem to pull themselves out indefinitely toward the sky. Standing at its base, one realizes that these columns are triangular or hexagonal crystals, of a yellowish-drab delicately tinted with green. They are, as it were, the fibres of the obelisk, and rise over six hundred feet perpendicularly out of a massive base. The entire tower is over eleven hundred feet high from the Belle Fourche, on the bank of which it stands. The hill which forms its pedestal is a mass of huge rocks, parts of the crystals fallen from time to time. The impression produced by this isolated and mysterious structure is one of amazement. It has never been scaled, and adventurous tourists must ever stand hopeless at its base, with all the longing which is bred of prohibition.

From Sundance to Newcastle, October 20. It is a typical Wyoming day. The sky is of indigo. A moon of thin white lace is setting amidst gauzy swirls of wind clouds. There is a fierceness in

the light which strikes blinding flashes from the ploughshares, and makes the streams look like polished steel. The land is of every tone and quality of gold, from the metallic glitter of the wheat stubble to the dull haze of the wild grasses upon which the wind makes little shadowy eddies. Bunches of horses with flying manes are herded past us. It is astonishing how long we can see them. Their forms and movements are perfectly distinct when they have dwindled to the size of dogs. Then we lose the motion, they appear to be standing still, till they suddenly seem to shrivel and be dissolved in light.

At the end of about thirty miles our road begins to climb the side of a densely wooded hill; we go down into ravines, then up again, higher each time, the horizon expanding and sinking around us. At a sharp turn we leave the trees, and find ourselves on the top of an immense grassy mesa, looking out in every direction over a boundless expanse of blue. The impression is startling and wonderful. It is as though we were crossing a great yellow island all at once emerged from out of a turquoise sea. This fantastic impression lasts for several miles; then we begin the descent, receiving at the edge of the mesa the first announcement of the Cambria coal mines in great columns of black smoke. In a sudden transition from this dreamy height we drop into a cañon with a black atmosphere, where locomotives are whistling and switching, and cars are being loaded from a chute with a noise as of a hailstorm on a tremendous scale. We pass immense smokestacks, coke ovens smoking quietly, substantially built offices, stores, eating-houses, cabins and cottages, around which children, with facial lines comically emphasized by coal dust, run about and play. At the mouth of the cañon we are stopped by the town of Newcastle, which surprises us with a certain air of being a miniature metropolis.

Our hundred-mile drive across country from Newcastle to Rapid City is a grand epitome of all our previous drives through the Hills. We continue for scores of miles among ranches, farms, cattle ranges, and as many again over divides, from the height of which we get wonderful panoramas of distant hills and gleaming plains; then down the divides we go over slopes of rich grass into glens and shaded parks full of grouse and red squirrel. We enter cañons that are lonely and resonant like seashells, then emerge upon grass land which makes the world seem like a yellow floor under a blue canopy. The horizon is constantly contracting and expanding around us. The sun rises and sets with extravagant splendor for our particular delectation. This is what Maupassant would call a wedding journey with the earth. The towns where we spend the night, or through which we drive, become mere incidents of the great mysterious life whose real features are dream hills and sunsets.

Somewhere in the last half of this hundred-mile drive we come upon the source of Rapid River, the largest and most impetuous stream of the Hills, and one of the few which carries its waters overground all the way to the Cheyenne. For a considerable distance it sings along quietly enough, picking up the contributions that trickle down side gorges, until its bed begins to tilt, and it is sent hurrying down a wild cañon to the valley. As our road climbs over its last divide, we can look down and see it describing shining curves through great flats of grass sprinkled with trees. Here the foothills open a wide gate, and on the very threshold, among these shining curves, lies Rapid City. No situation could be more favorable for a manufacturing post. Besides the advantages of the Rapid River as a water power, it affords a natural channel through which much that the Hills produce in minerals and agricultural products must pass and

be transformed before it goes out to the plains.

The history of Rapid City in no way differs from that of the other valley towns of the Hills region. We have the same type of pioneers detaching themselves from the ebbing and flowing tide of miners; exploring the valleys in search of a spot upon which to build a home; and, with that human aspiration for stability which manages to fraternize with the spirit of migration, taking care that the chosen spot is an advantageous site, foreseeing that their homes may become the nucleus of a large settlement. The town is staked out with no more pretentious instruments than a tape-line and a pocket compass. One square mile is divided into lots, the lots are numbered, and the numbers are shuffled in a hat and passed around, and a new town is born. Rapid City is an ambitious, busy little place of four thousand souls; grinding the wheat from the valleys, shipping the stock and packing the beef from the ranges, manufacturing brick, and supplying the farmers with cash.

We leave the railroad at Rushville, and find our horses here again for a twenty-six-mile drive across prairie to the Sioux Agency at Pine Ridge. We are reminded of the Hills only by an occasional bare ridge crested with a bristling fringe of pines which cuts the land into sections. Between long intervals of prairie we come upon the stricken-looking farm of a half-breed, or a lonely log cabin with the accompanying tepee standing beside it like a reminiscence. An Indian boy, with a half sheet of cotton thrown around him in lieu of a blanket, goes by on his pony, herding three or four bony steers. At a little distance, as he kicks his pony into a run, and sits with outspread arms yelping to his herd, one might take him for a diminutive Moor with a flying bournous. After a while the log cabins give way to board cabins; then, further on, these

are grouped together in a manner somewhat suggestive of a frontier military post. This is the agency. The agent's office is in a low frame building, with benches in front of it, where blanketed forms congregate for a lounge, a gossip, a smoke, or a redress of grievances. Here the agent sits at his desk for eight hours a day, and listens to complaints of all sorts, from the most tragic to the most trivial. He listens to an old man whose son has returned from Carlisle with an education so admirably calculated to open his eyes to the condition of his race and its need of civilization that, after lounging for some time in the paternal tepee, drawing his rations and meditating upon life, he finds that his "heart is bad," wanders off to a lonely spot and shoots himself. He listens to a squaw whose steer is sick; to an old chief who has a one-acre farm, and thinks that the great father should furnish him with a horse plough, which might in a measure mitigate the hardships of a life of labor. An endless litany of miseries and absurdities, the daily rehearsal of a tragic farce.

This morning there is a great stir in the waiting-room adjoining the office. Indians are pouring in and forming animated groups about the room. We learn that our visit coincides with that of a senatorial commission. We discover friends among the commissioners, and find that we shall have the pleasure of attending a council.

We have seen the Omaha. The true name of this dance is the "grass dance." Its origin dates back to an incident which took place during one of the protracted tribal wars of the Indians of the lower Missouri. Both armies were encamped on the grass flats of the river. The Crows, if I mistake not, conceived the stratagem of rising in the night, tying grasses around themselves until they looked like sheaves, and then making their way, in a squatting posture, along

the treeless plain to the enemy's camp. The enemy were either asleep, or saw nothing in the swaying of the grasses that struck them as unusual. The Crows, accordingly, fell upon their foes and massacred them; and there, among the dead, and still representing sheaves, they improvised a dance so spirited, so beautiful, in their conception of beauty, that it has been transmitted from tribe to tribe. The Sioux call it the Omaha, after the tribe from which they received it. It has been permitted to survive the Sun dance, because it is unaccompanied by physical torture. To the minds of educated Indians, however, its moral influence is far worse. They contend that it stirs the savagery in their nature, and that there lies much coarseness concealed to us under its grace and picturesqueness.

The Omaha House, in which the dance is to be celebrated, is an octagonal log house, some fifty feet in diameter. It is situated about five miles from the agency. We start after moonrise. The night is clear and white, the air deliciously cool without being sharp. We have an escort of Indian police riding on either side of us like phantoms. We go swiftly and noiselessly over the prairie, as though driving over a well-kept lawn. There is a group of buttes in the distance, lighted in white from behind, touched with silver along the top, and casting a great black shadow clearly defined on the ground. It has the appearance of a lonely Moorish town of white domes and minarets. Lights are moving about from tepee to tepee, forming queer constellations. The tepees themselves, lighted from within, glow like night-lamps of fine porcelain. The Omaha House is sending out of the opening in its roof a column of yellow sparks. As we draw near we find the building surrounded by a large crowd of women, many of whom are draped in white sheets, which cover their heads and are drawn up over their mouths with a de-

cidedly Oriental effect. The shorter ones are looking in between the cracks, with their faces flattened against the logs; the taller ones lean over their shoulders, or crane their necks to strike the level of a higher crack. From within one sees an unbroken line of eager black eyes along the open space between the logs. In the centre of the house is a roaring log fire, which finds a glimmering reflection in all these eyes. The musicians are stationed in a corner. The orchestral instrument consists of a large drum suspended from sticks that are driven in the ground so as to insure the greatest possible amount of vibration. Twelve men sit around it and beat time to a spirited *motif* in a minor key, which is repeated without the slightest variation during the entire entertainment. The dancers are nude but for their breech-cloths; and here one comes to a full realization of the injustice of the modern dress to these superb bronze bodies. They are brilliantly painted in reds, yellows, and blacks, the yellows being singularly effective. Their heads are bristling with eagle feathers variously tinted. Their ears are pierced all along the rim with as many as ten or twelve holes, from each of which hangs a silver ring and a pendant. Anything in the way of a long beaded tab, or a war-bonnet with great streamers of eagle feathers, is attached at the back of the waist, — a reminiscence of the grasses of the lower Missouri, no doubt, — and trails on the ground, emphasizing those movements of the dance which are entirely from the hips. At their knees and their ankles are strings of sleigh-bells, which form something of a self-acting tambourine accompaniment.

A tin clothes-boiler and several covered pots stand around the fire. In the clothes-boiler a fatted dog is simmering quietly. Every now and then the tin lid trembles with the faint sound of a cymbal, and from under the edges come fumes as of animal decay, made more

sickening by being heated. There is also a large box of hard-tack, which is the agent's contribution to the entertainment.

We are the only guests admitted into the house. As soon as we have taken our places one of the musicians thumps the drum; then all twelve start in unison, with a wild yelp, on a high note in a minor key. The rhythm is marked by the most vigorous thumping, and the dancers spring to their feet.

My attention is particularly attracted to a very old Indian, the most conspicuously bedecked, and by no means the least spirited of the dancers. His dancing consists chiefly of a prancing *sur la place*, like a race horse before the signal for starting is given. He is tall and gaunt, with a face like the antique mask of Tragedy painted a deep red. His lips move in an incessant muttering, and when he breaks into a yelp his expression is singularly savage. The interpreter tells me that he is Iron Hawk, and that he played an important part in the Custer massacre. The Indians, usually reticent, it seems, in their references to that event, have frequently spoken of his splendid "boast" made on the battlefield strewn with the unfortunates of the Seventh. He could be heard, they say, within a radius of a mile, as he walked about among the dead and recounted his experiences of the day.

When the dancers stop to take breath the yelping and thumping grow louder and faster, urging them on into a frenzy. Their muscles become tense, drawn along their thighs and under their knees like cords; their yelps become more and more strident; they prance and quiver, until the musicians finally call a halt of their own accord. Some squat along the walls and resume their pipes; others throw themselves down in superb reclining poses, resting on their elbows, and screening their faces from the fire with their curved hands.

From this reclining group a figure rises suddenly and begins to pace the

length of the building, turning on his heel with the swaying movements of a lion in a cage. After the first turn or two he begins his soliloquy, punctuated by light taps of the drum. The tones of this Sioux language are wonderfully impressive. It has the full vowel sounds of the old Spanish, all the strength of its gutturals, and much of the pompous grandeur of its inflections. This particular "boast" must refer to great achievements, if we are to judge by the grunts of both musicians and dancers, and the twinkling along the line of black eyes peeping in between the logs.

The soliloquy finished, the music begins with redoubled violence. The dance now takes the form of a pantomime, something that seems to indicate adoration, ecstasy, which would do well as an expression of sun or fire worship. It is all directed to the clothes-boiler where the dog is cooking, and means, in this case, that the choice morsel is done to a turn. Tin cups are distributed among the guests and the dancers; but the atmosphere, warm and heavy with tobacco smoke and the fumes from the boiling dog, has become unendurable, and we are glad to get out into the fresh night.

The moon is directly overhead. The Moorish town of white domes and minarets is drenched with light. Our escort of phantom horsemen is again with us. The noise of our wheels and of our horses' hoofs is inaudible. We lose the last sounds that float from the Omaha House, and become submerged in that peculiar stillness which is of the plains and the desert. The whole world seems wrapped in a vaporous white dream.

October 29. It is a chilly twilight. We have left the Hills far behind us. Our train is streaking eastward through the farms of Nebraska. Our fellow-travelers are for the most part farmers, conversational and self-congratulatory. Beyond the car window the land lies in gentle undulations, which now and again

stiffen into a straight line rimmed with red along the horizon. Here we find the tumbleweed again, the little lacelike bush with weak roots which the lightest wind dances over the ground like a puff of smoke, forever taking root and being uprooted, — curious prototype of the migratory spirit of the Great West.

Antoinette Ogden.

THE WIND'S SUMMONS.

THE Wind came whining to my door,
 Across the uplands from the sea,
 With plaintive burden o'er and o'er,
 "Oh, will ye roam the world with me?"

The wintry skies were all too chill,
 The wintry lands too stark and gray:
 I would not do the wild Wind's will;
 I barred the door and said him nay.

But when the Night crept, vast and black,
 Up the long valleys from the sea,
 The cold Wind followed in his track,
 And swift and stealthy followed he.

The mad Wind clamored at my door;
 His voice was like the angry sea
 That breaks in thunder on the shore,
 And still he cried, "Come forth to me!"

The casements shook and shuddered sore,
 He ranged the high walls round and round;
 My chamber rocked from roof to floor,
 And all the darkness throbbled with sound.

The wintry dawn rose faint and slow.
 He turned him to the frozen lea,
 And aye he moaned and muttered low
 Along the uplands to the sea.

Sullen and slow the Sea-Wind sped;
 "Oh, never doubt the day shall be
 When I shall come again," he said,
 "And you come forth and follow me.

"The lair of Night shall be your bed,
 And fast and far your ghost shall flee,
 When you are one with all the Dead
 That roam the wide world round with me."

Graham R. Tomson.

THE PRIVATE LIFE.

WE talked of London, face to face with a great bristling, primeval glacier. The hour and the scene were one of those impressions which make up a little, in Switzerland, for the modern indignity of travel — the promiscuities and vulgarities, the station and the hotel, the gregarious patience, the struggle for a scrappy attention, the reduction to a numbered state. The high valley was pink with the mountain rose, and the cool air as fresh as if the world were young. There was a faint flush of afternoon on undiminished snows, and the fraternizing tinkle of the unseen cattle came to us with a cropped and sun-warmed odor. The balconied inn stood on the very neck of the sweetest pass in the Oberland, and for a week, there, we had had company and weather. This was felt to be great luck, for one would have made up for the other, had either been bad.

The weather, certainly, would have made up for the company; but it was not subjected to this tax, for we had, by a happy chance, the *fleur des pois*: Lord and Lady Mellifont, Clare Vawdrey, the greatest (in the opinion of many) of our literary glories, and Blanche Adney, the greatest (in the opinion of all) of our theatrical. I mention these first, because they were just the people whom in London, at that time, people tried to "get." People endeavored to "book" them six weeks ahead, yet on this occasion we had come in for them, we had all come in for each other, without the least wire-pulling. A turn of the game had pitched us together, the last of August, and we recognized our luck by staying on, under the protection of the barometer. When the golden days were over — that would come soon enough — we should wind down opposite sides of the pass and disappear over the crest of

surrounding heights. We were of the same general communion, we participated in the same miscellaneous publicity. We met, in London, with irregular frequency; we were more or less governed by the laws and the language, the traditions and the shibboleths, of the same dense social state. I think all of us, even the ladies, "did" something, though we pretended we did n't, when it was mentioned. Such things are not mentioned, indeed, in London, but it was our innocent pleasure to be different here. There had to be some way to make it different, inasmuch as we were under the impression that this was our annual holiday. We felt, at any rate, that, for the hour, it was more human than London, or that at least we ourselves were more human. We were frank about this, we talked about it; it was what we were talking about as we looked at the flushing glacier, just as some one called attention to the prolonged absence of Lord Mellifont and Mrs. Adney. We were seated on the terrace of the inn, where there were benches and little tables, and those of us who were most bent on proving that we had returned to nature were, in the queer Germanic fashion, having coffee before meat.

The remark about the absence of our two companions was not taken up, not even by Lady Mellifont, not even by little Adney, the fond composer; for it had been dropped only in the briefest intermission of Clare Vawdrey's talk. (He was "Clarence" only on a title page.) It was just this revelation of our being, after all, human that was his theme. He asked the company whether, candidly, every one had n't been tempted to say to every one else, "I had no idea you were really so nice." I had had, for my part, an idea that he was, and even

a good deal nicer, but that was too complicated to go into then; besides, it is exactly my story. There was a general understanding among us that when Vawdrey talked we should be silent, and not, oddly enough, because he at all expected it. He didn't, for of all abundant talkers he was the most unconscious, the least greedy and professional. It was rather the religion of the host, of the hostess, that prevailed among us; it was their own idea, but they always looked for a listening circle when the great novelist dined with them. On the occasion I allude to, there was probably no one present with whom, in London, he had not dined, and we felt the force of this habit. He had dined even with me; and the evening of that dinner, as on this Alpine afternoon, I had been at no pains to hold my tongue, absorbed as I inveterately was in a study of the question which always rose before me, to such a height, in his fair, square, strong stature.

This question was all the more tormenting that he never suspected himself (I am sure) of propounding it, any more than he had ever observed that, every day of his life, every one listened to him at dinner. He used to be called "subjective" in the weekly papers, but in society no distinguished man could have been less so. He never talked about himself; and this was a topic on which, though it would have been tremendously worthy of him, he apparently never even reflected. He had his hours and his habits, his tailor and his hatter, his hygiene and his particular wine, but all these things together never made up an attitude. Yet they were the only ones he ever adopted, and it was easy for him to refer to our being "nicer" abroad than at home. He was exempt from variations, and not a shade either less or more nice in one place than in another. He differed from other people, but never from himself (save in the extraordinary sense which I will presently explain), and

struck me as having neither moods, nor sensibilities, nor preferences. He might have been always in the same company, so far as he recognized any influence from age, or condition, or sex; he addressed himself to women exactly as he addressed himself to men, and gossiped with all men alike, talking no better to clever folk than to dull. I used to feel a certain despair at his way of liking one subject — so far as I could tell — precisely as much as another; there were some I hated so myself. I never found him anything but loud and cheerful and copious, and I never heard him utter a paradox, or express a shade, or play with an idea. That fancy about our being "human" was, in his conversation, quite an exceptional flight. His opinions were sound and second rate, and of his perceptions it was too mystifying to think. I envied him his magnificent health.

Vawdrey had marched, with his even pace and his perfectly good conscience, into the flat country of anecdote, where stories are visible from afar like wind-mills and signposts; but I observed, after a little, that Lady Mellifont's attention wandered. I happened to be sitting next to her. I noticed that her eyes rambled a little anxiously over the lower slopes of the mountains. At last, after looking at her watch, she said to me, "Do you know where they went?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Adney and Lord Mellifont?"

"Lord Mellifont and Mrs. Adney." Her ladyship's speech seemed — unconsciously, indeed — to correct me, but it did not occur to me that this was because she was jealous. I imputed to her no such vulgar sentiment: in the first place, because I liked her; and, in the second, because it would always occur to one quickly that it was right, in any connection, to put Lord Mellifont first. He was first — extraordinarily so. I don't say greatest, or wisest, or most renowned, but essentially at the

head of the table. That is a position by itself, and his wife was naturally used to seeing him in it. My phrase had sounded as if Mrs. Adney had taken him; but it was not possible for him to be taken — he only took. No one, in the nature of things, could know this better than Lady Mellifont. I had originally been rather afraid of her, thinking her, with her stiff silences and the extreme blackness of almost everything that made up her person, somewhat hard, and even a little saturnine. Her paleness seemed slightly gray, and her glossy black hair metallic, like the brooches and bands and combs with which it was inveterately adorned. She was in perpetual mourning, and wore numberless ornaments of jet and onyx, a thousand clicking chains and bugles and beads. I had heard Mrs. Adney call her the queen of night, and the term was descriptive if you understood that the night was cloudy. She had a secret, and if you did n't find it out as you knew her better, you at least perceived that she was gentle and unaffected and limited, and also rather contentedly sad. She was like a woman with a painless malady. I told her that I had merely seen her husband and his companion stroll down the pass together about an hour before, and suggested that Mr. Adney would perhaps know something of their intentions.

Vincent Adney, who, though he was fifty years old, looked like a good little boy on whom it had been impressed that children should not talk before company, acquitted himself with remarkable simplicity and taste of the position of husband of a great professor of comedy. When all was said about her making it easy for him, one could not help admiring the charmed affection with which he took everything for granted. It is difficult for a husband who is not on the stage, or at least in the theatre, to be graceful about a wife who is; but Adney was more than graceful — he was

exquisite, he was inspired. He set his beloved to music; and you remember how genuine his music could be — the only English compositions I ever saw a foreigner take an interest in. His wife was in them, somewhere, always; they were like a free, rich translation of the impressions she scattered. She seemed to pass laughing across the scene, as one listened. He had been only a little fiddler at her theatre, always in his place during the acts; and she had made of him something rare and misunderstood. Their superiority had become a kind of partnership, and their happiness was a part of the happiness of their friends. Adney's one discomfort was that he could n't write a part for his wife, and the only way he meddled with her affairs was by asking impossible people if they could not.

Lady Mellifont, after looking across at him a moment, remarked to me that she would rather not put any question to him. She added in a moment, "I had rather people should n't see I'm nervous."

"Are you nervous?"

"I always become so if my husband is away from me for any time."

"Do you imagine something has happened to him?"

"Yes, always. Of course I'm used to it."

"Do you mean his tumbling over precipices — that sort of thing?"

"I don't know exactly what it is; it's the general sense that he'll never come back."

She said so much and kept back so much that the only way to treat the condition she referred to seemed the jocular. "Surely he'll never forsake you!" I laughed.

She looked at the ground a moment. "Oh, at bottom I'm easy."

"Nothing can ever happen to a man so accomplished, so infallible, so armed at all points," I went on encouragingly.

"Oh, you don't know how he's

armed!" she exclaimed, with such an odd quaver that I could account for it only by her being nervous. This idea was confirmed by her moving the next minute, changing her seat rather pointlessly, not as if to cut our conversation short, but because she was in a fidget. I did not know what was the matter with her, but I was presently relieved to see Mrs. Adney come toward us. She had in her hand a big bunch of wild flowers, but she was not visibly attended by Lord Mellifont. I quickly saw, however, that she had no disaster to announce; yet as I knew there was a question Lady Mellifont would like to hear answered, but did not wish to ask, I expressed to her immediately the hope that his lordship had not remained in a crevasse.

"Oh, no; he left me but three minutes ago. He has gone into the house." Blanche Adney rested her eyes on mine an instant—a mode of intercourse to which no man, for himself, could ever object. The interest, on this occasion, was quickened by the particular thing the eyes happened to say. What they usually said was only: "Oh, yes, I'm charming, I know, but don't make a fuss about it. I only want a new part—I do, I do!" At present they added, dimly, surreptitiously, and of course sweetly—for that was the way they did everything: "It's all right, but something did happen. Perhaps I'll tell you later." She turned to Lady Mellifont, and the transition to simple gayety suggested her mastery of her profession. "I've brought him safe. We had a charming walk."

"I'm so very glad," returned Lady Mellifont, with her faint smile; continuing vaguely, as she got up: "He must have gone to dress for dinner. Is n't it rather near?" She moved away, to the hotel, in her leave-taking, simplifying fashion, and the rest of us, at the mention of dinner, looked at each other's watches, as if to shift the responsibil-

ity of such grossness. The head waiter, essentially, like all head waiters, a man of the world, allowed us hours and places of our own, so that in the evening, apart under the lamp, we formed a compact, an indulged little circle. But it was only the Mellifonts who "dressed," and as to whom it was recognized that they naturally would dress: she in exactly the same manner as on any other evening of her ceremonious existence (she was not a woman whose habits could take account of anything so mutable as fitness); and he, on the other hand, with the most selected picturesque propriety. He was almost as much a man of the world as the head waiter, and spoke almost as many languages; but he abstained from courting a comparison of dress coats and white waistcoats, analyzing the occasion in a much finer way—into black velvet and blue velvet and brown velvet, for instance, into delicate harmonies of necktie and subtle informalities of shirt. He had a costume for every circumstance, and an idea for every costume; and his circumstances and costumes and ideas were ever a part of the amusement of life—a part, at any rate, of its beauty and romance—for an immense circle of spectators. For his particular friends, indeed, these things were more than an amusement; they were a topic, a social support, and of course, in addition, a subject of perpetual suspense. If his wife had not been present before dinner, they were what the rest of us probably would have been talking about.

Clare Vawdrey had a fund of anecdote on the whole question; he had known Lord Mellifont almost from the beginning. It was a peculiarity of this nobleman that there could be no conversation about him that did n't instantly take the form of anecdote, and a still further distinction that there could apparently be no anecdote that was not on the whole to his honor. If he had come into a room at any moment, people might

have said, frankly, "Of course we were telling stories about you!" As consciences go, in London, the general conscience would have been good. Moreover, it would have been impossible to imagine his taking such a tribute otherwise than amiably, for the simple reason that no one had ever heard of his meeting anything save in this spirit. His amiability was the point of all the stories, and his urbanity was the ornament of his time. For myself, when he was talked about, I always had an odd impression that we were speaking of the dead—it was with that peculiar accumulation of relish. His reputation was a kind of graceful obelisk, as if he had been buried beneath it, and no man, *de son vivant*, had ever become so legendary.

This ambiguity sprang, I suppose, from the fact that the very air of his name was an appearance, a performance, a happy effect—something too exalted for verification. The verification, of course, always came later; the imitation, the legend, paled before the reality. I remember that on the evening I refer to the reality was particularly brilliant and complete. The handsomest man of his period could never have looked better, and he sat among us like a bland conductor controlling by a harmonious play of arm an orchestra still a little rough. He directed the conversation by gestures as irresistible as they were vague; one felt as if without him it would n't have had anything to call a tone. This was essentially what he contributed to any occasion—what he contributed, above all, to English public life. He pervaded it, he colored it, he embellished it, and without him it would scarcely have had a vocabulary. Certainly it would not have had a style; for a style was what it had in having Lord Mellifont. He was a style. I was freshly struck with it, as, in the *salle à manger* of the little Swiss inn, we resigned ourselves to inevitable veal. Con-

fronted with his form (I must parenthesize that it was not confronted much), Clare Vawdrey's talk suggested the reporter contrasted with the bard. It was interesting to watch the shock of characters from which, of an evening, so much would be expected. There was, however, no concussion—it was all muffled and minimized in Lord Mellifont's tact. It was rudimentary with him to find a solution for such a problem in playing the host, assuming responsibilities which carried with them their sacrifice. He had, indeed, never been a guest in his life; he was the host, the patron, the moderator, at every board. If there was a defect in his manner (and I suggest it under my breath), it was that he had a little more art than any conjunction—even the most complicated—could possibly require. At any rate, one made one's reflections in noticing how the accomplished peer handled the situation, and how the sturdy man of letters was unconscious that the situation (and least of all he himself as part of it) was handled. Lord Mellifont poured forth treasures of tact, and Clare Vawdrey never dreamed he was doing it.

Vawdrey had no suspicion of any such precaution even when Blanche Adney asked him if he saw yet their third act—an inquiry into which she introduced a subtlety of her own. She had a theory that he was to write her a play, and that the heroine, if he would only do his duty, would be the part for which she had immemorially longed. She was forty years old (this could be no secret to those who had admired her from the first), and she could now reach out her hand and touch her uttermost goal. This gave a kind of tragic passion—perfect actress of comedy as she was—to her desire not to miss the great thing. The years had passed, and still she had missed it; none of the things she had done was the thing she had dreamed of, so that at present there was no more

time to lose. This was the canker in the rose, the ache beneath the smile. It made her touching — made her sadness even sweeter than her laughter. She had done the old English and the new French, and had charmed her generation; but she was haunted by the vision of a bigger chance, of something truer to the conditions that lay near her. She was tired of Sheridan, and she hated Bowdler; she called for a canvas of a finer grain. The worst of it, to my sense, was that she would never extract her modern comedy from the great mature novelist, who was as incapable of producing it as he was of threading a needle. She coddled him, she talked to him, she made love to him, as she frankly proclaimed; but she dwelt in illusions; she would have to live and die with Bowdler.

It is difficult to be cursory over this charming woman, who was beautiful without beauty, and complete with a dozen deficiencies. The perspective of the stage made her over, and in society she was like the model off the pedestal. She was the picture walking about, which to the artless social mind was a perpetual surprise and miracle. People thought she told them the secrets of the pictorial nature, in return for which they gave her relaxation and tea. She told them nothing and she drank the tea; but they had, all the same, the best of the bargain. Vawdrey was really at work on a play; but if he had begun it because he liked her, I think he let it drag for the same reason. He secretly felt the atrocious difficulty — knew that, from his hand, the finished piece would have received no active life. At the same time, nothing could be more agreeable than to have such a question open with Blanche Adney, and from time to time he put something very good into the play. If he deceived Mrs. Adney, it was only because, in her despair, she was determined to be deceived. To her question about their third act he replied

that, before dinner, he had written a magnificent passage.

"Before dinner?" I said. "Why, *cher maître*, before dinner you were holding us all spellbound on the terrace."

My words were a joke, because I thought his had been; but for the first time that I could remember I perceived a certain confusion in his face. He looked at me hard, throwing back his head quickly, the least bit like a horse who has been pulled up short. "Oh, it was before that," he replied, naturally enough.

"Before that you were playing billiards with me," Lord Mellifont phrased. "Then it must have been yesterday," said Vawdrey.

But he was in a tight place. "You told me this morning you did nothing yesterday," the actress objected.

"I don't think I really know when I do things." Vawdrey looked vaguely, without helping himself, at a dish that was offered him.

"It's enough if we know," smiled Lord Mellifont.

"I don't believe you've written a line," said Blanche Adney.

"I think I could repeat you the scene." Vawdrey helped himself to some *haricots verts*.

"Oh, do — oh, do!" two or three of us cried.

"After dinner, in the salon; it will be an immense *régal*," Lord Mellifont declared.

"I'm not sure, but I'll try," Vawdrey went on.

"Oh, you lovely man!" exclaimed the actress, who was practicing Americanisms, being resigned even to an American comedy.

"But there must be this condition," said Vawdrey: "you must make your husband play."

"Play while you're reading? Never!"

"I've too much vanity," said Adney.

Lord Mellifont distinguished him.

"You must give us the overture, before

the curtain rises. We must do it *dans les formes*."

"I sha'n't read — I shall just speak," said Vawdrey.

"Better still, let me go and get your manuscript," the actress suggested.

Vawdrey replied that the manuscript did n't matter; but an hour later, in the salon, we wished he might have had it. We sat expectant, still under the spell of Adney's violin. His wife, in the foreground, on an ottoman, was all impatience and drapery, and Lord Mellifont, in the chair — it was always *the* chair, Lord Mellifont's — made our grateful little group feel like a social science congress or a distribution of prizes. Suddenly, instead of beginning, our tame lion began to roar out of tune: he had forgotten every blessed word of his scene. He was very sorry, but it absolutely would n't come to him; he was utterly ashamed, but his memory was a blank. He did not look in the least ashamed — Vawdrey had never looked ashamed in his life; he was only imperturbably candid and amused. He protested that he had never expected to make such a fool of himself, but we felt that this would n't prevent the incident from taking its place among his jolliest reminiscences. It was only we who were humiliated, as if he had played us a premeditated trick. This was an occasion, if ever, for Lord Mellifont's tact, which descended on us all like balm: he told us, in his charming artistic way, as if it had been rehearsed in advance (he had a *débit* — there was nothing to approach it in England — like the actors of the *Comédie Française*), of his own collapse on a momentous occasion, the delivery of an address to a mighty multitude, when he found he had forgotten his memoranda; fumbled, on the terrible platform, the cynosure of every eye — fumbled vainly in irreproachable pockets for indispensable notes. But the point of his story was finer than that of Vawdrey's pleasantry; for he sketched with a few light gestures

the brilliancy of a performance which had risen superior to embarrassment; had resolved itself, we were left to divine, into an effort recognized at the moment as not absolutely a blot on what the public was so good as to call his reputation.

"Play up — play up!" cried Blanche Adney, tapping her husband, and remembering how, on the stage, a *contre-temps* is always drowned in music. Adney threw himself upon his fiddle, and I said to Clare Vawdrey that his mistake could easily be corrected by sending for his manuscript. If he would tell me where it was, I would immediately fetch it from his room. To this he replied, "My dear fellow, I'm afraid there is no manuscript."

"Then you have not written anything?"

"I'll write it to-morrow."

"Ah, you trifle with us," I said, in much mystification.

Vawdrey hesitated an instant. "If there is anything, you'll find it on my table."

At this moment one of the others spoke to him, and Lady Mellifont remarked audibly, as if to correct, gently, our want of consideration, that Mr. Adney was playing something very beautiful. I had noticed before that she appeared extremely fond of music; she always listened to it in a hushed transport. Vawdrey's attention was drawn away, but it did n't seem to me that the words he had just dropped constituted a definite permission to go to his room. Moreover, I wanted to speak to Blanche Adney; I had something to ask her. I had to await my chance, however, as we remained silent awhile for her husband, after which the conversation became general. It was our habit to go to bed early, but there was still a little of the evening left. Before it quite waned I found an opportunity to tell the actress that Vawdrey had given me leave to put my hand on his manuscript. She adjured me, by all I held

sacred, to bring it immediately, to give it to her; and her insistence was proof against my suggestion that it would now be too late for him to begin to read; besides which the charm was broken — the others would n't care. It was not too late for her to begin; therefore I was to possess myself, without more delay, of the precious pages. I told her she should be obeyed in a moment, but I wanted her first to satisfy my just curiosity. What had happened before dinner, while she was on the hills with Lord Mellifont?

"How do you know anything happened?"

"I saw it in your face when you came back."

"And they call me an actress!" cried Mrs. Adney.

"What do they call me?" I inquired.

"You're a searcher of hearts — that frivolous thing, an observer."

"I wish you'd let an observer write you a play!" I broke out.

"People don't care for what you write: you'd ruin any theatre."

"Well, I see plays all round me," I declared; "the air is full of them to-night."

"The air? Thank you for nothing! I only wish my table drawers were."

"Did he make love to you on the glacier?" I went on.

She stared; then broke into the graduated ecstasy of her laugh. "Lord Mellifont, poor dear? What a funny place! It would indeed be the place for our love!"

"Did he fall into a crevasse?" I continued.

Blanche Adney looked at me again as she had done for an instant when she came up, before dinner, with her hands full of flowers. "I don't know where he fell. I'll tell you to-morrow."

"He did come down, then?"

"Perhaps he went up," she laughed. "It's really strange."

"All the more reason you should tell me to-night."

"I must think it over; I must puzzle it out."

"Oh, if you want conundrums, I'll throw in another," I said. "What's the matter with the master?"

"The master of what?"

"Of every form of dissimulation. Vawdrey has n't written a line."

"Go and get his papers, and we'll see."

"I don't like to expose him," I said.

"Why not, if I expose Lord Mellifont?"

"Oh, I'd do anything for that," I admitted. "But why should Vawdrey have made a false statement? It's very curious."

"It's very curious," Blanche Adney repeated, with a musing air and her eyes on Lord Mellifont. Then, rousing herself, she added, "Go and look in his room."

"In Lord Mellifont's?"

She turned to me quickly. "That would be a way!"

"A way to what?"

"To find out — to find out!" She spoke gayly and excitedly, but suddenly checked herself. "We're talking nonsense," she said.

"We're mixing things up, but I'm struck with your idea. Get Lady Mellifont to let you."

"Oh, she has looked!" Mrs. Adney murmured, with the oddest dramatic expression. Then, after a movement of her beautiful uplifted hand, as if to brush away a fantastic vision, she exclaimed imperiously, "Bring me the scene — bring me the scene!"

"I go for it," I answered; "but don't tell me I can't write a play."

She left me, but my errand was arrested by the approach of a lady who had produced a birthday book — we had been threatened with it for several evenings — and who did me the honor to solicit my autograph. She had been asking the others, and she could n't de-

cently leave me out. I could usually remember my name, but it always took me some time to recall my date, and even when I had done so I was never very sure. I hesitated between two days, and I remarked to my petitioner that I would sign on both if it would give her any satisfaction. She said that surely I had been born only once; and I replied, of course, that on the day I made her acquaintance I had been born again. I mention the feeble joke only to show that, with the obligatory inspection of the other autographs, we gave some minutes to this transaction. The lady departed with her book, and then I became aware that the company had dispersed. I was alone in the little salon that had been appropriated to our use. My first impression was one of disappointment; if Vawdrey had gone to bed I did n't wish to disturb him. While I hesitated, however, I recognized that Vawdrey had not gone to bed. A window was open, and the sound of voices in the open air came in to me: Blanche Adney was on the terrace with her dramatist, and they were talking about the stars. I went to the window for a glimpse. The Alpine night was splendid. My friends had stepped out together. The actress had picked up a cloak; she looked as I had seen her look in the wing of the theatre. They were silent awhile, and I heard the great tumble of a neighboring torrent. I turned back into the room, and its quiet lamplight gave me an idea. Our companions had dispersed—it was late for the Alps—and we three should have the place to ourselves. Clare Vawdrey had written his scene—it was magnificent: and his reading it to us there, at such an hour, would be an episode of the highest refinement. I would bring down his manuscript, and meet the two with it as they came in.

I quitted the salon for this purpose. I had been in Vawdrey's room, and knew it was on the second floor, the last

in a long corridor. A minute later my hand was on the knob of his door, which I naturally pushed open without knocking. It was equally natural that, in the absence of its occupant, the room should be dark; the more so as, the end of the corridor being at that hour unlighted, the obscurity was not immediately diminished by the opening of the door. I was only aware at first that I had made no mistake, and that, the window curtains not being drawn, I was confronted with a couple of vague starlighted apertures. Their aid, however, was not sufficient to enable me to find what I had come for, and my hand, in my pocket, was already on the little box of matches that I always carried for cigarettes. Suddenly I withdrew it with a start, uttering an ejaculation, an apology. I had entered the wrong room; a glance prolonged for three seconds showed me a figure seated at a table near one of the windows—a figure I had at first taken for a traveling-rug thrown over a chair. I retreated, with a sense of intrusion; but as I did so I became aware, more rapidly than it takes me to express it, in the first place that this was Vawdrey's room, and in the second that, most singularly, Vawdrey himself sat before me. Checking myself on the threshold, I had a momentary feeling of bewilderment, but before I knew it I had exclaimed, "Hullo! is that you, Vawdrey?"

He neither turned nor answered me, but there arrived just then a practical reply to my question in the opening of a door on the other side of the passage. A servant, with a candle, had come out of the opposite room, and in this flitting illumination I definitely recognized the man whom, an instant before, I had, to the best of my belief, left below in conversation with Mrs. Adney. His back was half turned to me, and he bent over the table in the attitude of writing, but I was conscious that I was in no sort of error about his identity. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were down-

stairs," I said; and as the personage gave no sign of hearing me, I added, "If you are busy, I won't disturb you." I backed out, closing the door. I had been in the place, I suppose, less than a minute. I had a sense of mystification, which, however, deepened infinitely the next instant. I stood there with my hand still on the knob of the door, overtaken by the oddest impression of my life. Vawdrey was at his table, writing, and it was a very natural place for him to be; but why was he writing in the dark, and why had n't he answered me? I waited a few seconds for the sound of some movement, to see if he would n't rouse himself from his abstraction — a fit conceivable in a great writer — and call out, "Oh, my dear fellow, is it you?" But I heard only the stillness. I felt only the startled dusk of the room, with the unexpected presence it inclosed. I turned away, slowly retracing my steps, and came confusedly downstairs. The lamp was still burning in the salon, but the room was empty. I passed round to the door of the hotel and stepped out. Empty, too, was the terrace. Blanche Adney and the gentleman with her had apparently come in. I hung about five minutes; then I went to bed.

I slept badly, for I was agitated. On looking back at these queer occurrences (you will see presently that they were queer), I perhaps suppose myself more agitated than I was; for great anomalies are never so great at first as after we have reflected upon them. It takes us some time to exhaust explanations. I was vaguely nervous — I had been sharply startled; but there was nothing I could not clear up by asking Blanche Adney, the first thing in the morning, who had been on the terrace with her. Oddly enough, however, when morning dawned — it dawned admirably — I felt less desire to satisfy myself on this point than to escape, to brush away the shadow of my stupefaction. I saw the

day would be splendid, and the fancy took me to spend it, as I had spent happy days of youth, in a lonely mountain ramble. I dressed early, swallowed the matutinal coffee, put a big roll into one pocket and a small flask into the other, and, with a stout stick in my hand, went forth into the high places. My story is not closely concerned with the charming hours I passed there — hours of the kind that makes intense memories. If I roamed away half of them on the shoulders of the hills, I lay on the sloping grass for the other half, and, with my cap pulled over my eyes (save a peep for immensities of view), listened, in the bright stillness, to the mountain bee, and felt most things sink and dwindle. Clare Vawdrey grew small, Blanche Adney grew dim, Lord Mellifont grew old, and before the day was over I forgot that I had ever been puzzled. When, in the late afternoon, I made my way down to the inn, there was nothing I wanted so much to find out as whether dinner would not soon be ready. To-night I dressed, in a manner, and by the time I was presentable they were all at table.

In their company again, my little problem came back to me, so that I was curious to see if Vawdrey would n't look at me the least bit queerly. But he did n't look at me at all; which gave me a chance both to be patient, and to wonder why I should hesitate to ask him my question across the table. I did hesitate, and with the consciousness of doing so came back a little of the agitation I had left behind me, or below me, during the day. I was n't ashamed of my scruple, however — it was only a fine discretion. What I vaguely felt was that a public inquiry would n't have been fair. Lord Mellifont was there, of course, to mitigate, with his perfect manner, all consequences; but I think it was present to me that with these particular elements his lordship would not be at home. The moment we got up, therefore, I approached Mrs. Adney, asking her

whether, as the evening was lovely, she would n't take a turn with me outside.

"You've walked a hundred miles; had you not better be quiet?" she replied.

"I'd walk a hundred miles more to get you to tell me something."

She looked at me an instant, with a little of the queerness that I had sought, but had not found, in Clare Vawdrey's eyes. "Do you mean what became of Lord Mellifont?"

"Of Lord Mellifont?" With my new speculation I had lost that thread.

"Where's your memory, foolish man? We talked of it last evening."

"Ah, yes!" I cried, recalling; "we shall have lots to discuss." I drew her out to the terrace, and before we had gone three steps I said to her, "Who was with you here last night?"

"Last night?" she repeated, as vague as I had been.

"At ten o'clock — just after our company broke up. You came out here with a gentleman; you talked about the stars."

She stared a moment; then she gave her laugh. "Are you jealous of dear Vawdrey?"

"Then it was he?"

"Certainly it was."

"And how long did he stay?"

"You have it badly. He stayed about a quarter of an hour — perhaps rather more. We walked some distance; he talked about his play. 'There you have it all; that is the only witchcraft I have used.'"

"And what did Vawdrey do afterwards?"

"I have n't the least idea. I left him and went to bed."

"At what time did you go to bed?"

"At what time did you? I happen to remember that I parted from Mr. Vawdrey at ten twenty-five," said Mrs. Adney. "I came back into the salon to pick up a book, and I noticed the clock."

"In other words, you and Vawdrey distinctly lingered here from about five

minutes past ten till the hour you mention?"

"I don't know how distinct we were, but we were very jolly. What are you coming to?" Blanche Adney asked.

"Simply to this, dear lady: that at the time your companion was occupied in the manner you describe, he was also engaged in literary composition in his own room."

She stopped short at this, and her eyes had an expression in the darkness. She wanted to know if I challenged her veracity; and I replied that, on the contrary, I backed it up — it made the case so interesting. She returned that this would only be if she should back up mine; which, however, I had no difficulty in persuading her to do, after I had related to her, circumstantially, the incident of my quest of the manuscript — the manuscript which, at the time, for a reason I could now understand, appeared to have passed so completely out of her own head.

"His talk made me forget it — I forgot I sent you for it. He made up for his fiasco in the salon; he declaimed me the scene," said my companion. She had dropped on a bench to listen to me, and, as we sat there, had briefly cross-examined me. Then she broke out into fresh laughter. "Oh, the eccentricities of genius!"

"They seem greater even than I supposed."

"Oh, the mysteries of greatness!"

"You ought to know all about them, but they take me by surprise."

"Are you absolutely certain it was Mr. Vawdrey?" my companion asked.

"If it was n't he, who in the world was it? That a strange gentleman, looking exactly like him, should be sitting in his room at that hour of the night, and writing at his table, *in the dark*," I insisted, "would be practically as wonderful as my own contention."

"Yes, why in the dark?" mused Mrs. Adney.

"Cats can see in the dark," I said.

She smiled at me dimly. "Did it look like a cat?"

"No, dear lady, but I'll tell you what it did look like—it looked like the author of Vawdrey's admirable works. It looked infinitely more like him than our friend does himself," I declared.

"Do you mean it was somebody he gets to do them?"

"Yes, while he dines out and disappears you."

"Disappoints me?" murmured Mrs. Adney artlessly.

"Disappoints me—disappoints every one who looks in him for the genius that created the pages they adore. Where is it in his talk?"

"Ah, last night he was splendid," said the actress.

"He's always splendid, as your morning bath is splendid, or a sirloin of beef, or the railway service to Brighton. But he's never rare."

"I see what you mean."

"That's what makes you such a comfort to talk to. I've often wondered—now I know. There are two of them."

"What a delightful idea!"

"One goes out, the other stays at home. One is the genius, the other's the *bourgeois*, and it's only the *bourgeois* whom we personally know. He talks, he circulates, he's awfully popular, he flirts with you"—

"Whereas it's the genius you are privileged to see!" Mrs. Adney broke in. "I'm much obliged to you for the distinction."

I laid my hand on her arm. "See him yourself. Try it, test it, go to his room."

"Go to his room? It would n't be proper!" she exclaimed, in the tone of her best comedy.

"Anything is proper, in such an inquiry. If you see him, it settles it."

"How charming—to settle it!" She thought a moment, then she sprang up. "Do you mean now?"

"Whenever you like."

"But suppose I should find the wrong one?" said Blanche Adney, with an exquisite effect.

"The wrong one? Which one do you call the right?"

"The wrong one for a lady to go and see. Suppose I should n't find—the genius?"

"Oh, I'll look after the other," I replied. Then, as I had happened to glance about me, I added, "Take care: here comes Lord Mellifont."

"I wish you'd look after him," my interlocutress murmured.

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's just what I was going to tell you."

"Tell me now; he's not coming."

Blanche Adney looked a moment. Lord Mellifont, who appeared to have emerged from the hotel to smoke a meditative cigar, had paused, at a distance from us, and stood admiring the wonders of the prospect, discernible even in the dusk. We strolled slowly in another direction, and she presently said, "My idea is almost as droll as yours."

"I don't call mine droll; it's beautiful."

"There's nothing so beautiful as the droll," Mrs. Adney declared.

"You take a professional view. But I'm all ears." My curiosity was indeed alive again.

"Well, then, my dear friend, if Clare Vawdrey is double (and I'm bound to say I think that the more of him the better), his lordship there has the opposite complaint; he is n't even whole."

We stopped once more, simultaneously. "I don't understand."

"No more do I. But I have a fancy that if there are two of Mr. Vawdrey, there is n't so much as one, all told, of Lord Mellifont."

I considered a moment, then I laughed out. "I think I see what you mean!"

"That's what makes you a comfort. Did you ever see him alone?"

I tried to remember. "Oh, yes; he has been to see me."

"Ah, then he was n't alone."

"And I've been to see him, in his study."

"Did he know you were there?"

"Naturally; I was announced."

Blanche Adney glanced at me like a lovely conspirator. "You must n't be announced." With this she walked on.

I rejoined her, breathless. "Do you mean one must come upon him when he does n't know it?"

"You must take him unawares. You must go to his room — that's what you must do."

If I was elated by the way our mystery opened out, I was also, pardonably, a little confused. "When I know he's not there?"

"When you know he is."

"And what shall I see?"

"You won't see anything!" Mrs. Adney cried, as we turned round.

We had reached the end of the terrace, and our movement brought us face to face with Lord Mellifont, who, resuming his walk, had now, without indiscretion, overtaken us. The sight of him at that moment was illuminating, and it kindled a great backward train, connecting itself with one's general impression of the personage. As he stood there smiling at us, and waving a practiced hand into the transparent night (he introduced the view as if it had been a candidate, and patronized the very Alps), as he rose before us in the delicate fragrance of his cigar and all his other delicacies and fragrances, with more perfections, somehow, heaped upon his handsome head than one had ever seen accumulated before, he struck me as so essentially, so conspicuously and uniformly, the public character that I read, in a flash, the answer to Blanche Adney's riddle. He was all public and had no corresponding private life, just as Clare Vawdrey was all private and had no corresponding public one. I had

heard only half my companion's story, yet as we joined Lord Mellifont (he had followed us — he liked Mrs. Adney; but it was always to be conceived of him that he accepted society rather than sought it), as we participated for half an hour in the distributed wealth of his conversation, I felt, with unabashed duplicity, that we had, as it were, found him out. I was even more deeply diverted by that whisk of the curtain to which the actress had just treated me than I had been by my own discovery; and if I was not ashamed of my share of her secret, any more than of having divided my own with her (though my own was, of the two mysteries, the more glorious for the personage involved), this was because there was no cruelty in my advantage, but, on the contrary, an extreme tenderness and a positive compassion. Oh, he was safe with me, and I felt, moreover, rich and enlightened, as if I had suddenly put half the universe in my pocket. I had learned what an affair of the spot and the moment a great appearance may be. It would doubtless be too much to say that I had always suspected the possibility, in the background of his lordship's being, of some such beautiful example; but it is at least a fact that, patronizing as it sounds, I had been conscious of a certain reserve of indulgence for him. I had secretly pitied him for the perfection of his performance, had wondered what blank face such a mask had to cover, what was left to him for the inimitable hours in which a man sits down with himself, or, more serious still, with his lawful wife, that intenser self. How was he at home and what did he do when he was alone? There was something in Lady Mellifont that gave a point to these researches — something that suggested that even to her he was still the public character, and that she was haunted by similar questionings. She had never cleared them up: that was her eternal trouble. We therefore

knew more than she did, Blanche Adney and I; but we would n't tell her for the world, nor would she probably thank us for doing so. She preferred the relative grandeur of uncertainty. She was not at home with him, so she could not say; and with her he was not alone, so he could not show her. He represented to his wife and he was a hero to his servants, and what one wanted to arrive at was what really became of him when no one was there. He rested, presumably, but what form of rest could repair such a plenitude of presence? Lady Mellifont was too proud to pry, and as she had never looked through a keyhole she remained dignified and unassuaged.

It may have been a fancy of mine that Blanche Adney drew out our companion, or it may be that the practical irony of our relation to him at such a moment made me see him more vividly; at any rate, he never had struck me as so dissimilar from what he would have been if we had not offered him a reflection of his image. We were only a concourse of two, but he had never been more public. His perfect manner had never been more perfect, his remarkable tact had never been more remarkable. I had a tacit sense that it would all be in the morning papers, with a leader, and also a secretly exhilarating one that I knew something that would n't be, that never could be, though any enterprising journal would give one a fortune for it. I must add, however, that in spite of my enjoyment — it was almost sensual, like that of a consummate dish — I was eager to be alone again with Mrs. Adney, who owed me an anecdote. It proved impossible, that evening, for some of the others came out, to see what we found so absorbing; and then Lord Mellifont bespoke a little music from the fiddler, who produced his violin and played to us, divinely, on our platform of echoes, face to face with the ghosts of the mountains. Before the concert was

over I missed our actress, and, glancing into the window of the salon, saw that she was established with Vawdrey, who was reading to her from a manuscript. The great scene had apparently been achieved, and was doubtless the more interesting to Blanche from the new lights she had gathered about its author. I judged it discreet not to disturb them, and I went to bed without seeing her again. I looked out for her, however, the next morning, and, as the promise of the day was fair, proposed to her that we should take to the hills, reminding her of the high obligation she had incurred. She recognized the obligation and gratified me with her company; but before we had strolled ten yards up the pass she broke out, with intensity: "My dear friend, you've no idea how it works in me! I can think of nothing else."

"Than your theory about Lord Mellifont?"

"Oh, bother Lord Mellifont! I allude to yours about Mr. Vawdrey, who is much the more interesting person of the two. I'm fascinated by that vision of his — what-do-you-call-it?"

"His alternative identity?"

"His other self: that's easier to say."

"You accept it, then, you adopt it?"

"Adopt it? I rejoice in it! It became tremendously vivid to me last evening."

"While he read to you there?"

"Exactly then: it simplified everything, it explained everything."

"That's indeed the blessing of it. Is the scene very fine?"

"Magnificent, and he reads beautifully."

"Almost as well as the other one writes!" I laughed.

This made my companion stop a moment, laying her hand on my arm. "You utter my very impression. I felt that he was reading me the work of another man."

"What a service to the other man!"

"Such a totally different person," said Mrs. Adney. We talked of this difference, as we went on, and of what a wealth it constituted, what a resource for life, such a duplication of the character.

"It ought to make him live twice as long as other people," I observed.

"Ought to make which of them?"

"Well, both; for, after all, they're members of a firm, and one of them couldn't carry on the business without the other. Moreover, mere survival would be dreadful for either."

Blanche Adney was silent a little; then she exclaimed, "I don't know — I wish he would survive!"

"May I, on my side, inquire which?"

"If you can't guess, I won't tell you."

"I know the heart of woman. You always prefer the other."

She halted again, looking round her. "Off here, away from my husband, I can tell you. I'm in love with him!"

"Unhappy woman, he has no passions," I answered.

"That's exactly why I adore him. Does n't a woman with my history know that the passions of others are insupportable? An actress, poor thing, can't care for any love that's not all on her side; she can't afford to be repaid. My marriage proves that: marriage is ruinous. Do you know what was in my mind, last night, all the while Mr. Vawdrey was reading me those beautiful speeches? An insane desire to see the author." And, dramatically, as if to hide her shame, Blanche Adney passed on.

"We'll manage that," I returned. "I want another glimpse of him myself. But meanwhile please remember that I've been waiting more than forty-eight hours for the evidence that supports your sketch, intensely suggestive and plausible, of Lord Mellifont's private life."

"Oh, Lord Mellifont does n't interest me."

"He did yesterday," I said.

"Yes, but that was before I fell in love. You blotted him out with your story."

"You'll make me sorry I told it. Come," I pleaded, "if you don't let me know how your idea came into your head I shall imagine you simply made it up."

"Let me recollect, then, while we wander in this grassy valley."

We stood at the entrance of a charming crooked gorge, a portion of whose level floor formed the bed of a stream that was smooth with swiftness. We turned into it, and the soft walk beside the clear torrent drew us on and on; till suddenly, as we continued, and I waited for my companion to remember, a bend of the valley showed us Lady Mellifont coming toward us. She was alone, under the canopy of her parasol, drawing her sable train over the turf; and in this form, on the devious ways, she was a sufficiently rare apparition. She usually took a footman, who marched behind her, on the highroads, and whose livery was strange to the mountaineers. She blushed on seeing us, as if she ought somehow to justify herself; she laughed vaguely, and said she had come out for a little early stroll. We stood together a moment, exchanging platitudes, and then she remarked that she had thought she might find her husband.

"Is he in this quarter?" I inquired.

"I supposed he would be. He came out an hour ago to sketch."

"Have you been looking for him?" Mrs. Adney asked.

"A little; not very much," said Lady Mellifont.

Each of the women rested her eyes, with some intensity, as it seemed to me, on the eyes of the other.

"We'll look for him for you, if you like," said Mrs. Adney.

"Oh, it does n't matter. I thought I'd join him."

"He won't make his sketch if you don't," my companion smiled.

"Perhaps he will if you do," said Lady Mellifont.

"Oh, I dare say he'll turn up," I dropped.

"He certainly will if he knows we're here!" Blanche Adney retorted.

"Will you wait while we search?" I asked of Lady Mellifont.

She repeated that it was of no consequence; upon which Mrs. Adney went on, "We'll go into the matter for our own pleasure."

"I wish you a pleasant expedition," said her ladyship, and was turning away, when I sought to know if we should inform her husband that she had been seeking him. She hesitated a moment; then she jerked out oddly, "I think you had better not." With this she took leave of us, floating a little stiffly down the gorge.

My companion and I looked after her, then we looked at each other, while a light ghost of a laugh rippled from the actress's lips. "She might be walking in the shrubberies at Mellifont!" Mrs. Adney exclaimed.

"She suspects it, you know," I replied.

"And she does n't want him to know it. There won't be any sketch."

"Unless we overtake him," I subjoined. "In that case we shall find him producing one, in the most graceful attitude, and the queer thing is that it will be brilliant."

"Let us leave him alone, and he'll have to come home without it."

"He'd rather never come home. Oh, he'll find a public!"

"Perhaps he'll do it for the cows," Blanche Adney suggested; and as I was on the point of rebuking her profanity, she went on, "That's simply what happened to me."

"What are you speaking of?"

"The incident of the day before yesterday."

"Ah, let's have it at last!"

"That's all it was — that I was like Lady Mellifont: I could n't find him."

"Did you lose him?"

"He lost me — *c'est comme ça que ça se passe*. He thought I was gone."

"But you did find him, since you came home with him."

"It was he who found me. That again is what must happen. He's there from the moment he knows you are."

"I understand his intermissions," I said, after a short reflection, "but I don't quite seize the law that governs them."

"Oh, it's a fine shade, but I caught it at that moment. I had started to come home. I was tired, and I had insisted on his not coming back with me. We had found some rare flowers — those I brought home — and it was he who had discovered almost all of them. It amused him very much, and I knew he wanted to get more; but I was tired, and I quitted him. He let me go — where else would have been his tact? — and I was too stupid then to have guessed that from the moment I was not there no flower would be culled. I started homeward, but at the end of three minutes I found I had brought away his penknife — he had lent it to me to trim a branch — and I knew he would need it. I turned back a few steps, to call him, but before I did so I looked about for him. You can't understand what happened then without having the place before you."

"You must take me there," I said.

"We may see the miracle here. The place was simply one that offered no chance for concealment — a great gradual hillside, without obstructions or trees. There were some rocks below me, behind which I myself had disappeared, but from which, on coming back, I immediately emerged again."

"Then he must have seen you."

"He was too utterly gone, for some intrinsic reason. I suppose he was unusually weary of his part, and that, with the sense of returning solitude, the reaction had been proportionately great, the extinction proportionately complete. At any rate, he was n't there."

"Could he have been somewhere else?"

"He could n't have been, in the time, anywhere but where I had left him. Yet the place was utterly empty—as empty as this stretch of valley before us. He had vanished—he had ceased to be. But as soon as my voice rang out (I uttered his name) he rose before me like the rising sun."

"And where did the sun rise?"

"Just where it ought to—just where he would have been and where I should have seen him, had he been like other people."

I had listened with the deepest interest, but it was my duty to think of objections. "How long a time elapsed between the moment you perceived his absence and the moment you called?"

"Oh, only an instant. I don't pretend it was long."

"Long enough for you to be sure?" I said.

"Sure he was n't there?"

"Yes, and that you were not mistaken, not the victim of some ocular deception."

"I may have been mistaken, but I don't believe it. At any rate, that's just why I want you to look in his room."

I thought a moment. "How can I, when even his wife does n't dare to?"

"She wants to; propose it to her. It would n't take much to make her; she does suspect."

I thought another moment. "Did he seem to know?"

"That I had missed him? So it struck me, but he thought he had been quick enough."

"Did you speak of his disappearance?"

"Heaven forbid! It seemed to me too serious."

"Quite right. And how did he look?"

Trying to evoke again all the circumstances of her miracle, Blanche Adney gazed abstractedly up the valley. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Just as he looks now!" and I saw Lord Mellifont stand-

ing there with his sketch-block. I perceived, as we met him, that he looked neither conscious nor guilty: he looked simply, as he did always, everywhere, the principal feature of the scene. Naturally he had no sketch to show us, but nothing could better have rounded off our actual conception of him than the way he fell into position as we approached. He had been selecting his point of view; he took possession of it with a flourish of the pencil. He leaned against a rock; his beautiful little box of water-colors reposed on a natural table beside him, a ledge of the bank which showed how inveterately nature ministered to his convenience. He painted while he talked, and he talked while he painted; and if the painting was as miscellaneous as the talk, the talk would have equally graced an album. We waited while the exhibition went on, and it seemed indeed as if the universe waited; no interference with the occasion would have been possible. All at once, within half an hour, the weather had darkened, but there would be nothing to fear from it till Lord Mellifont's sketch should be finished. Blanche Adney looked at me in silence, and I could read the language of her eyes: "Oh, if we could only do it as well as that! He fills the stage in a way that beats us." We could no more have left him than we could have quitted the theatre till the play was over; but in due time we turned round with him and strolled back to the inn, before the door of which his lordship, glancing again at his picture, tore the fresh leaf from the block and presented it, with a few happy words, to Mrs. Adney. Then he went into the house; and a moment later, looking up from where we stood, we saw him, above, at the window of his sitting-room (he had the best apartments), watching the appearance of the clouds.

"He'll have to rest after this," said Blanche Adney, dropping her eyes on her water-color.

"Indeed he will!" I looked up at the window; Lord Mellifont had vanished. "He's already reabsorbed."

"Reabsorbed?" I could see the actress was now thinking of something else.

"Into the immensity of things. He has lapsed again; there's an *entr'acte*."

"It ought to be long." Mrs. Adney looked up and down the terrace, and at that moment the head waiter appeared in the doorway. Suddenly she turned to this functionary with the question, "Have you seen Mr. Vawdrey lately?"

The man immediately approached. "He left the house five minutes ago — for a walk, I think. He went down the pass; he had a book."

I looked at the gathered clouds. "He had better have had an umbrella."

The waiter smiled. "I recommended him to take one."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Adney; and the *Oberkellner* withdrew. Then she went on, to me, abruptly, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, if you'll do me one. Let me see if your picture is signed."

She glanced at the sketch, then gave it to me. "For a wonder it is n't."

"It ought to be, for full value. May I keep it awhile?"

"Yes, if you'll do what I ask. Take an umbrella and go after Mr. Vawdrey."

"To bring him home?" I smiled.

"To keep him out — as long as you can."

"I'll keep him as long as the rain holds off."

"Oh, never mind the rain!" cried Blanche Adney.

"Would you have us drenched?"

"Without remorse." Then, with a strange light in her eyes, she added, "I'm going to try."

"To try?"

"To see the real one. Oh, if I can get at him!" she broke out, with passion.

"Try, try!" I replied. "I'll keep our friend all day."

"If I can get at the one who does it"

— and she paused, with shining eyes — "if I can have it out with him, I shall get my part!"

"I'll keep Vawdrey forever!" I called after her, laughing, as she passed quickly into the house.

Her audacity was communicative, and I stood there in a glow of excitement. I looked at Lord Mellifont's water-color, and I looked at the gathering storm; I turned my eyes again to his lordship's windows, and then I bent them on my watch. Vawdrey had so little the start of me that I should have time to overtake him — time even if I should take five minutes to go up to Lord Mellifont's sitting-room (where we had all been hospitably received), and say to him, as a messenger, that Mrs. Adney begged he would bestow upon his sketch the high consecration of his signature. As I again considered this work of art, I perceived there was something it certainly did lack: what else, then, but so noble an autograph? It was my duty to supply the deficiency without delay, and in accordance with this conviction I instantly reentered the hotel. I went up to Lord Mellifont's apartments; I reached the door of his parlor. Here, however, I was met by a difficulty of which my extravagance had not taken account. If I were to knock, I should spoil everything; yet was I prepared to dispense with this ceremony? I asked myself the question, and it embarrassed me; I turned my little picture round and round, but it didn't give me the answer I wanted. I wanted it to say, "Open the door gently, gently, without a sound, yet very quickly: then you will see what you will see." I had gone so far as to lay my hand upon the knob, when I became aware (having my wits so about me) that exactly in the manner I was thinking of — gently, gently, without a sound — another door had moved, on the opposite side of the hall. At the same instant I found myself smiling rather constrainedly upon Lady Mel-

lifont, who, on seeing me, had checked herself on the threshold of her room. For a moment, as she stood there, we exchanged two or three ideas that were the more singular for being unspoken. We had caught each other hovering, and we understood each other; but as I stepped over to her (so that we were separated from the sitting-room by the width of the hall), her lips formed, almost inaudibly, the entreaty, "Don't!" I could see in her conscious eyes everything that the word expressed — the confession of her own curiosity, and the dread of the consequences of mine. "Don't!" she repeated, as I stood before her. From the moment my experiment could strike her as an act of violence I was ready to renounce it; yet I thought I detected in her frightened face a still deeper betrayal — a possibility of disappointment if I should give way. It was as if she had said: "I'll let you do it if you'll take the responsibility. Yes, with some one else I'd surprise him. But it would never do for him to think it was I."

"We soon found Lord Mellifont," I observed, in allusion to our encounter with her an hour before, "and he was so good as to give this lovely sketch to Mrs. Adney, who has asked me to come up and beg him to put in the omitted signature."

Lady Mellifont took the drawing from me, and I could guess the struggle that went on in her while she looked at it. She was silent for some time; then I felt that all her delicacies and dignities, all her old timidities and pieties, were fighting against her opportunity. She turned away from me, and, with the drawing, went back to her room. She was absent for a couple of minutes, and when she reappeared I could see that she had vanquished her temptation; that even, with a kind of resurgent horror, she had shrunk from it. She had deposited the sketch in the room. "If you will kindly leave the picture with

me, I will see that Mrs. Adney's request is attended to," she said, with great courtesy and sweetness, but in a manner that put an end to our colloquy.

I assented, with a somewhat artificial enthusiasm, perhaps, and then, to ease off our separation, remarked that we were going to have a change of weather.

"In that case we shall go — we shall go immediately," said Lady Mellifont. I was amused at the eagerness with which she made this declaration; it appeared to represent a coveted flight into safety, an escape with her threatened secret. I was the more surprised, therefore, when, as I was turning away, she put out her hand to take mine. She had the pretext of bidding me farewell, but as I shook hands with her, on this supposition, I felt that what the movement really conveyed was: "I thank you for the help you would have given me, but it's better as it is. If I should know, who would help me then?" As I went to my room to get my umbrella, I said to myself, "She's sure, but she won't put it to the proof."

A quarter of an hour later I had overtaken Clare Vawdrey in the pass, and shortly after this we found ourselves looking for refuge. The storm had not only completely gathered, but it had broken, at the last, with extraordinary rapidity. We scrambled up a hillside to an empty cabin, a rough structure that was hardly more than a shed for the protection of cattle. It was a tolerable shelter, however, and it had fissures through which we could watch the splendid spectacle of the tempest. This entertainment lasted an hour — an hour that has remained with me as the oddest of mixtures. While the lightning played with the thunder and the rain gushed in on our umbrellas, I said to myself that Clare Vawdrey was disappointing. I don't know exactly what I should have predicated of a great author exposed to the fury of the elements, I can't say what particular Manfred

attitude I should have expected my companion to assume, but it seemed to me, somehow, that I shouldn't have looked to him to regale me, in such a situation, with stories (which I had already heard) about the celebrated Lady Ringrose. Her ladyship formed the subject of Vawdrey's conversation during this prodigious scene, though before it was quite over he had broken ground on Mr. Chafer, the scarcely less notorious reviewer. It broke my heart to hear a man like Vawdrey talk of reviewers. The lightning projected a hard clearness upon the truth, familiar to me for years, to which the last day or two had added transcendent support—the irritating circumstance that for personal relations this admirable genius thought his second best good enough. It was, no doubt, as society was made, but there was a contempt in the distinction which could not fail to be galling to an admirer. The world was vulgar and stupid, and the real man would have been a fool to come out for it when he could gossip and dine by deputy. None the less, my heart sank as I felt my companion practice this economy. I don't know exactly what I wanted; I suppose I wanted him to make an exception for me. I almost believed he would, if he had known how I adored his talent. But I had never been able to translate this to him, and his application of his principle was relentless. At any rate, I was more than ever sure that at such an hour his chair at home was not empty: there was the Manfred attitude, there were the responsive flashes. I could only envy Mrs. Adney her presumable enjoyment of them.

The weather drew off at last, and the rain abated sufficiently to allow us to emerge from our asylum and make our way back to the inn, where we found, on our arrival, that our prolonged absence had produced some agitation. It was judged, apparently, that the fury of the elements might have been fatal to us. Several of our friends were at the

door, and they seemed a little disconcerted when it was perceived that we were only drenched. Clare Vawdrey, for some reason, was wetter than I, and he took his course to his room. Blanche Adney was among the persons collected to look out for us, but as Vawdrey came toward her she shrank from him, without a greeting; with a movement that I observed as almost one of estrangement, she turned her back on him and went quickly into the salon. Wet as I was, I went in after her; on which she immediately flung round and faced me. The first thing I saw was that she had never been so beautiful. There was a light of inspiration in her face, and she broke out to me in the quickest whisper, which was at the same time the loudest cry. I have ever heard, "I've got my part!"

"You went to his room—I was right?"

"Right?" Blanche Adney repeated.

"Ah, my dear fellow!" she murmured.

"He was there—you saw him?"

"He saw me. It was the hour of my life!"

"It must have been the hour of his, if you were half as lovely as you are at this moment."

"He's splendid," she pursued, as if she did n't hear me. "He is the one that does it!" I listened, immensely impressed, and she added, "We understood each other."

"By flashes of lightning?"

"Oh, I did n't see the lightning then!"

"How long were you there?" I asked, with admiration.

"Long enough to tell him I adore him."

"Ah, that's what I've never been able to tell him!" I exclaimed ruefully.

"I shall have my part—I shall have my part!" she continued, with triumphant indifference; and she flung round the room with the joy of a girl, only checking herself to say, "Go and change your clothes."

"You shall have Lord Mellifont's signature." I said.

"Oh, hang Lord Mellifont's signature! He's far nicer than Mr. Vawdrey."

"Lord Mellifont?" I pretended to inquire.

"Confound Lord Mellifont!" And Blanche Adney, in her elation, brushed by me, whisking again through the open door. Just outside of it she came upon her husband; whereupon, with a charming cry of "We're talking of you, my love," she threw herself upon him and kissed him.

I went to my room and changed my clothes, but I remained there till dinner time. The violence of the storm had passed over us, but the rain had settled down to a drizzle. On descending to dinner, I found that the change in the weather had already broken up our party. The Mellifonts had departed in a carriage and four, they had been fol-

lowed by others, and several vehicles had been bespoken for the morning. Blanche Adney's was one of them, and she quitted us directly after dinner, on the pretext that she had preparations to make. Clare Vawdrey asked me what was the matter with her — she suddenly appeared to dislike him. I forget what answer I gave, but I did my best to comfort him by driving away with him the next day. Mrs. Adney had vanished when we came down; but they made up their quarrel in London, for he finished his play, and she produced it. I must add that she is still, nevertheless, in want of the great part. I have a beautiful one in my head, but she doesn't come to see me to stir me up about it. Lady Mellifont always drops me a kind word when we meet, but that does not console me.

Henry James.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

IN the spring of 1861 Admiral Farragut had already known an unusually long naval life. More than fifty years of sea-going had given him a large and varied experience; and as much of that experience had been gained in revolutionary countries, he looked with gravest apprehension upon the impending civil war. When Virginia, his adopted State, was dragooned, as he maintained, into secession, and his loyalty to the Union made his presence unwelcome, he fired this parting shot: "Take my word for it, you fellows will catch the devil before you get through with this business."

The summary of his life, too little known by his countrymen, is as follows:

David Glasgow Farragut was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5, 1801, A midshipman at the early age of nine, at twelve he was put in charge of a prize. He had the unique experience of

"a sea fight far away" in the harbor at Valparaiso when thirteen. The stirring scenes of this fight between the Essex and the *Phœbe*, the smell of powder, the wounded and dead, the manœuvring, the thunder bursts of cannon, the excitement and din, and the surrender gave to him that insight into actual warfare which was invaluable in later years. Even then he gave promise, by actual performance, of future success; and while "too young for promotion," as his commanding officer said, he was old enough to profit by the occasion. Thereupon began the usual life of alternate sea and shore duty. After years of service in the Mediterranean, he was made lieutenant at eighteen. At twenty-two an executive officer in the West Indies, he fought the pirates, and obtained a small command which afforded him large experience, the command of the

Ferret. At twenty-four commissioned lieutenant, he conveyed Lafayette to France in the *Pennsylvania*. A variety of service intervening, in 1833 he was ordered to Charleston, South Carolina, on account of the nullification outbreak, an incident which doubtless strengthened his Union sentiment. When thirty-three years of age he was given command again, and took the *Boxer* to Brazil. At forty he was executive officer of the *Delaware*, a duty of exceptional value to him, and was commissioned commander. The next year he sailed for South America in charge of the *Decatur*. When forty-six he commanded the *Saratoga*, and sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, where he was grievously disappointed that he was not furnished an opportunity to distinguish himself in the war with Mexico, then going on. He returned to study, and compiled a book of ordnance regulations. He established the Mare Island Navy Yard in 1854, and showed excellent judgment in his relations with the Vigilance Committee. At fifty-four he was commissioned captain, given command of the *Brooklyn*, and sailed for Mexico with Minister McLane. He then took an exploring party to Chiriqui, and finally was awaiting orders in 1861.

During war, biographies are written in battles, not in books. A single engagement is an epitome of military character. In the conflict the man is no other than the years have made him. In the action his past culminates; what he has been tells us what he is. The drawing and color of the portrait depend largely upon event and circumstance, but in a greater degree than is often thought upon the personal influences which have made impact upon the developing life.

Farragut was born in a naval atmosphere. His father and his elder brother were both officers in the navy. On his entrance into the service, aboard the *Essex*, he was taught all the mysteries of the craft by Jack Covington, of Marblehead, whose "chicken" he was.

Commodore David Porter, who commanded the *Essex* in 1812, was through life his kind and faithful Mentor. A unique charm of manner won the affection of those with whom he was associated. When a lad of eighteen, it secured him the favorable notice of the chaplain of the ship, Charles Folsom, who, having been appointed consul at Tunis, succeeded in obtaining for him leave of absence to live and study with him, — an unusual opportunity, resulting in a lifelong friendship. The wise and loving interest of this master under whom he studied, of which too much cannot be said, set the seal to his life and character.

Farragut entered the service when men who had seen Nelson were still alive, and he knew every battle of that mighty hero until he died at Trafalgar. With all a boy's enthusiasm he took part in the war of 1812, and brought down through the years an invaluable experience of seamanship, battle, and knowledge of human nature. He had made it a rule of his life, he said, "to make note of things with a view to the possible future," and thus it came about that not only his experience stood him in good stead, but fortune, which loves coincidences, took care to connect his future with his past. Secretary Welles, when chief of the Naval Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, during the Mexican war, was in the office of the Secretary of the Navy. John Y. Mason, when Farragut was laying before the secretary a plan to take the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. "I was present when he stated and urged his plan," said Welles. "It was characterized by the earnest, brave, and resolute daring which at a later day was distinctly brought out in our great civil conflict. Secretary Mason heard him patiently, but dismissed his project as visionary and impracticable." The commander who pleaded with the secretary for a chance gained it, years afterwards, at the hands of the wise and patriotic man who stood silently by

and made mental note of the occurrence. The possible future came. The opportunity of San Juan de Ulloa was given to him on a greater scale at New Orleans.

The naval profession is undergoing now a rapid process of change from the art stage, which required the old-fashioned handicraft, to the scientific stage, which abolishes thumb rules, and requires seamen to put their trust in mathematics and machinery. The art of seamanship was long in the learning. It appealed most to certain natures. He succeeded best who had in his blood a *homing* for the sea. Farragut had mixed his blood with the sunshine of many lands, had taken the winds into his pulses. He felt a ship under him as a good rider feels his horse. A keen joy came to him in battling with the elements. It was characteristic of his conservatism that his trust in wooden walls never was completely shaken. He had small faith in the sea-going qualities of the ironclads. "Give me hearts of iron in ships of oak," he said.

Like his predecessors, Farragut held to the line of battle, deviating from it as circumstances demanded according to the most improved methods; but to him the naval historian must give the credit of first making known — an unprecedented feat in naval warfare — the possibility of passing in a difficult channel well-fortified intrenchments, and successfully encountering ironclad vessels with wooden ships. The passage of the forts below New Orleans was a task to appall the stoutest heart. To stem the swift current of the Mississippi; to carry his ships through channels blocked by huge rafts and chains; to withstand the murderous fire of a fort on either hand; to avoid fire-rafts sent down for his destruction; to encounter thereafter ironclad monsters lying in wait, before he might anchor at the city's front, — all this he attempted and accomplished, during the darkness of the night, amid such a scene of titanic warfare as the world had never witnessed.

A yet more difficult task awaited him at Mobile Bay. The attack of ships upon forts, while comparatively rare in the annals of naval warfare, and discountenanced by the older heads in the navy at San Juan de Ulloa, had the precedents of Blake's famous fight at Santa Cruz, and the engagement of Lord Exmouth at Algiers in 1816. While it seemed to be the contest between the insecure and the secure, the weak and the strong, yet it had been successful, and wooden ships might anchor off stone walls or earthworks and silence their fire. On preceding occasions the attacking party had had the deep sea for safety; but tortuous channels, thick with infernal torpedoes and iron rams, were difficulties of greater moment. To attempt the impossible is the genius of modern warfare. With Von der Goltz, the admiral believed that "the greater living force dwells in the attack." "According to my theory," he said, "the best way to save yourself is to destroy your adversary."

The personal feeling of responsibility for success in his undertaking led him to demand of his juniors the utmost energy. Subject to harsh criticism because of animadversions upon their conduct, he justifies himself: "But a man *must* do his duty, particularly when that duty is *fighting*." This consciousness that the admiral scrutinized every official act made those under his command not only faithful, but enthusiastic; for this scrutiny, they saw, was only the carefulness of a kind and energetic nature. It resulted that, under Farragut's leadership, the Gulf Squadron acted with singular unanimity and devotion. His strong will gave courage to every man in the fleet. It enabled them "to face the unseen with a cheer."

He possessed the quick wit which seizes upon the occasion, and in the unlooked-for emergency finds the door of success. Such emergencies occur less frequently on land. At sea a battle is

a complicated problem. Currents, winds, stray shots, may destroy the finest calculation. Woe betide the commander who cannot summon to his aid on the instant his every faculty, his lifelong experience! Two incidents at Mobile Bay illustrate this phase of his professional character. In the midst of the battle a surgeon left the ship, on a merciful errand. He was already at some distance, when the admiral sprang to the side, hailed him, and ordered him "to go to all the monitors and tell them to attack that Tennessee;" for at that juncture the huge ram was discovered making swiftly for the flagship. This quick decision is illustrated again in the well-known incident of the fight, when the ships were proceeding in order of battle, the Brooklyn before the others. Suddenly, just before them was seen the awful catastrophe of the Tecumseh, which, shattered by a torpedo, disappeared as with a mighty sigh, and sank with bravest souls aboard. A moment's shuddering pause, when consternation seized them, for lo, the Brooklyn stopped and backed! The admiral, learning the cause, but fearing in his stout heart defeat more than disaster, unhesitatingly gave the order to go ahead at full speed, though it should usher every one of them the next moment into eternity. In all naval warfare it is hard to find an incident more dramatically cool. The remark of Sir Edward Howard, made as long ago as 1513, that "no admiral was good for anything that was not brave even to a degree of madness," found illustration in Farragut.

The capture of New Orleans sealed the fate of the Confederacy; for it demonstrated the efficiency of the blockade and the hopelessness of seeking aid from abroad, — a possibility made hopeful to the Confederates by the career of the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. The life currents of commerce began again to flow between New York and New Orleans. From the Virginia capes to St. Louis, embracing thirty-five hundred

miles of coast line, the navy had put a cordon of well-manned ships. To Farragut, accomplishing the hardest task, the greatest credit is due. While the Mississippi had been cleared, Vicksburg was not yet taken. At that time, June, 1862, Farragut believed that, with an army of ten or fifteen thousand men auxiliary to his force, it might be taken. General Halleck, answering his request, said, "The scattered and weak condition of my forces renders it impossible, at the present, to detach any troops to coöperate with you at Vicksburg." Yet a special effort at that time meant the saving of a year of siege, and the shortening of the war by many months.

A German military critic observes that intelligence in an officer is often overvalued, in time of war, as compared with will and courage. Men of that cast of mind make timid advisers in a council of war; their reputation in times of peace is found inadequate to the strain put upon it by actual warfare. The civil war furnished one or two conspicuous examples.

In Farragut was united this broad intelligence and ability to organize and discipline with a courage and executive will power which made him the practical man commanding success under difficult conditions. The ability to maintain discipline and to develop the military qualities of the men under his command is an indispensable requisite in a naval officer. His later life demonstrated that Farragut was remarkable in this regard, although, as to discipline, two incidents, the only ones to be found, might at first sight seem to imply the contrary. He was subjected to the humiliation of being ordered home from the West Indies to stand trial for alleged cruel treatment on board his ship. Of this charge, however, he was acquitted. A man who had been violent and abusive, having been gagged by order of the ship's corporal, subsequently died, — it was claimed as a consequence of his treatment; this claim, however, was dis-

proved. He wrote of the cruise of the *Saratoga* in 1847: "I am sorry to say that, during this cruise, I was compelled to rid the service of a lieutenant, a midshipman, two gunners, and a sail-maker, and to bring my first lieutenant to a court-martial, on the very last day, for drunkenness." An "unhappy" ship! These incidents may be considered as casual, inseparable from a long career, and therefore not militating against that personal hold upon his subordinates which is incumbent upon a commanding officer; or they may be held as so many lessons of experience from which he profited. At any rate, he had no lack in this respect when the war for the Union began.

Some official austerity is needed in the promotion of the military spirit. It is not incompatible with personal clemency. It is one of the means by which the will of the commander is made to tell upon the characters and efficiency of those under him. An example of Farragut's peremptory manner, allowing nothing to thwart his well-devised plan, is seen in the following incident, now related for the first time. The officer, an engineer, who tells the story, mentions that an hour after the arrival of his ship in the gulf, during the spring of 1862, after three months of anxious service running the Potomac batteries, incessantly on watch for the *Merrimac*, the ship heavily strained while aground on Cary's Foot Reef. Request was made for time to repair, under the circumstances not seemingly unreasonable. It was denied to his commanding officer, who was met by Farragut "with a prompt refusal to permit any delay, and was ordered to take in provisions and move at once. Upon the return of the commodore to the ship," he continues, "I was advised to go to the flagship and explain the necessities of the situation. Upon my arrival on board the *Hartford*, I went into the cabin, where I found the flag officer pacing to and fro, evidently under some excitement; and upon my stat-

ing the case and my wishes, he peremptorily refused everything. 'No, sir!' said he emphatically, 'not an hour. I expect you to go at once when the ship is ready. I will tolerate no delay whatever.' Of course I returned to the *Pensacola* in no very enviable mood. A 'norther' just then brewing, however, settled matters for me, as it prevented the moving of any vessel for three days, during which time I had everything arranged to my own satisfaction. Usually the admiral was not rough in manner nor rude in speech. On subsequent duty with him, while fleet engineer, matters were always pleasant."

Farragut was not a "martinet" in any sense. He did not believe in a "crack ship," if the reputation was gained at the expense of the comfort of every one on board. His mind was too large for petty fineness in discipline. Examining more closely his unofficial character, we see a man of a naturally quick temper. But one instance, however, is known of a burst of passion, and that of righteous indignation. It was when, in middle life, his honor was assailed, it having been intimated, in a casual remark, that he had made pecuniary gain by means of his official position.

It is difficult to dissociate in the mind the sad and terrible scenes of war from the characters of eminent commanders. They seem to us, in so far as they win great victories, men of "blood and iron;" and yet often they are men of gentle natures, to whom duty is as the "stern daughter of the voice of God," but whose hearts are tender and considerate. Farragut sent an officer out upon a perilous expedition one night, and wrote: "I never felt such anxiety in my life as I did until his return. . . . I was as glad to see Bell as if he had been my boy. I was up all night, and could not sleep until he got back to the ship."

His attention to his invalid wife through sixteen years of suffering was remarkable in its constant care and tender solici-

tude. This devotion was the occasion of an eulogistic remark of a Norfolk lady, to the effect that when Captain Farragut should die every woman in the city ought to contribute a stone to erect a monument to his memory which should reach to the skies.

An old-time simplicity and frankness characterized him, — the acquisition of men who are happily freed from the confusing distinctions of morality in politics and commerce.

Farragut was a seaman of the old time when the navy stood apart, with a history, traditions, and life peculiar to itself. Once off soundings, it owned the great world, and yet had a little world of its own. In no respect would he have been called the “sea dog,” even when that term was flatteringly applied. He was the sea officer and gentleman, well bred, keen eyed, and gracious, and competent to take his ship wherever ship could go. An utter sincerity shone in his life. It is not an uncommon trait in seafaring men. It found expression in fearlessness of speech, and won that confidence on the part of those with whom he had to do which enabled him to execute through them. He had the sacred hunger for fame, but was not influenced by political ambition, refusing without hesitation when he was approached with reference to a candidacy for the presidency. “I am to have a flag in the gulf,” he joyously writes to his wife, “and the rest depends upon myself.” Outside of the service nothing tempted him.

As the horizon of a man’s intellectual nature widens, and his head slowly emerges from the average mediocrity of his fellows; when, no longer with the crowd which follow like sheep, he thinks for himself; then the ephemeral, the unnecessary, the show of life, is justly estimated as of little value. He stands alone. If he is, however, as yet unpurified, there remains with him the pharisaic pride. If he has soul enough, he rises a step higher to that condi-

tion where he looks out upon the world astounded at the things to learn, overwhelmed at the difficulties of its problems; and there comes to him that change which is so rare in successful men, making a few preëminent, the unconscious grace of modest worth. This change was wrought in Farragut. His duty, the thing to be done, engaged his whole nature. He seems to have had that power of exclusion which inheres in men who create or achieve, — artist, orator, poet, or soldier. The world outside, of other men’s interest and duty, is as naught. To such a man life means only the imperative demand of his conscience, wherever he may be. Other things, ambition, rest, luxury, applause, are of no concern; and death, death would be a fit and happy culmination.

There came to Farragut throughout his life, as to other men, various griefs and disappointments, but he bore them all with fortitude and dignity. At the outbreak of the war he exclaimed, “God forbid that I should have to raise my hand against the South!” Southern by birth and association, he went back to New Orleans, his boyhood’s home, conqueror indeed, but with none of the conqueror’s pride in his heart; and yet among many friends and acquaintances “no man dared to say he was happy to see him.” Secretary Welles has written of the annoyances which he suffered during the last eighteen months of his life: “Changes were made in the service without his knowledge and against his judgment. The office of admiral, which Congress had created for him in acknowledgment of his distinguished and unequalled services, was, he saw, destined by favoritism to pass to another. In derogation of his real rank and position as chief of the navy he was made port admiral, an usher to wait upon and receive naval officers at New York, — an employment which self-respect and regard for the navy compelled him to decline. Among other indignities was that of or-

dering the uniform and the flag of admiral to be changed. . . . Farragut would neither change his coat, nor permit the tawdry substitute for the admiral's flag to wave over him. On his special personal application, which he felt humiliated to make, the Secretary of the Navy permitted him to be spared these indignities during his lifetime, but it was with the knowledge that the flag which he had earned, the emblem he had chosen and prescribed as the symbol of highest naval rank, was to be buried with him."

After the war was over Farragut made a European cruise. At dinner with the king of Belgium, an eye-witness relates: "'I have never in all my life seen the like of this,' said the old field marshal at my side. 'The dinner is over, we are all ready to rise, and we are all tired of the table, but the king cannot leave your admiral. He has captured all Belgium; we are his prisoners; we shall never get away; we shall all die here. What is there about Farragut that is so fascinating?' 'I cannot tell you, unless it is that the admiral is so very natural.' 'No, that is not it,' replied the marshal; 'he has magnetized the king. Farragut is a magician.'"

Sincerely religious in his nature, his faith was a marked characteristic in his life. He tells of himself that, at the critical moment in the battle of Mobile Bay, when defeat or victory hung in the

balance, he offered up this prayer: "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And it seemed as if, in answer, a voice commanded him to "go on."

The people at large saw him only as the hero lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, amid the smoke-clouds, flashing guns, and roar of battle. It was no act of bravado on his part, but the consciousness that so he might best fight the battle, seeing everything with his own eyes.

Farragut, our first admiral, was of a race which has already passed away. He brought to us, in this generation, that high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful in those old days. He bore the burden of responsibility cheerfully, and carried himself through all the vicissitudes of a long struggle with dignified and heroic bearing and thorough patriotism. In opening the Mississippi he started the life currents in our body politic which have flowed so strongly ever since. The republic was not ungrateful; the people delighted to know him, and when he died the busy world of our greatest city stood still for a whole day with uncovered head "to do him reverence." He illustrated best his own saying, "He who dies in doing his duty to his country and at peace with his God has played out the drama of life to the best advantage."

Edward Kirk Rawson.

AMERICAN SEA SONGS.

Oh, fare ye well, my pretty, fair maids,
I'm bound for the Rio Grande!
 Ri-o-Rio!
I'm bound for the Rio Grande!

No one who is old enough to remember the glorious spectacle of a full-rigged American clipper ship getting under full sail outside of the headlands of a harbor,

after having been cast off by the tug, is likely to have forgotten the sight: the white sails dropping from the yards, being sheeted home, and swelling out to the fresh wind, until a cloud of canvas sparkled in the sun; the strong and graceful life which the ship took on under their power; the foam curling up

under the bow with her forward rush ; the great plain of the ocean, with all its free airs and salt scents, beckoning to life and adventure seaward round the world. To this, to one on board or near enough to hear, will be added the indefinable and mysterious charm of the sailors' chants, as they haul in the bow-line, and tauten up the tacks and sheets by a pull requiring unison of effort ; and the cadence, at once long-drawn and vigorous, fills the air with a magic voice of the wind and the sea. It has the melopœism, if it may be so called, of the cadence of nature, and takes its note from the solitude and melancholy of the world, never more impressive than upon the vast plain of the sea. It has been heard from immemorial time, since the first oarsmen pulled together along the coasts of the Indian Ocean, and possesses the same essence in whatever language it is uttered ; and, while it has its practical purpose in securing unison and accentuation of effort, it would be a mistake to suppose it without origin in and appeal to the innate impulse for the expression of sentiment in melody in the heart of man. Every sea captain knows, or used to know, how much more quickly the anchor came up, or how much more hearty were the pulls on the bowlines, if there were a full-lunged and melodious leader for the "shanty ;" and his practical-minded mate would at times shout, when the chorus was going faintly and mechanically, "Sing out there, can't ye?" with the same purpose with which he would exhort the men to take a stronger pull. Conversely, a poor leader, or a second who could not or would not keep in proper time, was a decided injury to the effectiveness of the labor ; and it sometimes happened that an energetic captain, when his ship was being got under way, would step up to a sailor, apparently heaving sturdily at the windlass, and knock him sprawling, for the reason that he had detected him giving the wrong time to the chant, out of

mischief, or for the sake of testing the sharpness and intelligence of the "old man."

The words of these windlass and bow-line "shanties" have, of course, little of the element of finished poetry about them. They are not songs, but chants, whose purpose is to give accentuation and force to the exertion of united strength rather than to the expression of sentiment, and of which the rhythmical melody is the essential element. Whether they be new or old, they always have been essentially improvisations, capable of being stopped at any moment or added to indefinitely, and, like the refrains of the old ballads, are dependent upon the sound rather than the sense for their effect. Nevertheless, however imperfect and indefinite their expression, they took their tone and color originally from the elements in which they were born, and gave out not only the voice of the sea and the wind, the notes of the never silent Æolian harp of the cordage and the belling sails, but the prevailing sentiment of the human heart upon the great deep, its underlying oppression, its longing for home, its craving for relief from monotony ; and it is a dull ear that would not detect this under the most absurd and uncouth words ever strung together in a sailor's shanty.

As among the seamen of all races, the chants of the American sailors, before they were so reduced in quality and number by the combined influence of steam vessels and a protective tariff, were of ancient and indefinite origin, and were constantly being altered or added to by circumstance and improvisation. They came, of course, first from the English seamen, who were our sailors' ancestors and associates, to whom at least the element descended from the songs to which the galleys of the sea kings of Scandinavia were impelled over the foaming brine, or the Celtic coracle was paddled on the lonely lake ; and it is impossible, in a mass of rude verse, of little definite

meaning, of a fluid and fluctuating form, and handed down from lip to lip without ever, except incidentally, having been put into print and preserved, to fix the origin or the date of creation of any of these songs. There are traces of old phrases and archaisms, ancient words strangely metamorphosed into a semblance of modern meaning, and all such settlements and deposits as are to be found in the geological strata of spoken language, — references to mermaids, sea serpents, and survivals of myths regarding the powers of the sea and air; but they are of no such distinct historic value as are the indications to be found in the more definite folk lore in prose or verse, which have the element of dramatic interest and narrative. It is to be remembered that these chants, as we have said, were essentially improvisations, with a purpose different from ordinary song, — that is, to give the governing power of melody to united exertion, — and that whatever color and substance they have are extraneous, and not inherent. What is distinctively American can be determined only by local allusions or by definite knowledge of their origin: the first are of very little value, for an English chant, with its local allusions, might be very readily altered into an American one by the substitution of American names; and in regard to the second, as has been said, the songs were born, and passed from mouth to mouth, and from ship to ship, without any one's knowing or caring where they originated. Nevertheless, the American sailors, when there were American sailors, had as strong a national and provincial feeling as those of any other country; were capable of making their own chants, if not as much given to improvisation as those of the Latin races; and had a selection of local names as sonorous and as readily adapted to the needs of a rhythmical chorus as those of any English-speaking people. The Rio Grande and the Shenandoah were as mouth-filling and sono-

rous as the High Barbaree or any of the refrains of the English shanties, and the American sailor sheeted home his canvas with Virginia Ashore, or Baltimore, or Down to Mobile Bay in his remembrance as well as on his lips.

Premising that American shanties are not American sea songs in any definite sense of the term, and fulfill only the conditions to which they are subject as aids to labor and stimulants to exertion, we may take a specimen or two to show what they were like. It is needless to say that neither the words nor a musical notation would give any idea of their effect when sung with full-throated chorus to sea and sky, and that their peculiar melodious cadence and inflection can be caught only by hearing them. Like the chants of the negro slaves, which they resemble in many respects, musical notes would give only the skeleton of the melody, which depends for its execution upon an element which it defies the powers of art to symbolize. They have various forms, — a continued and unbroken melody, as when turning the capstan or pumping, or they show an emphatic accentuation at regular intervals, as when stretching out a bowline with renewed pulls; and such as they are, they are given precisely as sung, with a dependence upon the reader's imagination to supply in some degree the cadence and accentuation. The following are good specimens of the bowline chants.

Solo. I wish I was in Mobile Bay,

Chorus. Way-hay, knock a man down!

Solo. A-rolling cotton night and day,

Chorus. This is the time to knock a man down!

And so on *ad infinitum*, until the hoarse "Belay!" of the mate or the "bosun" ends it.

Oh, Shenandoah 's a rolling river,

Hooray, you rolling river!

Oh, Shenandoah 's a rolling river,

Ah-hah, I'm bound away to the wild Missouri!

Oh, Shenandoah 's a packet sailor, etc.

My Tommy 's gone, and I 'll go too,
Hurrah, you high-low !
For without Tommy I can't do,
My Tommy 's gone a high-low !

My Tommy 's gone to the Eastern shore,
Chorus.

My Tommy 's gone to Baltimore, etc.

A favorite and familiar pulling song is
Whiskey for my Johnny : —

Whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey-Johnny !
We 'll drink our whiskey while we can,
Whiskey for my Johnny !

I drink whiskey, and my wife drinks gin,
Chorus.

The way she drinks it is a sin,
Chorus.

I and my wife cannot agree,
Chorus.
For she drinks whiskey in her tea,
Chorus.

I had a girl ; her name was Lize,
Chorus.
And she put whiskey in her pies,
Chorus.

Whiskey 's gone, and I 'll go too,
Chorus.
For without whiskey I can't do, etc.

A very enlivening windlass or pump-
ing chant is I 'm Bound for the Rio
Grande : —

I 'm bound away this very day,
Oh, you Rio !
I 'm bound away this very day,
I 'm bound for the Rio Grande !
And away, you Rio, oh, you Rio !
I 'm bound away this ve-ry day,
I 'm bound for the Rio Grande !

Another is Homeward Bound with a
Roaring Breeze : —

We 're homeward bound with a roaring breeze,
Good-by, fare you well !
We 're homeward bound with a roaring breeze,
Hurrah, my boys ! We 're homeward bound !

I wrote to Kitty, and she was well,
Good-by, fare you well !
She rooms at the Astor and dines at the Bell,
Hurrah, my boys ! We 're homeward bound !

There were many, with slight American

variants, which were undoubtedly of English origin, and have been heard on English merchant ships from time immemorial ; some which relate especially to the operations of whaling ; and some which had their origin on the river flat-boats and in the choruses of the roustabouts on the Ohio and Mississippi, and have been only slightly changed for salt-water purposes, the quality being as little varied as the number is endless. Their essential quality was that of an improvised chant, and the dominant feeling was to be found in the intermingling of the words and the cadence, as in the apparently meaningless refrain of the old ballads. They expressed, through all their rudeness and uncouthness, and more through the melody than the words, the minor chords which distinguish all folk music, the underlying element in the human heart oppressed by the magnitude and solitude of nature, as well as the enlivening spirit of strong exertion ; and no sensitive ear could ever call them really gay, however vigorous and lively they might be. The shanties are passing away with the substitution of iron cranks and pulleys for the muscles of men, and the clank of machinery has taken the place of the melodious chorus from human throats. It is not probable that they will ever entirely disappear so long as men go down to the sea in ships ; but whatever life and flavor they had will fade away, and the first-class leading tenor among the "shanty men" will vanish with the need and appreciation of his skill. As for the old words, they will also be utterly lost, because they have no existence except in oral recitation and memory, and do not contain enough of the elements of pure poetry to secure their preservation in print, as the folk songs and ballads have been preserved. They are relics of custom rather than of literature ; and although any poet or musician who deals with the sea will miss a source of very valuable inspiration if he does not possess himself

of the spirit of their weird melody and the unconscious power of their vigorous rhythm, in themselves they are likely to be lost with the chants of the Phœnician sailors or the rowers of the galley of Ulysses, which they have succeeded, and some of whose melody they have perhaps reproduced.

The genuine sea songs differ from the shanties in that they had a definite poetical purpose to tell a story or express emotion, and were not merely words strung together to give voice to a rhythm of labor. It cannot be said that the genius of the American sailor has turned itself especially to expressing his emotions in song, any more than that of the English. His nature is entirely too practical, and the touch of tender sentiment which, in the Scotch nature, produced the beautiful fishing songs of the coast and the grand rowing and boat songs of the Western Islands, is wanting alike in him and his English associate. The French, as sailors, are not to be compared with the English or Americans in native fondness for the sea, but there is no genuine sea song in the English language that will compare, for sweetness, grace, and melody, with such songs as Jean Renaud, *Trois Matelots de Croix*, *Saute, ma Jolie Blonde*, or that one of infinite beauty and tender pathos, *La Femme du Marin*, in which the husband, returning from the wars, finds that his dear wife has been informed that he is dead, and has married again; and without a word the

“ Brave marin vida son verre,
 Tout doux.
 Brave marin vida son verre,
 Tout doux,
 Sans remercier, tout en pleurant,
 S'en retourna-t-au régiment,
 Tout doux.”

It is needless to say that this gentle chivalry would find no echo in the heart of the ordinary English or American Jack Tar, and the voice of the forecastle would be that he was a sanguinary and

condemned milksop and duffer; a marine, in fact.

It would probably astonish most readers to be told that English literature is singularly deficient in sea songs, when they have in memory the noble odes of Campbell, the long list of the Tom Bowlings and Jack Junks of Dibdin, Cherry's Bay of Biscay and The Minute Gun at Sea, and the many good songs about ships and sea fights by Barry Cornwall, Cunningham, and many others. But these songs were not written by sailors. There never has been any English sailor, except the respectable William Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, in several cantos of desiccated decasyllabic verse, who has written of the sea in verse from the standpoint of actual experience, or to do for it in poetry what Captain Marryat, Michael Scott, and W. Clark Russell have done in prose. English sea songs have been written by landmen; even the charming *Wapping Old Stairs* is a song of the water-side, and not of the ocean; and as for the famous heroes of Dibdin's nautical songs, including Tom Bowling himself, they are very much, as Thackeray said, “har-lar” Mr. T. P. Cooke, the actor, who personated the gallant Jack Tar in a very blue jacket with very bright buttons, and very white duck trousers, and appealed to “England, Home, and Beauty” as represented in the cits of the gallery at Sadler's Wells theatre. Dibdin's heroes smell of stage gas rather than of tar, and their purpose and effect were very much more to persuade susceptible landmen that the British navy was an elysium, in which beating Frenchmen was a glorious episode in an existence devoted mainly to passing the case between decks at sea and basking in the smiles of lovely Nan and faithful Poll on shore, than to tell what the seamen themselves really felt about it. The writers of the ordinary English sea songs had their lodgings in the neighborhood of Drury Lane rather than in the forecastle,

and their inspiration was as strictly commercial as that of Mr. Slum, who supplied the anagrams and acrostics announcing the treasures in Mrs. Jarley's waxworks. Some of them are good in their way, as are a few of those of Dibdin and Andrew Cherry, and particularly *The Saucy Arethusa*, in which there is a real flavor of the sea spirit, and which was written by one Prince Hoare, a comic opera libretto writer of sixty years ago; the author, by the way, of Mrs. Micawber's favorite song, *Little Tafflin with the Silken Sash*. But when one comes to look for real fore-castle songs, written by a sailor, and smelling of pitch and tar, one finds very few. Doubtless some have been lost, although there is a strong vitality to anything that is good; but except Robert Kidd, *Sailing down on the High Barbarie*, Captain Glen, *Jacky Tar with his Trousers on*, — the immortal song which appealed to the feeling heart of Captain Edward Cuttle,

"I know you would have me wed a farmer,
And not give me my heart's delight;
Give me the lad whose tarry trousers
Shine to me like diamonds bright," —

The *Mermaid*, and a few others, there is nothing which indicates that the British sailor was given to expressing himself in verse beyond the simple exigencies of the shanty. The case was very much the same with the American, and, under ordinary circumstances, it would be as vain to look for poetical feeling in the shrewd, practical-minded, and gritty New England seaman as in his more stolid and coarse-fibred English associate. Nevertheless, so much of the best spirit of the American people was once turned toward the sea for its field of action, its naval history has been so inspiring to national pride, and its record of adventure in all parts of the world has been so remarkable that it would have been impossible that it should not have produced some worthy or at least illustrative fruit in poetry.

The era of the Revolution was not distinguished for its naval exploits, except the memorable raid of the Scotch adventurer, John Paul Jones, upon the English seas, and the fight of the *Bonhomme Richard* with the *Serapis* and the Countess of Scarborough, for the reason that the colonies had no war-ships, and no means of procuring any. There were, however, a few privateers: the *Hyder Ali*, commanded by Captain Barney, which won a victory over the British vessel *General Monk*, and was celebrated in verse by Philip Freneau, and for which he wrote a recruiting song, with at least one verse of a practical tendency: —

"Here's grog enough; come drink about.
I know your hearts are firm and stout.
American blood will never give out,
As often we have proved it;"

the *Fair American*, commanded by Captain Daniel Hawthorne, which fought a British snow, laden with troops, off the coast of Portugal, and whose exploits are recorded in a ballad of very considerable spirit, and evidently by one of the crew; and some others, who did not happen to have a poet on board or a laureate on shore, and are not embalmed in verse. To this period, however, belongs what is, perhaps, the very best of American sea songs. We do not know whether its authorship was of that time or not, although it probably was, and from internal evidence would seem to have been composed by one of the very crew of the *Ranger*, Paul Jones's ship, which escaped from a British squadron in the Irish Channel, in 1778. It was first published by Commodore Luce, in his collection of *Naval Songs*, with the statement that it was taken down from the recitation of a sailor. It is one of the gems of fore-castle song, has the full scent of the brine and the gale, and the ship does not manœuvre as if she were a wagon on dry land, as was said of Allan Cunningham's account of Paul Jones's cruiser. The title given is

THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR.

'T is of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the
stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west
blew through the pitch-pine spars.
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she
hung upon the gale.
On an autumn night we raised the light on the
old head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind
blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship
bowed along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the
fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried
her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him
who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib the
boom bent like a hoop,
And the groaning water-ways told the strain
that held her stout main tack.
But he only laughed as he glanced abaft at a
white and silvery track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that
flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from
Featherstone to Dunmore;
And that sterling light on Tucker rock, where
the old bell tolls the hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was
quenched on Waterford tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her
three topsails set,
The spanker and her standing jib, the spanker
being fast.
"Now, lay aloft, my heroes bold, let not a mo-
ment pass!"
And royals and topgallant sails were quickly
on each mast.

What looms upon the starboard bow? What
hangs upon the breeze?
'T is time our good ship hauled her wind abreast
the old saltees;
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her
consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-
of-war.

Up spoke our noble captain then, as a shot
ahead of us passed,
"Haul snug your flowing courses, lay your top-
sail to the mast!"

The Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from
the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside
from the decks of our patriot bark.

"Out, booms! Out, booms!" our skipper cried,
"Out, booms, and give her sheet!"
And the swiftest keel that ever was launched
shot ahead of the British fleet.
And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with
stunsails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer,
just at the break of day.

The naval war of 1812 was a glorious
epoch in American history. The achieve-
ments of the troops were very far from
creditable, with a few exceptions, includ-
ing, of course, the great one of the re-
pulse of British regulars at New Orleans;
but on the ocean the American sailors
proved themselves quite the equal, if not
more, of the English seamen, who had
learned to consider themselves invinci-
ble, and despised the petty fleet of half
a dozen cruisers, — not a single line-of-
battle ship in the number, — which they
had force enough to sweep off the seas
without a struggle, and which they final-
ly did blockade into inaction. There
was quite an outburst of surprise, incre-
dularity, and indignation in England, when
the news came in that British frigates,
one after another, the *Guerriere*, the
Java, and the *Macedonian*, had been
captured in single-ship fights by Ameri-
can ships of the same grade, and that in
contests between vessels of smaller size,
like the *Wasp* and the *Frolic*, the *Hornet*
and the *Peacock*, Yankee pluck and sea-
manship had been equally successful; and
British naval historians, then and since,
have been earnest in showing that the
victories were due to superior weight
of metal, to the presence of deserters
from the British navy on board the
American ships, and to the accidents of
naval warfare. Nevertheless, the facts
of the captures remained the same, and
privateers ravaged the seas, plundering
and burning English ships, and causing
the most bitter annoyance as well as
incalculable loss and damage. To the

vindictive depreciation and abuse of the English writers the Americans were not slow to respond, with a joyous outburst of national pride and exultation, and a mighty flapping of the wings of the American eagle, and the poets and song-writers joined in the shrill cock-a-doodle-doo of victory. The country was a great deal more boastful and self-assertive than it has been since it has come to rely on its own strength and has known the achievement of the great and sobering task of the civil war. The spirit of the spread eagle pervaded our national literature; the poets burst into songs, — generally, it must be admitted, very bad, — in which they celebrated the naval victories of the day. They indulged in mythological flights of the highest kind, in which Neptune bestowed a laurel crown upon Hull, Amphitrite smiled upon Bainbridge and Decatur, and the Tritons and the Nereids joined in a chorus of love and admiration for the American sailor. America, Commerce, and Freedom appeared as conjoined goddesses, and everybody was summoned to fill the bumper and pledge the flowing bowl, to thank the mighty Jove and invoke Bacchus, and do all sorts of things entirely unfamiliar to a people whose principal intoxicating beverages were Medford rum and Monongahela whiskey, and who had not the slightest acquaintance with heaven gods and goddesses. It is needless to say that none of these songs were written by sailors, or were ever sung by them, even if they could have been sung by anybody.

There was, however, better stuff than this in the naval songs of the war of 1812. The American sailor himself sometimes cleared his cheek of its quid, and sang in a clear if somewhat nasal voice some of the deeds which he had seen and done. Thus there is a great deal of rude vigor in one of the verses of a song describing the fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, the first of our naval victories, and a very favorite theme: —

“ But Jonathan kept cool,
At the roaring of the Bull.
His heart filled with anything but fears;
And squirting out his quid,
As he saw the captain did,
He cleaned out his mouth for three cheers.”

Another song on the same engagement, entitled *Halifax Station*, begins thus: —

“ From Halifax station a bully there came,
To take or be taken, called Dacres by name;
And who but a Yankee he met on his way;
Says the Yankee to him, ‘ Will you stop and
take tea ? ’ ”

After giving Dacres’s high and mighty address to his crew, and Hull’s more modest appeal, it says: —

“ Then we off with our hats and gave him a
cheer,
Swore we’d stick by brave Hull, while a
seaman could steer.
Then at it we went with a mutual delight,
For to fight and to conquer is a seaman’s
free right.”

The poet naturally takes the privilege of presenting the confounded Britisher in the most humiliating light, and the manner in which Captain Dacres signified his surrender is probably more graphic than historically correct: —

“ Then Dacres looked wild, and then sheathed
his sword,
When he found that his masts had all gone
by the board.
And, dropping astern, cries out to his steward,
‘ Come up and be d—d! Fire a gun to lee-
ward ! ’ ”

This battle, fought in the North Atlantic on August 2, 1812, between the American frigate Constitution, Captain Isaac Hull, and the British frigate Guerriere, Captain James R. Dacres, and one of consummate seamanship as well as fighting capacity on the part of Hull, was the theme of the best and most spirited song of the whole war; one which still keeps its place in the fore-castle, and, it may be hoped, will keep it so long as Uncle Sam has a war-ship afloat. It is set to a very lively and emphatic air, called, indifferently, *The Landlady of France* and *The*

Bandy-Legged Officer, from the coarsely comical words which George Colman, the younger, had written to it.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE.

It oft-times has been told
That the British sailors bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, O.

And they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch.
O, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O.

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee, O.
With choice of British crew,
As ever rammer drew,
They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy, O.

When this frigate hove in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
"Come, clear the ship for action, and be handy, O.

To the weather-gage, boys, get her,"
And to make his men fight better
Gave them to drink gunpowder in their brandy, O.

Then Dacres loudly cries,
"Make this Yankee ship your prize!
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, O.
Thirty-five 's enough, I'm sure;
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll give you a double dose of brandy, O."

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankee answered not,
Till they got within the distance they called handy, O.

Now says Hull unto his crew,
"Boys, let 's see what we can do.
If we take this boasting Briton, we 're the dandy, O."

The first broadside we poured
Carried their mainmast by the board,
Which made the lofty frigate look abandoned, O.
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
"Lord! I did n't think these Yankees were so handy, O."

Our second told so well
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which doused the royal ensign so handy, O.

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"By George," says he, "we 're done!"
And he fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy, O.

Then Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword.
Loath was he to part with it, it was so handy, O.
"O, keep your sword," says Hull,
"For it only makes you dull.
So cheer up; let us take a little brandy, O."

Come, fill your glasses full,
And we 'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily will push about the brandy, O.
John Bull may toast his fill,
Let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O.

The English celebrated their one signal victory of the war — the capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon, off Boston Light, a year later — by a parody of this song, of a decidedly inferior quality.

One of the most notable events of the war was the cruise of the Essex, Captain David Porter, in the South Pacific, in 1813 and 1814. She did an immense amount of damage to the British whalers, and the British ships Cherub and Phœbe were sent to capture her. After a rencontre in the harbor of Valparaiso, in which the captain of the Phœbe, taken at a disadvantage, protested his purpose to respect the neutrality of the port, and a challenge from which the British ships ran away, the Essex was caught disabled by a squall, chased into a harbor near Valparaiso, and captured after a tremendous engagement, in which the calibre of the British guns gave them every advantage, and in which the neutrality of the port was not taken into account. There was a poet on board the Essex, and he produced a long ballad describing the cruise and the retreat of the British ships before the challenge: but whether he perished in the later fight, or had no heart to add it to his verses, is not known. Among the crew of the Essex who did survive the fight was Midshipman David G. Farragut, who

lived to achieve the greatest naval renown since that of Nelson, and be the theme of *The Bay Fight*, the noblest sea poem yet written.

The ballad of the *Essex* is entitled "A Pleasant New Song. Chanted by Nathan Whiting (through his nose) for the amusement of the galley slaves on board the *Phœbe*, who are allowed to sing nothing but psalms." After describing the beginning of the trouble caused by "John Bull's taking our ships and kidnapping our true sailors," and the capture of British vessels in the first year of the war, the ballad takes up the cruise of the *Essex*.

"The saucy *Essex*, she sailed out
To see what she could do.
Her captain is from Yankee land,
And so are all her crew.

"Away she sailed, so gay and trim,
Down to the Galapagos,
And toted all the terrapins,
And nabbed the slippery whalers.

"And where d'ye think we next did go?
Why, down to the Marquesas.
And there we buried underground
Some thousand golden pieces.

"Then sailed about the ocean wide,
Sinking, burning, taking,
Filling pockets, spilling oil,
While Johnny's heart was aching."

The ballad then describes the arrival of the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* and the rencontre in Valparaiso Bay, the challenge and the flight of the *Phœbe*, in verses which have a great deal of rude vigor.

"At last John Bull quite sulky grew,
And called us traitors all,
And swore he'd fight our gallant crew,
Paddies and Scots and all.

"Then out he went in desperate rage,
Swearing, as sure as day,
He'd starve us all or dare us out
Of Valparaiso Bay.

"Then out he sailed in gallant trim,
As if he thought to fright us,
Run up his flag and fired a gun
To say that he would fight us.

"Our cables cut, we put to sea,
And ran down on his quarter,
And Johnny clapped his helm hard up,
And we went following after.

"In haste to join the *Cherub* he
Soon bent his scurvy way,
While we returned in merry glee
To Valparaiso Bay.

"And let them go. To meet the foe
We'll take no farther trouble,
Since all the world must fairly know
They'll only fight us double.

"Ne'er mind, my lads, let's drink and sing.
'Free trade and sailors' rights.'
May liquor never fail the lad
Who for his country fights.

"Huzza, my lads, let's drink and sing,
And toast them as they run:
'Here's to the sailors and their king
Who'll fight us two to one.'"

There were other exploits of American ships told in verse, among them the gallant repulse, by the crew of the privateer General Armstrong, Captain Samuel C. Reid, in the harbor of Fayal, of the boats of three British men-of-war, which was the subject of a fore-castle ballad, but none of this memorial verse reached the level of poetry. The battles of Lake Erie and Lake Champlain also had their numerous laureates; and the raid of Admiral Cockburn and the troops upon Baltimore was the subject of a song, the opening lines of which have a vigor and strong rhythm not maintained throughout.

"Old Ross, Cochrane, and Cockburn too,
And many a bloody villain more,
Swore with their bloody, savage crew
That they would plunder Baltimore."

The American sailor was not sentimental, as a general thing, and his poetry was of the practical kind, as we have seen; but there is a song showing a good deal of feeling, which appears in the old American song-books that went to sea in the sailors' chests, and may have been written by the American sailor, or by some one for him. There is an Eliza-

bethan flavor in its form and melody, and it may have been altered from an English original by substituting "Columbia" for "Britannia," as the allusions to France and Spain would indicate; but in a pretty thorough search through English songs I have been unable to find it.

"The topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship, she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moored with thee.
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his guiding star.

"Should landsmen flatter when we've sailed,
Oh, doubt their artful tales.
No gallant sailor ever failed,
If love breathed constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul
That steers my heart from pole to pole.

"Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But such as grace Columbia's fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we leave our hearts with you.

"These are our cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Columbia's glory rests with you.
Our sails are full. Sweet girls, adieu."

The naval service during the civil war did not produce any songs that achieved popularity in comparison with that won by the songs of land service, like John Brown's Body, The Year of Jubilo, and Marching through Georgia, and, in fact, was singularly deficient in poetry, with the remarkable exception of the productions of Mr. Henry Howard Brownell. There were few single-ship engagements except the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and the Kearsarge and the Alabama, and the blockading service was not calculated to inspire the martial muse.

The two great naval achievements of the war were the capture of New Orleans and of the forts in Mobile Bay by the

fleets under Farragut; and these were celebrated in poetry worthy of them — and no more can be said — by Henry Howard Brownell, who witnessed the second from the deck of Admiral Farragut's flagship. The fire, spirit, and grand fighting *élan* of The Bay Fight have never been surpassed in English poetry, and the accuracy of its pictures is as notable as their vigor. But these are poems, and not songs, and there is nothing in the naval songs of the civil war which will compare with those of the war of 1812. It was rather past the time for the genuine fore-castle ballad, and none of the land poets hit the true vein, as Buchanan Read, Stedman, and others did when commemorating military exploits.

There was one other field of American seamanship, full of romance and excitement, which should have produced some worthy poetry and song, and that was the whaling service before the days of iron steamers and bomb-lances. The chase of the gigantic cetacean in the lonely solitude of the Arctic and Indian oceans, the fights in frail boats with the maddened monster and all the perils of sea and storm, the visits to the palmy islands in the Southern Sea and the frozen solitude of the Arctic, were full of the materials of poetry. The long watches of the monotonous cruising during the four years' voyage gave plenty of time for any occupation, whether it was carving whales' teeth or making verses; and there were many bright spirits, attracted by the adventure of whaling, who could have made a literary use of their opportunity. The novels of Herman Melville, some of the strongest and most original in our literature, have given the romance of the South Sea islands as they appeared to the adventurer of that day; and in Moby Dick, or The White Whale, he has shown both the prose and the poetry of a whaling cruise with singular power, although with some touch of extravagance at the end. The whal-

ing songs are, however, not very abundant, nor, it must be confessed, of a high standard of quality. To this there is one remarkable exception, which appears to be wholly unknown in American literature, although it has been in print. It is entitled a "Brand Fire New Whaling Song Right from the Pacific Ocean. Tune, Maggy Lander. By a Foremast Hand," and was printed in a little five-cent pamphlet, by E. B. Miller, in New Bedford, in 1831. It does not seem to have come under the eye of any critic who could appreciate its spirit and faithfulness, and no mention is made of it in any of the collections of American poetry. It is extremely doubtful if the author received enough from its sale to repay him for the investment of a portion of his "lay" in printing it, and his name is utterly lost in his modest pseudonym of "Foremast Hand;" so that he obtained neither fame nor fortune from his epic. The poem, which is too long for entire quotation, was unquestionably the work of a sailor on a whaling ship, and probably, as he says, of a foremast hand. It lacks some of the finish of professional literature, as shown in the ruggedness of some of its rhymes, and the vigorous compulsion of the rules of grammar and syntax, when necessary, although the author was evidently of higher education than would belong to one in his position, and its jiggling measure becomes tiresome; but it is of very great spirit and vigor, as well as fidelity to its theme, and by no means deserves to have fallen so entirely into oblivion. Indeed, it seems to me to be quite as good as, and a great deal more original than, any American poetry which had appeared up to that time. The song has for its subject the chase and capture of a whale in the North Pacific, and relates the course of events from the time of the first sighting of "white water" on the horizon by the lookouts to that when the monster, stabbed to death by the keen lances, rolls "fins out" in the bloody

water, amid the hurrahs of the excited boats' crews. All the details of this *grande chasse* are given with wonderful vigor, as well as faithfulness, and the historian of the whale fishery will find it as accurate as a logbook. Perhaps the account of the chase by the boats and the harpooning will give as good an idea of the force and spirit of the poem as any part of it; and, in reference to the emphasis of the language, it may be remembered that mates of whaling ships in pursuit of an eight-hundred-barrel whale had a good deal of energy and excitement to relieve. The boats have been lowered, and are darting toward the unsuspecting whale with all the speed of ashen oars and vigorous muscle, while their commanders oburgate and stimulate the crews, as the poet says, "judiciously."

" ' Pull, men, for, lo, see there they blow!

They 're going slow as night, too.

Pull, pull, you dogs! they lie like logs,—

Thank Heaven they 're headed right,
too.'

" ' The chance is ours!' the mate now roars.

' Spring, spring, nor have it said, men,

That we could miss a chance like this

To take them head and head, men.

There 's that old *sog*, he 's like a log.

Spring, lads, and show your mettle;

Strain every oar; let 's strike before

He 's *gallied*, *mill*, or *settle*.'

" And so it is, the chance is his.

The others peak their oars now.

From his strained eyes the lightning flies,

And lion-like he roars now.

' Pull, pull, my lads! why don't you pull?

For God's sake, pull away, men!

Hell's blazes! pull but three strokes more,

And we have won the day, men!

" ' Stand up there, forward — pull the rest —

Hold water — give it to her!

Stern all, stern all — God damn it, heave

Your other iron through her!

We 're fast, we 're fast — stern out her way!

Here, let me come ahead, men.

There, peak your oars — wet — line — wet

— line —

Why, bloody zounds, you 're dead, men! ' "

The rush of the whale towing the boat, his sounding to the uttermost length of the line, his reappearance, the lancing, the mad dash at the boats, and the death flurry are all described with great vividness, but there is room only for the verses in which the monster comes up from his long dive, and obliges the poet to appeal to the enemy of sea songs, the steam boiler:

“Till from the deep, with mighty leap,
Full length the monster breaches,—
So strongly sped, his scarred gray head
High as our topmast reaches;

And, like a rock, with startling shock,
From mountain height descending,
Down thunders he upon the sea,
Ocean with ether blending.

“And, hark! once more that lengthened roar,
As from his spout-hole gushing,
His breath, long spent, now finds a vent,
Like steam from boiler rushing.”

It does not seem that a poet who could write so vividly and forcefully as this ought to be without a place in American literature, even if there were no other interest in his work.

Alfred M. Williams.

THE LIMIT IN BATTLE SHIPS.

THERE are several definite periods in the history of nations when their navies have undergone sudden and complete revolution. Each of these periods has been followed by a multitude of experiments in naval construction to meet the new conditions, and such experiments have gradually narrowed down until the battle ships of all countries have been built after a generally approved type. Thus, the sailing ship succeeded the galley, and, in the struggle which followed to utilize the wind and properly to mount that new weapon the gun, vessels were built with masts at any point from the poop to the end of the bowsprit; with sails varying in shape, number, and size; with quarter decks, half decks, and flush decks, and with two decks, three decks, and four decks; until out of this chaos came the magnificent line-of-battle ship, the graceful frigate, and the trim and handy sloop-of-war. At the beginning of the present century, such vessels as the *Victory* and the *Constitution* were not experiments. They were built after universally recognized and perfected types, and, with but little change, formed the navies of the world for half a century. Then came their end. Another revolu-

tion was at hand, and the agent was steam. Again all was chaotic experiment, but, through the enlightenment of the times, human ingenuity worked more quickly, till a type was reached which is not yet entirely extinct; and our stately and beautiful *Wabash* might have remained for many years the pattern for nations to follow, had not the hotbed of war ripened into realities ideas which would otherwise have been laid aside as chimeras. Causes for a new revolution then crowded forward for recognition. The rifled cannon, armor, the revolving turret, and the ram strove for acknowledgment by the ship constructor. The complexity was great, especially as steam was still a new factor. Was it any wonder that the diversity of experiments in battle-ship building became greater than ever before; that for years scarcely any ship was patterned after a preceding one, but each was adapted to some new condition of the complex elements? Moreover, before order could come out of this chaos, new elements of perplexity were introduced. The auto-mobile torpedo and the high explosive shell found their places in the problem.

Such appears to be the situation at

present. Nevertheless, there are many indications that a general type of battle ship is again being attained, after which all nations may pattern, and feel at least that there will be none better in the near future. The rifled gun for naval use has reached its highest calibre, and has reacted to lesser ones. One-hundred-and-ten-ton guns, after the strain of but a few discharges, have frequently become only a loosened bundle of hoops; leaving the decks upon which they stand crushed and weakened. Twelve and thirteen inch guns, of about half that weight, have replaced them, as the present limit of successful effort in size; while in muzzle energy these and smaller calibres are steadily increasing. The struggle for supremacy between guns and armor afloat is at an end. The latter has reached its limit in amount, and can be varied only in distribution. In this it has undergone every possible variation. From thin broadside plating it narrowed to a thick water-line belt; then it contracted, with increased thickness, to a sort of coffer-dam around vital parts; then for a time it gave up its unequal contest with the gun for the protection of buoyancy, and, leaving for that purpose only a thin protective deck, confined itself solely to the protection of the battery. In this it has gone through every conceivable form: turrets and barbets, round, oval, and pear-shaped, in fore and aft line, line abreast, and echelon, in lozenges, triangles, squares, and T's; redoubts, rectangular, triangular, polygonic, and elliptical, and with sides vertical, sloping, or curved. The ram has been straight, sloping, pointed, rounded, and swan-shaped. Sail has been retained in varying but ever diminishing quantity, until finally and forever abandoned. The variations in the application of steam as a motive power would fill a volume.

Out of all this a combination has come, just as it came in previous types, which seems to represent the best distribution

of battery, protection, and propelling agents. England, whose experiments in battle-ship building have been the most complete and methodical, was the first to approximate to this combination in the *Camperdown* and *Benbow*. These were quickly followed by the *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, in which we see the type nearing completion. So fully convinced are the British admiralty that they are in these reaching the best adapted type that ten more ships are now laid down, differing in combinations from the *Trafalgar* only in one modification of armor distribution.

France has designed no battle ships since England built the *Trafalgar*, but in the four so-called first-class side-protected cruisers now commenced by her there is a distinct indication of the convergence of French ideas toward the *Trafalgar* type.

The example set his people by Peter the Great, to learn the best methods of naval construction from the greatest maritime nations, has always been closely followed by them. It is, therefore, not surprising to find Russia almost the first nation to believe that the best adapted type of battle ship had been reached in England. The *Navarin* and a sister ship now building in Russia are reported by European naval writers to be close imitations of the *Trafalgar* type.

The most remarkable illustration, however, of the concentration of ideas in naval construction upon this best adapted type is in the *Re Umberto*, now building in Italy. This battle ship was laid down when the *Italia* model was dominant in the Italian naval mind; yet in building she has been continually modified, until, on the verge of completion, she is, so far as modification could make her, another exponent of the new type. She has two sister ships building; and three new ships have been designed which are a step nearer to the new type.

Thus we see that, of the four foremost naval powers, three, England, Italy, and

Russia, are fashioning their new battle ships after one general type; while the fourth, France, having begun no battle ship since this type was developed, is conforming closely to it in building her protected cruisers. This building, by three powerful European nations widely differing in interests and policies, of an aggregate of twenty battle ships after the same general pattern is certainly significant.

In our own country, the board appointed by Secretary Tracy to report upon the number and character of the ships yet needed to give us an efficient navy considered thoroughly all new battle ships built and building by other countries, and all the new conditions of naval warfare. Out of this study they devised plans of battle ships suited to the needs of the country, and their report (published in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute) recommends types which, in their principal features, agree closely with the improved Trafalgar type. The main differences are more marked at first sight than upon closer examination.

What, then, is this best adapted type of modern battle ship?

Her general features, stated briefly, are as follows: a high central freeboard ship of about thirteen thousand tons displacement, with lower freeboard at bow and stern, ram bow, twin screws, balanced rudder, and one or two large military masts with armored tops and with conning towers at their bases. A trial speed of seventeen knots per hour.

Protection. A thick armor belt at the water line, extending about two thirds the length of the ship along the vital parts, and terminated at either end by a thick athwartship bulkhead. A protective deck, covering the unarmored extremities of the ship below the water line, and also covering the armor structure just described. A redoubt of thick armor above either end of the belted inclosure, just within its limits and on

the fore and aft centre line of the ship. Turrets or barbettes surmounting the redoubts. A central citadel of thin armor, with elliptical or V-shaped extremities, rising above the belt between the redoubts. Double-bottomed hulls, subdivided as much as possible into water-tight compartments.

Battery. Two twelve to fourteen inch guns in each turret or barbette. Four to ten four-and-a-half-inch to six-inch rapid-fire guns in the citadel, in broadside sponsons. Four to six torpedo tubes. Small rapid-fire and machine guns in convenient places.

The differences in the latest battle ships from this general type are slight. They are nearly all matters of dimensions; scarcely any of arrangement. These differences must exist. They are due to the varying limits of draught, and consequently of displacement and weights, suited to the harbors of different nations. In the case of the largest battle ships suggested by the Policy Board for the United States, there is a marked difference in the plans offered for the citadel. Instead of a large structure of thin armor between the redoubts, and containing the broadside battery, it is proposed to mount each one of the guns of this battery in a small turret, having a funnel-shaped support and ammunition tube from its base to the protective deck; and to zigzag these turrets, as it were, along a fore and aft line near each side. These little structures, although the object of their adoption and arrangement is apparent, have a curiously top-heavy appearance, as if they might be bowled over like tenpins by a high explosive shell bursting among them, as it certainly would do in warfare, — there being nothing to keep it out.

It is pretty evident, then, that there is now a type of battle ship very generally accepted as the best adapted to the present conditions. The important question is. How long will it be before

these conditions change ? Coming events cast their shadows before. Yet a careful study of possible developments in naval warfare shows none which could seriously modify this new type of battle ship. The high explosive shell is probably now at the zenith of its popularity. That it can stand the test of age is doubtful. In the excitement and consequent careless handling of actual warfare, it will probably prove more disastrous before firing than after. The present protection against it seems to be amply sufficient. Although the submarine boat has not advanced much beyond the diving-bell, it is very likely that the increased accuracy and range of the auto-mobile torpedo will demand some improvement in under-water protection ; but the indications are that this will be some attachment to the hulls of battle ships, as applicable to those already built as to those not yet laid down. Although new methods of propulsion are continually being experimented with, there is not the slightest indication that any one of them will supplant the screw propeller driven by the steam engine. The use of water-obturator materials, such as cellulose and woodite, seems to threaten no changes, for its possibilities were recognized before the present type was evolved. The use of aluminum in ship construction means, when it comes, another complete revolution ; but the methods of obtaining that metal are extremely crude and expensive, while the possibility of manufacturing it for such purposes has not even been contemplated.

Can we not, therefore, in the United States, accept this generally approved type, and, modifying it only to suit our own conditions of harbor depths, necessary steaming radius, etc., go on building our battle ships, without fear that they will be obsolete before they are launched ? If we can, ought we not to set about it at once ? Let any one who doubts examine the following table before answering in the negative.

ENGLAND.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Edinburgh . . .	1879	1887	8 yrs.
Collingwood . .	1880	1887	7 yrs.
Rodney	1882	1888	6 yrs.
Benbow	1882	1888	6 yrs.
Camperdown . .	1882	1889	7 yrs.
Howe	1882	1888	6 yrs.
Anson	1883	1889	6 yrs.
Hero	1884	1888	4 yrs.
Victoria	1885	1890	5 yrs.
Average	—	—	6 yrs.

FRANCE.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Amiral Duperre .	1877	1887	10 yrs.
Terrible	1877	1887	10 yrs.
Caiman	1877	1888	11 yrs.
Amiral Baudin .	1878	1888	10 yrs.
Formidable . . .	1878	1889	11 yrs.
Requin	1878	1889	11 yrs.
Marceau	1880	1890	10 yrs.
Hoche	1880	1889	9 yrs.
Average	—	—	10 yrs.

ITALY.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Lepanto	1877	1888	11 yrs.
Lauria	1881	1889	8 yrs.
Doria	1883	1889	6 yrs.
Average	—	—	8 yrs.

RUSSIA.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Admiral Nakimoff	1883	1887	4 yrs.
Tochestna	1883	1888	5 yrs.
Sinope	1883	1889	6 yrs.
Catherine II. . .	1883	1888	5 yrs.
Imperator Nicolai I.	1886	1889	3 yrs.
Average	—	—	5 yrs.

It takes six years to complete a battle ship in England, eight years in Italy, five years in Russia, and ten years in France. Could we, just beginning, expect to build a battle ship in less time

than France? Surely not, for we have even yet to educate the ship-builders. Can we reasonably expect to remain at peace for more than ten years to come? We have never remained at peace for thirty years at a time in our national existence; and it is now nearly that length of time since our last war. Moreover, we have twice been on the verge of war with a foreign power since then: once with Spain over the Virginius affair, and once with Germany about Samoa. This last occasion was but two years ago; so the millennium is evidently not yet at hand. Even to-day we have just escaped a rupture with a little South American republic, which we ought to be able to crush with a single blow.

We are menaced more and more every year. We are menaced in our claim to Bering Sea, and in our rights in

the Newfoundland fisheries. Our trans-continental railroads and trans-Pacific steamer lines are flanked, and their traffic threatened with annihilation, by the enormously subsidized Canadian Pacific railroad and its steamer connections. A new ocean tollgate will be established near us within ten years, and we should be in a position to prevent its improper control by foreign powers. The possibility of friction with European powers is thus rapidly increasing. The recent Italian trouble is startling proof of the suddenness with which war-clouds may gather. Should we not, therefore, begin our battle ships at once, with confidence in their ultimate utility?—for a battle ship, well built, will last half a century. Nay, should we not begin them at once, convinced of their absolute necessity, and with a fear that we have already delayed too long?

John M. Ellicott.

DON ORSINO.¹

VIII.

WHILE Giovanni was exerting himself to little purpose in attempting to gain information concerning Maria Consuelo, she had launched herself upon the society of which the Countess Del Ferice was an important and influential member. Chance, and probably chance alone, had guided her in the matter of this acquaintance, for it could certainly not be said that she had forced herself upon Donna Tullia, nor even shown any uncommon readiness to meet the latter's advances. The offer of a seat in her carriage had seemed natural enough, under the circumstances, and Donna Tullia had been perfectly free to refuse it if she had chosen to do so.

Though possessing but the very slight-

est grounds for believing herself to be a born diplomatist, the countess had always delighted in petty plotting and scheming. She now saw a possibility of annoying all Orsino's relations by attracting the object of Orsino's devotion to her own house. She had no especial reason for supposing that the young man was really very much in love with Madame d'Aranjuez, but her woman's instinct, which far surpassed her diplomatic talents in acuteness, told her that Orsino was certainly not indifferent to the interesting stranger. She argued, primitively enough, that to annoy Orsino must be equivalent to annoying his people, and she supposed that she could do nothing more disagreeable to the young man's wishes than to induce Madame d'Aranjuez to join that part of

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society from which all the Saracinesca were separated by an insuperable barrier.

Orsino, indeed, resented the proceeding, as she had expected; but his family were at first more inclined to look upon Donna Tullia as a good angel who had carried off the tempter at the right moment to an unapproachable distance. It was not to be believed that Orsino could do anything so monstrous as to enter Del Ferice's house or ask a place in Del Ferice's circle, and it was, accordingly, a relief to find that Madame d'Aranjuez had definitely chosen to do so, and had appeared in olive-green brocade at the Del Ferice's last party. The olive-green brocade would now assuredly not figure in the gatherings of the Saracinesca's intimate friends.

Like every one else, Orsino read the daily chronicle of Roman life in the papers, and until he saw Maria Consuelo's name among the Del Ferice's guests he refused to believe that she had taken the irrevocable step he so much feared. He had still entertained vague notions of bringing about a meeting between her and his mother, and he saw at a glance that such a meeting was now quite out of the question. This was the first severe shock his vanity had ever received, and he was surprised at the depth of his own annoyance. Maria Consuelo might, indeed, have been seen once with Donna Tullia, and might have gone once to the latter's day. That was bad enough, yet it might be remedied by tact and decision in her subsequent conduct; but there was no salvation possible after a person had been advertised in the daily paper as Madame d'Aranjuez had been. Orsino was very angry. He had been once to see her since his first visit, and she had said nothing about this invitation, though Donna Tullia's name had been mentioned. He was offended with her for not telling him that she was going to the dinner, as though he had any right to be made acquainted with her intentions. He had no sooner made the

discovery than he determined to visit his anger upon her, and, throwing the paper aside, went straight to the hotel where she was stopping.

Maria Consuelo was at home, and he was ushered into the little sitting-room without delay. To his inexpressible disgust he found Del Ferice himself installed upon the chair near the table, engaged in animated conversation with Madame d'Aranjuez. The situation was awkward in the extreme. Orsino hoped that Del Ferice would go at once, and thus avoid the necessity of an introduction; but Ugo did nothing of the kind. He rose, indeed, but did not take his hat from the table, and stood smiling pleasantly while Orsino shook hands with Maria Consuelo.

"Let me make you acquainted," she said, with exasperating calmness, and she named the two men to each other.

Ugo put out his hand quietly, and Orsino was obliged to take it, which he did coldly enough. Ugo had more than his share of tact, and he never made a disagreeable impression upon any one if he could help it. Maria Consuelo seemed to take everything for granted, and Orsino's appearance did not disconcert her in the slightest degree. Both men sat down, and looked at her as though expecting that she would choose a subject of conversation for them.

"We were talking of the change in Rome," she said. "Monsieur Del Ferice takes a great interest in all that is doing, and he was explaining to me some of the difficulties with which he has to contend."

"Don Orsino knows what they are as well as I, though we might perhaps differ as to the way of dealing with them," remarked Del Ferice.

"Yes," answered Orsino, more coldly than was necessary. "You play the active part, and we the passive."

"In a certain sense, yes," returned the other, quite unruffled. "You have exactly defined the situation, and ours is

by far the more disagreeable and thankless part to play. Oh, I am not going to defend all we have done! I only defend what we mean to do. Change of any sort is execrable to the man of taste, unless it is brought about by time; and that is a beautifier which we have not at our disposal. We are half Vandals and half Americans, and we are in a terrible hurry."

Maria Consuelo laughed, and Orsino's face became a shade less gloomy. He had expected to find Del Ferice the arrogant, self-satisfied apostle of the modern which he was represented to be.

"Could you not have taken a little more time?" asked Orsino.

"I cannot see how. Besides, it is our time which takes us with it. So long as Rome was the capital of an idea there was no need of haste in doing anything. But when it became the capital of a modern kingdom, it fell a victim to modern facts, which are not beautiful. The most we can hope to do is to direct the current, clumsily enough, I dare say. We cannot stop it. Nothing short of Oriental despotism could. We cannot prevent people from flocking to the centre, and where there is a population it must be housed."

"Evidently," said Madame d'Aranjuez.

"It seems to me that, without disturbing the old city, a new one might have been built beside it," observed Orsino.

"No doubt. And that is practically what we have done. I say 'we,' because you say 'you.' But I think you will admit that, so far as personal activity is concerned, the Romans of Rome are taking as active a share in building ugly houses as any of the Italian Romans. The destruction of the Villa Ludovisi, for instance, was forced upon the owner, not by the national government, but by an insane municipality, and those who have taken over the building lots are largely Roman princes of the old stock."

The argument was unanswerable, and

Orsino knew it, a fact which did not improve his temper. It was disagreeable enough to be forced into a conversation with Del Ferice, and it was still worse to be obliged to agree with him. Orsino frowned and said nothing, hoping that the subject would drop. But Del Ferice had only produced an unpleasant impression in order to remove it, and thereby better the whole situation, which was one of the most difficult in which he had found himself for some time.

"I repeat," he said, with a pleasant smile, "that it is hopeless to defend all of what is actually done in our day in Rome. Some of your friends and many of mine are building houses which even age and ruin will never beautify. The only defensible part of the affair is the political change which has brought about the necessity of building at all, and upon that point I think that we may agree to differ. Do you not think so, Don Orsino?"

"By all means," answered the young man, conscious that the proposal was both just and fitting.

"And for the rest, both your friends and mine—for all I know, your own family, and certainly I myself—have enormous interests at stake. We may at least agree to hope that none of us may be ruined."

"Certainly, though we have had nothing to do with the matter. Neither my father nor my grandfather has entered into any such speculation."

"It is a pity," remarked Del Ferice thoughtfully.

"Why a pity?"

"On the one hand, my instincts are basely commercial," answered Del Ferice, with a frank laugh. "No matter how great a fortune may be, it may be doubled and trebled. You must remember that I am a banker in fact, if not exactly in designation, and the opportunity is excellent. But the greater pity is that such men as you, Don Orsino, who could exercise as much influence as

it might please you to use, leave it to men very unlike you, I fancy, to murder the architecture of Rome and prepare the triumph of the hideous."

Orsino did not answer the remark, although he was not altogether displeased with the idea it conveyed. Maria Consuelo looked at him.

"Why do you stand aloof and let things go from bad to worse, when you might really do good by joining in the affairs of the day?" she asked.

"I could not join in them if I would," replied Orsino.

"Why not?"

"Because I have not command of a hundred francs in the world, madame. That is the simplest and best of all reasons."

Del Ferice laughed incredulously.

"The eldest son of Casa Saracinesca would not find that a practical obstacle," he said, taking his hat and rising to go. "Besides, what is needed in these transactions is not so much ready money as courage, decision, and judgment. There is a rich firm of contractors, now doing a large business, who began with three thousand francs as their whole capital, — what you might lose at cards in an evening without missing it, though you say that you have no money at your command."

"Is that possible?" asked Orsino, with some interest.

"It is a fact. There were three men, a tobacconist, a carpenter, and a mason, and they each had a thousand francs of savings. They took over a contract last week for a million and a half, on which they will clear twenty per cent. But they had the qualities, the daring and the prudence combined. They succeeded."

"And if they had failed, what would have happened?"

"They would have lost their three thousand francs. They had nothing else to lose, and there was nothing in the least irregular about their transactions. Good-evening, madame. I have a private meet-

ing of directors at my house. Good-evening, Don Orsino."

He went out, leaving behind him an impression which was not by any means disagreeable. His appearance was against him, Orsino thought. His fat white face and dull eyes were not pleasant to look at. But he had shown tact in a difficult situation, and there was a quiet energy about him, a settled purpose, which could not fail to please a young man who hated his own idleness.

Orsino found that his mood had changed. He was less angry than he had meant to be, and he saw extenuating circumstances where he had at first seen only a willful mistake. He sat down again.

"Confess that he is not the impossible creature you supposed," said Maria Consuelo, with a laugh.

"No, he is not. I had imagined something very different. Nevertheless, I wish — one never has the least right to wish what one wishes" — He stopped in the middle of the sentence.

"That I had not gone to his wife's party, you would say? But, my dear Don Orsino, why should I refuse pleasant things when they come into my life?"

"Was it so pleasant?"

"Of course it was. A beautiful dinner, — half a dozen clever men, all interested in the affairs of the day, and all anxious to explain them to me, because I was a stranger. A hundred people or so in the evening, who all seemed to enjoy themselves as much as I did. Why should I refuse all that? Because my first acquaintance in Rome, who was Gouache, is so 'indifferent,' and because you, my second, are a pronounced clerical? That is not reasonable."

"I do not pretend to be reasonable," said Orsino. "To be reasonable is the boast of people who feel nothing."

"Then you are a man of heart?" Maria Consuelo seemed amused.

"I make no pretense to being a man of head, madame."

"You are not easily caught."

"Nor Del Ferice either."

"Why do you talk of him?"

"The opportunity is good, madame. As he is just gone, we know that he is not coming."

"You can be very sarcastic, when you like," said Maria Consuelo. "But I do not believe that you are as bitter as you make yourself out to be. I do not even believe that you found Del Ferice so very disagreeable as you pretend. You were certainly interested in what he said."

"Interest is not always agreeable. The guillotine, for instance, possesses the most lively interest for the condemned man at an execution."

"Your illustrations are startling. I once saw an execution, quite by accident, and I would rather not think of it. But you can hardly compare Del Ferice to the guillotine."

"He is as noiseless, as keen, and as sure," said Orsino smartly.

"There is such a thing as being too clever," answered Maria Consuelo, without a smile.

"Is Del Ferice a case of that?"

"No. You are. You say cutting things merely because they come into your head, though I am sure that you do not always mean them. It is a bad habit."

"Because it makes enemies, madame?" Orsino was annoyed by the rebuke.

"That is the least good of good reasons."

"Another, then."

"It will prevent people from loving you," said Maria Consuelo gravely.

"I never heard that" —

"No? It is true, nevertheless."

"In that case I will reform at once," said Orsino, trying to meet her eyes. But she looked away from him.

"You think that I am preaching to you," she answered. "I have not the right to do that, and if I had I would certainly not use it. But I have seen something of the world. Women rarely

love a man who is bitter against any one but himself. If he says cruel things of other women, the one to whom he says them believes that he will say much worse of her to the next he meets; if he abuses the men she knows, she likes it even less, — it is an attack on her judgment, on her taste, and perhaps upon a half-developed sympathy for the man attacked. One should never be witty at another person's expense, except with one's own sex." She laughed a little.

"What a terrible conclusion!"

"Is it? It is the true one."

"Then the way to win a woman's love is to praise her acquaintances? That is original."

"I never said that."

"No? I misunderstood. What is the best way?"

"Oh, it is very simple," laughed Maria Consuelo. "Tell her you love her, and tell her so again and again; you will certainly please her in the end."

"Madame" — Orsino stopped, and folded his hands with an air of devout supplication.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. I was about to begin. It seemed so simple, as you say."

They both laughed, and their eyes met for a moment.

"Del Ferice interests me very much," said Maria Consuelo, abruptly returning to the original subject of conversation. "He is one of those men who will be held responsible for much that is now doing. Is it not true? He has great influence."

"I have always heard so." Orsino was not pleased at being driven to talk of Del Ferice again.

"Do you think what he said about you so altogether absurd?"

"Absurd, no; impracticable, perhaps. You mean his suggestion that I should try a little speculation? Frankly, I had no idea that such things could be begun with so little capital. It seems incredible. I fancy that Del Ferice was ex-

aggerating. You know how carelessly bankers talk of a few thousands, more or less. Nothing short of a million has much meaning for them. Three thousand or thirty thousand, — it is much the same in their estimation.”

“I dare say. After all, why should you risk anything? I suppose it is simpler to play cards, though I should fancy it less amusing. I was only thinking how easy it would be for you to find a serious occupation, if you chose.”

Orsino was silent for a moment, and seemed to be thinking over the matter.

“Would you advise me to enter upon such a business without my father’s knowledge?” he asked presently.

“How can I advise you? Besides, your father would let you do as you please. There is nothing dishonorable in such things. The prejudice against business is old-fashioned, and if you do not break through it your children will.”

Orsino looked thoughtfully at Maria Consuelo. She sometimes found an oddly masculine bluntness with which to express her meaning, and which produced a singular impression on the young man. It made him feel what he supposed to be a sort of weakness, of which he ought to be ashamed.

“There is nothing dishonorable in the theory,” he answered, “and the practice depends on the individual.”

Maria Consuelo laughed.

“You see you can be a moralist when you please,” she said.

There was a wonderful attraction in her yellow eyes just at that moment.

“To please you, madame, I could do something much worse — or much better.”

He was not quite in earnest, but he was not jesting, and his face was more serious than his voice. Maria Consuelo’s hand was lying on the table, beside the silver paper-cutter. The white, pointed fingers were very tempting, and he would willingly have touched them. He put out his hand. If she did not draw hers

away, he would lay his own upon it. If she did, he would take up the paper-cutter. As it turned out, he had to content himself with the latter. She did not draw her hand away as though she understood what he was going to do, but quietly raised it and moved the shade of the lamp a few inches.

“I would rather not be responsible for your choice,” she observed quietly.

“And yet you have left me none,” he answered, with sudden boldness.

“No? How so?”

He held up the silver knife and smiled.

“I do not understand,” she said, affecting a look of surprise.

“I was going to ask your permission to take your hand.”

“Indeed? Why? There it is.” She held it out frankly.

He took the beautiful fingers in his and looked at them for a moment. Then he quietly raised them to his lips.

“That was not included in the permission,” she said, with a little laugh, and drawing back. “Now you ought to go away at once.”

“Why?”

“Because that little ceremony can belong only to the beginning or the end of a visit.”

“I have only just come.”

“Ah? How long the time has seemed! I fancied you had been here half an hour.”

“To me it has seemed but a minute,” answered Orsino promptly.

“And you will not go?”

There was nothing of the nature of a peremptory dismissal in the look which accompanied the words.

“No; at the most, I will practice leave-taking.”

“I think not,” said Maria Consuelo, with sudden coldness. “You are a little too — what shall I say? — too enterprising, prince. You had better make use of the gift where it will be a recommendation; in business, for instance.”

“You are very severe, madame,” an-

swered Orsino, deeming it wiser to affect humility, though a dozen sharp answers suggested themselves to his ready wit.

Maria Consuelo was silent for a few seconds. Her head was resting upon the little red morocco cushion, which heightened the dazzling whiteness of her skin and lent a deeper color to her auburn hair. She was gazing at the hangings above the door. Orsino watched her in quiet admiration. She was beautiful as he saw her there at that moment, for the irregularities of her features were forgotten in the brilliancy of her coloring and in the grace of the attitude. Her face was serious at first. Gradually a smile stole over it, beginning, as it seemed, with the deeply set eyes, and concentrating itself at last in the full red mouth. Then she spoke, still looking upwards and away from him.

"What would you think if I were not a little severe?" she asked. "I am a woman living — traveling, I should say — quite alone, a stranger here, and little less than a stranger to you. What would you think if I were not a little severe, I say? What conclusion would you come to, if I let you take my hand as often as you pleased, and say whatever suggested itself to your imagination, your very active imagination?"

"I should think you the most adorable of women" —

"But it is not my ambition to be thought the most adorable of women by you, Prince Orsino."

"No, of course not. People never care for what they get without an effort."

"You are absolutely irrepressible!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, laughing in spite of herself.

"And you do not like that! I will be meekness itself, — a lamb, if you please."

"Too playful; it would not suit your style."

"A stone" —

"I detest geology."

"A lap-dog, then. Make your choice,

madame. The menagerie of the universe is at your disposal. When Adam gave names to the animals, he could have called a lion a lap-dog, to reassure the Africans. But he lacked imagination; he called a cat a cat."

"That had the merit of simplicity, at all events."

"Since you admire his system, you may call me either Cain or Abel," suggested Orsino. "Am I humble enough? Can submission go farther?"

"Either would be flattery, for Abel was good, and Cain was interesting."

"And I am neither, — you give me another opportunity of exhibiting my deep humility. I thank you sincerely. You are becoming more gracious than I had hoped."

"You are very like a woman, Don Orsino. You always try to have the last word."

"I always hope that the last word may be the best. But I accept the criticism, or the reproach, with my usual gratitude. I only beg you to observe that to let you have the last word would be for me to end the conversation, after which I should be obliged to go away. And I do not wish to go, as I have already said."

"You suggest the means of making you go," answered Maria Consuelo, with a smile. "I can be silent, if you will not."

"It will be useless. If you do not interrupt me, I shall become eloquent."

"How terrible! Pray do not."

"You see! I have you in my power. You cannot get rid of me."

"I would appeal to your generosity, then."

"That is another matter, madame," said Orsino, taking his hat.

"I only said that I would" — Maria Consuelo made a gesture to stop him.

But he was wise enough to see that the conversation had reached its natural end, and his instinct told him that he should not outstay his welcome. He

pretended not to see the motion of her hand, and rose to take his leave.

"You do not know me," he said. "To point out to me a possible generous action is to insure my performing it without hesitation. When may I be so fortunate as to see you again, madame?"

"You need not be so intensely ceremonious. You know that I am always at home at this hour."

Orsino was very much struck by this answer. There was a shade of irritation in the tone, which he had certainly not expected, and which flattered him exceedingly. She turned her face away as she gave him her hand, and moved a book on the table with the other, as though she meant to begin reading almost before he should be out of the room. He had not felt by any means sure that she really liked his society, and he had not expected that she would so far forget herself as to show her inclination by her impatience. He had judged, rightly or wrongly, that she was a woman who weighed every word and gesture beforehand, and who would be incapable of such an oversight as an unpremeditated manifestation of feeling.

Very young men are nowadays apt to imagine complications of character where they do not exist, often overlooking them altogether where they play a real part. The passion for analysis discovers what it takes for new simple elements in humanity's motives, and often ends by feeding on itself in the effort to decompose what is not composite. The greatest analyzers are perhaps the young and the old, who, being respectively before and behind the times, are not so intimate with them as those who are actually making history, political or social, ethical or scandalous, dramatic or comic.

It is very much the custom, among those who write fiction in the English language, to efface their own individuality behind the majestic but rather meaningless plural "we," or to let the characters created express the author's view

of mankind. The great French novelists are more frank, for they say boldly "I," and have the courage of their opinions. Their merit is the greater, since those opinions rarely seem to be complimentary to the human race in general, or to their readers in particular. Without introducing any comparison between the fiction of the two languages, it may be said that the tendency of the method is identical in both cases, and is the consequence of an extreme preference for analysis, to the detriment of the romantic, and very often of the dramatic, element in the modern novel. The result may or may not be a volume of modern social history for the instruction of the present and the future generation. If it is not, it loses one of the chief merits which it claims; if it is, then we must admit the rather strange deduction that the political history of our times has absorbed into itself all the romance and the tragedy at the disposal of destiny, leaving next to none at all in the private lives of the actors and their numerous relations.

Whatever the truth may be, it is certain that this love of minute dissection is exercising an enormous influence in our time; and as no one will pretend that a majority of the young persons in society who analyze the motives of their contemporaries and elders are successful moral anatomists, we are forced to the conclusion that they are frequently indebted to their imaginations for the results they obtain, and not seldom for the material upon which they work. A real Chemistry may some day grow out of the failures of this fanciful Alchemy, but the present generation will hardly live to discover the philosopher's stone, though the search for it yield gold, indirectly, by the writing of many novels. If fiction is to be counted among the arts at all, it is not yet time to forget the saying of a very great man: "It is the mission of all art to create and foster agreeable illusions."

Orsino Saracinesca was no further removed from the action of the analytical bacillus than other men of his age. He believed and desired his own character to be more complicated than it was, and he had no sooner made the acquaintance of Maria Consuelo than he began to attribute to her minutest actions such a tortuous web of motives as would have annihilated all action if it had really existed in her brain. The possible simplicity of a strong and much-tried character, good or bad, altogether escaped him, and even an occasional unrestrained word or gesture failed to convince him that he was on the wrong track. To tell the truth, he was as yet very inexperienced. His visits to Maria Consuelo passed in making light conversation. He tried to amuse her, and succeeded fairly well, while at the same time he indulged in endless and fruitless speculations as to her former life, her present intentions, and her sentiments with regard to himself. He would have liked to lead her into talking of herself, but he did not know where to begin. It was not a part of his system to believe in mysteries concerning people, but when he reflected upon the matter he was amazed at the impenetrability of the barrier which cut him off from all knowledge of her life. He soon heard the tales about her which were carelessly circulated at the club, and he listened to them without much interest, though he took the trouble to deny their truth on his own responsibility, which surprised the men who knew him, and gave rise to the story that he was in love with Madame d'Aranjuez. The most annoying consequence of the rumor was that every woman to whom he spoke in society overwhelmed him with questions which he could not answer except in the vaguest terms. In his ignorance, he did his best to evolve a history for Maria Consuelo out of his imagination, but the result was not satisfactory.

He continued his visits to her, resolv-

ing before each meeting that he would risk offending her by putting some question which she must either answer directly or refuse to answer altogether. But he had not counted upon his own inherent hatred of rudeness, nor upon the growth of an attachment which he had not foreseen when he had coldly made up his mind that it would be worth while to make love to her, as Gouache had laughingly suggested. Yet he was pleased with what he deemed his own coldness. He assuredly did not love her, but he knew already that he would not like to give up the half hours he spent with her. To offend her seriously would be to forfeit a portion of his daily amusement which he could not spare.

From time to time he risked a careless, half-jesting declaration such as many a woman might have taken seriously. But Maria Consuelo turned such advances with a laugh, or by an answer that was admirably tempered with quiet dignity and friendly rebuke.

"If she is not good," he said to himself at last, "she must be enormously clever. She must be one or the other."

IX.

Orsino's twenty-first birthday fell in the latter part of January, when the Roman season was at its height: but as the young man's majority did not bring many of those sudden changes in position which make epochs in the lives of fatherless sons, the event was considered as a family matter, and no great social celebration of it was contemplated. It chanced, too, that the day of the week was the one appropriated by the Montevarchi for their weekly dance, with which it would have been a mistake to interfere. The old Prince Saracinesca, however, insisted that a score of old friends should be asked to dinner, to drink the health of his eldest grandson, and this was accordingly done.

Orsino always looked back to that banquet as one of the dulllest at which he ever assisted. The friends were literally old, and their conversation was not brilliant. Each, on arriving, addressed to him a few congratulatory and moral sentiments, clothed in rounded periods and twanging of Cicero in his most sermonizing mood. Each drank his especial health, at the end of the dinner, in a teaspoonful of old "vin santo," and each made a stiff compliment to Corona on her youthful appearance. The men were almost all grandees of Spain of the first class, and wore their ribbons by common consent, which lent the assembly an imposing appearance; but several of them were of a somnolent disposition and nodded after dinner, which did not contribute to prolong the effect produced. Orsino thought their stories and anecdotes very long-winded and pointless, and even the old prince himself seemed oppressed by the solemnity of the affair, and rarely laughed. Corona, with serene good humor, did her best to make conversation, and a shade of animation occasionally appeared at her end of the table; but Sant' Ilario was bored to the verge of extinction, and talked of nothing but archæology and the trial of the Cenci, wondering inwardly why he chose such exceedingly dry subjects. As for Orsino, the two old princesses between whom he was placed paid very little attention to him, and talked across him about the merits of their respective confessors and directors. He frivolously asked them whether they ever went to the theatre, to which they replied, very coldly, that they went to their boxes when the piece was not on the Index and when there was no ballet. Orsino understood why he never saw them at the opera, and relapsed into silence. The butler, a son of the legendary Pasquale of earlier days, did his best to cheer the youngest of his masters with a great variety of wines; but Orsino would not

be comforted either by very dry champagne or by very mellow claret. He vowed a bitter revenge, and swore to dance till three in the morning at the Montevarehi's and finish the night with a rousing baccarat at the club, which projects he began to put into execution as soon as was practicable.

In due time the guests departed, solemnly renewing their expressions of good wishes, and the Saracinesca household was left to itself. The old prince stood before the fire in the state drawing-room, rubbing his hands and shaking his head. Giovanni and Corona sat on opposite sides of the fireplace, looking at each other, and somewhat inclined to laugh. Orsino was intently studying a piece of historical tapestry which had never interested him before.

The silence continued some time. Then old Saracinesca raised his head and gave vent to his feelings with all his old energy.

"What a museum!" he exclaimed. "I would not have believed that I should live to dine in my own house with a party of stranded figure-heads set up in rows around my table. The paint is all worn off and the brains are all worn out, and there is nothing left but a cracked old block of wood with a ribbon around its neck. You will be just like them, Giovanni, in a few years, for you will be just like me; we all turn into the same shape at seventy, and if we live a dozen years longer it is because Providence designs to make us an awful example to the young."

"I hope you do not call yourself a figure-head?" said Giovanni.

"They are calling me by worse names at this very minute, as they drive home. 'That old Methuselah of a Saracinesca, how has he the face to go on living?' That is the way they talk. 'People ought to die decently when other people have had enough of them, instead of sitting up at the table like death's-heads to grin at their

grandchildren and great-grandchildren!" They talk like that, Giovanni. I have known some of those old monuments for sixty years and more; since they were babies, and I was of Orsino's age. Do you suppose I do not know how they talk? You always take me for a good, confiding old fellow, Giovanni. But then you never understood human nature."

Giovanni laughed and Corona smiled. Orsino turned round to enjoy the rare delight of seeing the old gentleman rouse himself in a fit of temper.

"If you were ever confiding, it was because you were too good," said Giovanni affectionately.

"Yes, good and confiding, — that is it! You always did agree with me as to my own faults. Is it not true, Corona? Can you not take my part against that graceless husband of yours? He is always abusing me, as though I were his property or his guest. Orsino, my boy, go away; we are all quarreling here like a pack of wolves, and you ought to respect your elders. Here is your father calling me by bad names" —

"I said you were too good," observed Giovanni.

"Yes, good and confiding! If you can find anything worse to say, say it, and may you live to hear that good-for-nothing Orsino call you good and confiding when you are eighty-two years old. And Corona is laughing at me. It is insufferable. You used to be a good girl, Corona, but you are so proud of having four sons that there is no possibility of talking to you any longer. It is a pity that you have not brought them up better. Look at Orsino. He is laughing, too."

"Certainly not at you, grandfather," the young man hastened to say.

"Then you must be laughing at your father or your mother, or both, since there is no one else here to laugh at. You are connecting sharp speeches for your abominable tongue. I know

it. I can see it in your eyes. That is the way you have brought up your children, Giovanni. I congratulate you. Upon my word, I congratulate you with all my heart! Not that I ever expected anything better. You addled your own brains with curious foreign ideas on your travels; the greater fool I for letting you run about the world when you were young. I ought to have locked you up in Saracinesca, on bread and water, until you understood the world well enough to profit by it. I wish I had."

None of the three could help laughing at this extraordinary speech. Orsino recovered his gravity first, by the help of the historical tapestry. The old gentleman noticed the fact.

"Come here, Orsino, my boy," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Orsino came forward. The old prince laid a hand on his shoulder and looked up into his face.

"You are twenty-one years old to-day," he said, "and we are all quarreling in honor of the event. You ought to be flattered that we should take so much trouble to make the evening pass pleasantly for you, but you probably have not the discrimination to see what your amusement costs us."

His gray head shook a little, his rugged features twitched, and then a broad, good-humored smile lit up the old face.

"We are quarrelsome people," he continued, in his most cheerful and hearty tone. "When Giovanni and I were young, — we were young together, you know, — we quarreled every day as regularly as we ate and drank. I believe it was very good for us. We generally made it up before night, for the sake of beginning again with a clear conscience. Anything served us, — the weather, the soup, the color of a horse."

"You must have led an extremely lively life," observed Orsino, considerably amused.

"It was very well for us, Orsino. But it will not do for you. You are not so much like your father as he was like me at your age. We fought with the same weapons, but you two would not, if you fought at all. We fenced for our own amusement, and we kept the buttons on the foils. You have neither my really angelic temper nor your father's stony coolness. He is laughing again; no matter, he knows it is true. You have a diabolical tongue. Do not quarrel with your father for amusement, Orsino. His calmness will exasperate you as it does me, but you will not laugh at the right moment, as I have done all my life. You will bear malice, and grow sullen and permanently disagreeable. And do not say all the cutting things you think of, because, with your disposition, you will get into serious trouble. If you have really good cause for being angry, it is better to strike than to speak, and in such cases I strongly advise you to strike first. Now go and amuse yourself, for you must have had enough of our company. I do not think of any other advice to give you on your coming of age."

Thereupon he laughed again and pushed his grandson away, evidently delighted with the lecture he had given him. Orsino was quick to profit by the permission, and was soon in the Montevarchi ballroom, doing his best to forget the lugubrious feast in his own honor at which he had lately assisted.

He was not altogether successful, however. He had looked forward to the day for many months as one of rejoicing as well as of emancipation, and he had been grievously disappointed. There was something of ill augury, he thought, in the appalling dullness of the guests, for they had congratulated him upon his entry into a life exactly similar to their own. Indeed, the more precisely similar it proved to be, the more he would be respected when he

reached their advanced age. The future unfolded to him was not gay. He was to live forty, fifty, or even sixty years in the same round of traditions and hampered by the same net of prejudices. He might have his romance, as his father had had before him, but there was nothing beyond that. His father seemed perfectly satisfied with his own unruffled existence, and far from desirous of any change. The feudalism of it all was still real in fact, though abolished in theory, and the old prince was as much a great feudal lord as ever, whose interests were almost tribal in their narrowness, almost sordid in their detail, and altogether uninteresting to his presumptive heir in the third generation. What was the peasant of Acquaviva, for instance, to Orsino? Yet Sant' Ilario and old Saracinesca took a lively interest in his doings and in the doings of four or five hundred of his kind, whom they knew by name and spoke of as belongings, much as they would have spoken of books in the library. To collect rents from peasants, and to ascertain in person whether their houses needed repair, was not a career. Orsino thought enviously of San Giacinto's two sons, leading what seemed to him a life of comparative activity and excitement in the Italian army, and having the prospect of distinction by their own merits. He thought of San Giacinto himself, of his ceaseless energy and of the great position he was building up. San Giacinto was a Saracinesca as well as Orsino, bearing the same name, and perhaps not less respected than the rest by the world at large, though he had sullied his hands with finance. Even Del Ferice's position would have been above criticism but for certain passages in his earlier life not immediately connected with his present occupation. And as if such instances were not enough, there were, to Orsino's certain knowledge, half a dozen men of his father's rank even

now deeply engaged in the speculations of the day. Montevarchi was one of them, and neither he nor the others made any secret of their doings.

"Surely," thought Orsino, "I have as good a head as any of them, except, perhaps, San Giacinto."

So he grew more and more discontented with his lot, and more and more angry at himself for submitting to be bound hand and foot and sacrificed upon the altar of feudalism. Everything had disappointed and irritated him on that day: the weariness of the dinner, the sight of his parents' placid felicity, the advice his grandfather had given him, — good of its kind, but lamentably insufficient, to say the least of it. He was rapidly approaching that state of mind in which young men do the most unexpected things for the mere pleasure of surprising their relations.

He grew tired of the ball because Madame d'Aranjuez was not there. He longed to dance with her, and he wished that he were at liberty to frequent the houses to which she was asked. But as yet she saw only the Whites, and had not made the acquaintance of a single Gray family, in spite of his entreaties. He could not tell whether she had any fixed reason in making her choice, or whether it had been the result of chance, but he discovered that he was bored wherever he went because she was not present. At supper time on this particular evening, he entered into a conspiracy with certain choice spirits to leave the party and adjourn to the club and cards. The sight of the tables revived him, and he drew a long breath as he sat down, with a cigarette in his mouth and a glass at his elbow. It seemed as though the day were beginning at last.

Orsino was no more a born gambler than he was disposed to be a hard drinker. He loved excitement in any shape, and, being so constituted as to bear it better than most men, he took it greedily in whatever form it was of-

fered to him. He neither played nor drank every day, but when he did either he was inclined to play more than other people, and to consume more strong liquor. Yet his judgment was not remarkable, nor was his head much stronger than the heads of his companions. Great gamblers do not drink, and great drinkers are not good players, though they are sometimes amazingly lucky when in their cups.

It is of no use to deny the enormous influence of brandy and games of chance on the men of the present day, but there is little profit in describing such scenes as take place nightly in many clubs all over Europe. Something might be gained, indeed, if we could trace the causes which have made gambling especially the vice of our generation, for that discovery might show us some means of influencing the next. But I do not believe that this is possible. The times have undoubtedly grown more dull as civilization has made them more alike, but there is, I think, no truth in the common statement that vice is bred of idleness. The really idle man is a poor creature, incapable of strong sins. It is far more often the man of superior gifts, with faculties overwrought and nerves strained above concert pitch by excessive mental exertion, who turns to vicious excitement for the sake of rest, as a duller man falls asleep. Men whose lives are spent amidst the vicissitudes, surprises, and disappointments of the money market are assuredly less idle than country gentlemen; the busy lawyer has less time to spare than the equally gifted fellow of a college; the skilled mechanic works infinitely harder, taking the average of the whole year, than the agricultural laborer; the life of a sailor on an ordinary merchant ship is one of rest, ease, and safety compared with that of the collier. Yet there can hardly be a doubt as to which individual in each example is the one to seek relaxation in excitement,

innocent or the reverse, instead of in sleep. The operator in the stock market, the barrister, the mechanic, the miner, in every case the men whose faculties are the more severely strained are those who seek strong emotions in their daily leisure, and who are the more inclined to extend that leisure at the expense of bodily rest. It may be objected that the worst vice is found in the highest grades of society; that is to say, among men who have no settled occupation. I answer that, in the first place, this is not a known fact, but a matter of speculation, and that the conclusion is drawn principally from the circumstance that the evil deeds of such persons, when they become known, are very severely criticised by those whose criticism has the most weight, namely, by the equals of the sinners in question, as well as by writers of fiction whose opinions may or may not be worth considering. For one Zola, historian of the Rougon-Macquart family, there are a hundred would-be Zolas, censors of a higher class, less unpleasantly fond of accurate detail, perhaps, but as merciless in intention. But even if the case against society be proved, which is possible, I do not think that society can truly be called idle because many of those who compose it have no settled occupation. The social day is a long one. Society would not accept the eight hours' system demanded by the labor unions. Society not uncommonly works at a high pressure for twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours at a stretch. The mental strain, though not of the most intellectual order, is incomparably more severe than that required for success in many lucrative professions or crafts. The general absence of a distinct aim sharpens the faculties in the keen pursuit of details, and lends an importance to trifles which overburdens at every turn the responsibility borne by the nerves. Lazy people are not favorites in drawing-rooms, and still less at the dinner table. Con-

sider also that the average man of the world, and many women, daily sustain an amount of bodily fatigue equal perhaps to that borne by many mechanics and craftsmen, and much greater than that required in the liberal professions; and that, too, under far less favorable conditions. Recapitulate all these points. Add together the physical effort, the mental activity, the nervous strain. Take the sum and compare it with that got by a similar process from other conditions of existence. I think there can be little doubt of the verdict. The force exerted is wasted, if you please, but it is enormously great, and more than sufficient to prove that those who daily exert it are by no means idle. Besides, none of the inevitable outward and visible results of idleness are apparent in ordinary society men or women. On the contrary, most of them exhibit the peculiar and unmistakable signs of physical exhaustion, chief of which is cerebral anæmia. They are overtrained and overworked. In the language of training, they are "stale."

Men like Orsino Saracinesca are not vicious at his age, though they may become so. Vice begins when the excitement ceases to be a matter of taste and turns into a necessity. Orsino gambled because it amused him when no other amusement was obtainable, and he drank while he played because it made the amusement seem more amusing. He was far too young and healthy and strong to feel an irresistible longing for anything not natural.

On the present occasion he cared very little, at first, whether he won or lost, and, as often happens to a man in that mood, he won a considerable sum during the first hour. The sight of the notes before him strengthened an idea which had crossed his mind more than once of late, and the stimulants he drank suddenly fixed it into a purpose. It was true that he did not command any sum of money which could be dignified

by the name of capital, but he generally had enough in his pocket to play with, and to-night he had rather more than usual. It struck him that if he could win a few thousands by a run of luck, he would have more than enough to try his fortune in the building speculations of which Del Ferice had talked. The scheme took shape, and at once lent a passionate interest to his play.

Orsino had no system, and generally left everything to chance, but he had no sooner determined that he must win than he improvised a method, and began to play carefully. Of course he lost, and as he saw his heap of notes diminishing he filled his glass more and more often. By two o'clock he had but five hundred francs left; his face was deadly pale, the lights dazzled him, and his hands moved uncertainly. He held the bank, and he knew that if he lost on the card he must borrow money, which he did not wish to do.

He dealt himself a five of spades, and glanced at the stakes. They were considerable. A last sensation of caution prevented him from taking another card. The table turned up a six, and he lost.

"Lend me some money, Filippo," he said to the man nearest him, who immediately counted out a number of notes.

Orsino paid with the money and the bank passed. He emptied his glass and lit a cigarette. At each succeeding deal he staked a small sum and lost it, till the bank came to him again. Once more he held a five. The other men saw that he was losing and put up all they could. Orsino hesitated. Some one observed, justly, that he probably held a five again. The lights swam indistinctly before him and he drew another card. It was a four. Orsino laughed nervously as he gathered the notes and paid back what he had borrowed.

He did not remember clearly what happened afterwards. The faces of the

cards grew less distinct and the lights more dazzling. He played blindly and won almost without interruption, until the other men dropped off one by one, having lost as much as they cared to part with at one sitting. At four o'clock in the morning Orsino went home in a cab, having about fifteen thousand francs in his pocket. The men he had played with were mostly young fellows like himself, having a limited allowance of pocket money, and Orsino's winnings were very large under the circumstances.

The night air cooled his head, and he laughed gayly to himself as he drove through the deserted streets. His hand was steady enough now, and the gas lamps did not move disagreeably before his eyes. But he had reached the stage of excitement in which a fixed idea takes hold of the brain, and if it had been possible he would undoubtedly have gone as he was, in evening dress, with his winnings in his pocket, to rouse Del Ferice, or San Giacinto, or any one else who could put him in the way of risking his money on a building lot. He reluctantly resigned himself to the necessity of going to bed, and slept as one sleeps at twenty-one until nearly eleven o'clock on the following morning.

While he dressed he recalled the circumstances of the previous night, and was surprised to find that his idea was as fixed as ever. He counted the money. There was five times as much as Del Ferice's carpenter, tobaccoconist, and mason had been able to scrape together amongst them. He had therefore, according to his simple calculation, just five times as good a chance of succeeding as they. And they had been successful. His plan fascinated him, and he looked forward to the constant interest and occupation with a delight which was creditable to his character. He would be busy, and the magic word "business" rang in his ears. It was speculation, no doubt, but he

did not look upon it as a form of gambling; if he had done so, he would not have cared for it on two consecutive days. It was something much better, in his eyes. It was to do something, to be some one, to strike out of the everlastingly dull road which lay before him, and which ended in the vanishing point of an insignificant old age.

He had not the very faintest conception of what that business was with which he aspired to occupy himself. He was totally ignorant of the methods of dealing with money, and he no more knew what a draft at three months meant than he could have explained the construction of the watch he carried in his pocket. Of the first principles of building he knew, if possible, even less, and he did not know whether land in the city were worth a franc or a thousand francs by the square foot. But he said to himself that those things were mere details, and that he could learn all he needed of them in a fortnight. Courage and judgment, Del Ferice had said, were the chief requisites for success. Courage he possessed, and he believed himself cool. He would avail himself of the judgment of others until he could judge for himself.

He knew very well what his father would think of the whole plan, but he had no intention of concealing his project. Since yesterday he was of age, and was therefore his own master to the extent of his own small resources. His father had not the power to keep him from entering upon any honorable undertaking, though he might justly refuse to be responsible for the consequences. At the worst, thought Orsino, those consequences might be the loss of the money he had in hand. Since he had nothing else to risk, he had nothing else to lose. That is the light in which most inexperienced persons regard speculation. Orsino therefore went to his father and unfolded his scheme, without mentioning Del Ferice.

Sant' Ilario listened rather impatiently, and laughed when Orsino had finished. He did not mean to be unkind, and if he had dreamed of the effect his manner would produce he would have been more careful. But he did not understand his son as he himself had been understood by his own father.

"This is all nonsense, my boy," he answered. "It is a mere passing fancy. What do you know of business or architecture, or of a dozen other matters which you ought to understand thoroughly before attempting anything like what you propose?"

Orsino was silent, and looked out of the window, though he was evidently listening.

"You say you want an occupation. This is not one. Banking is an occupation, and architecture is a career, but what we call affairs in Rome are neither one nor the other. If you want to be a banker, you must go into a bank and do clerk's work for years. If you mean to follow architecture as a profession, you must spend four or five years in study at the very least."

"San Giacinto has not done that," observed Orsino coldly.

"San Giacinto has a very much better head on his shoulders than you, or I, or almost any other man in Rome. He has known how to make use of other men's talents, and he had a rather more practical education than I would have cared to give you. If he were not one of the most honest men alive, he would certainly have turned out one of the greatest scoundrels."

"I do not see what that has to do with it," said Orsino.

"Not much, I confess. But his early life made him understand men as you and I cannot understand them, and need not, for that matter."

"Then you object to my trying this?"

"I do nothing of the kind. When I object to the doing of anything, I

prevent it, by fair words or by force. I am not inclined for a pitched battle with you, Orsino, and I might not get the better of you after all. I will be perfectly neutral. I will have nothing to do with this business. If I believed in it, I would give you all the capital you could need, but I shall not diminish your allowance in order to hinder you from throwing it away. If you want more money for your amusements or luxuries, say so. I am not fond of counting small expenses, and I have not brought you up to count them, either. Do not gamble at cards any more than you can help, but if you lose and must borrow, borrow of me. When I think you are going too far, I will tell you so. But do not count upon me for any help in this scheme of yours. You will not get it. If you find yourself in a commercial scrape, find your own way out of it. If you want better advice than mine, go to San Giacinto. He will give you a practical man's view of the case."

"You are frank, at all events," said Orsino, turning from the window and facing his father.

"Most of us are in this house," answered Sant' Ilario. "That will make it all the harder for you to deal with the scoundrels who call themselves men of business."

"I mean to try this, father," said the young man. "I will go and see San Giacinto, as you suggest, and I will ask his opinion. But if he discourages me, I will try my luck all the same. I cannot lead this life any longer. I want an occupation, and I will make one for myself."

"It is not an occupation that you want, Orsino. It is another excitement,—that is all. If you want an occupation, study, learn something, find out what work means. Or go to Saracinesca and build houses for the peasants; you will do no harm there, at all events. Go and drain that land in Lombardy; I can do nothing with it,

and would sell it if I could. But that is not what you want. You want an excitement for the hours of the morning. Very well. You will probably find more of it than you like. Try it,—that is all I have to say."

Like many very just men, Giovanni could state a case with alarming unfairness, when thoroughly convinced that he was right. Orsino stood still for a moment, and then walked towards the door without another word. His father called him back.

"What is it?" asked Orsino coldly.

Sant' Ilario held out his hand, with a kindly look in his eyes.

"I do not want you to think that I am angry, my boy. There is to be no ill feeling between us about this."

"None whatever," said the young man, though without much alacrity, as he shook hands with his father. "I see you are not angry. You do not understand me,—that is all."

Orsino went out, more disappointed with the result of the interview than he had expected, though he had not looked forward to receiving any encouragement. He had known very well what his father's views were, but he had not foreseen that he would be so much irritated by the expression of them. His determination hardened, and he resolved that nothing should hinder him. But he was both willing and ready to consult San Giacinto, and went to the latter's house immediately on leaving Sant' Ilario's study.

As for Giovanni, he was dimly conscious that he had made a mistake, though he did not care to acknowledge it. He was a good horseman, and he was aware that he would have used a very different method with a restive colt. But few men are wise enough to see that there is only one universal principle to follow in the exertion of strength, moral or physical; and instead of seeking analogies out of actions familiar to them as a means of accomplishing the unfamiliar, they try

to discover new theories of motion at every turn, and are led farther and farther from the right line by their own desire to reach the end quickly.

"At all events," thought Sant' Ilario, "the boy's new hobby will take him to places where he is not likely to meet that woman."

And with this discourteous reflection

upon Madame d'Aranjuez he consoled himself. He did not think it necessary to tell Corona of Orsino's intentions, simply because he did not believe that they would lead to anything serious, and there was no use in disturbing her unnecessarily with visions of future annoyance. If Orsino chose to speak to her, he was at liberty to do so.

F. Marion Crawford.

BENAIAH.

"Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, . . . who had done many acts, . . . went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow."—2 SAMUEL xxiii. 20.

WEEKS, two weeks, of cold had dwelt about us,
And the mountain beasts were starved and savage.
All the sky was slaty-gray at sunset
Save the gory-hearted west horizon;
And before the night was well upon us,
From the sad, uncolumned vault a snowflake
Fell into the bosom of my sister.
From the windless sky the powdered feathers
Sank straight down through the unstirred night-silence,
Till the moonless darkness was illumined
With a dusty and unearthly glimmer.
And we doubted of Benaiah's coming;
For the rock-paths of the treeless mountains
Grow impassable with icy glazing;
And we knew the leagues were surely slower
To traverse, if he should be persistent.
But my sister's eyes had no doubt in them,
While she sat and gazed into the embers,
And her neck was curved as if she hearkened.
Slowly, log by log, the roaring fire
Crumbled into coals half hid by ashes.
And my brothers rose up to restore it.
Then her face changed, as if she had heard him.
And she loosed the bolts inside the doorpost,
Flung the door wide with a joyful outcry;
And we saw, in the uncertain darkness,
Two huge, glassy, yellow eyeballs shining.
Heard the roar that drowned her smothered screaming.
Saw the massive, tawny shape above her,
All in one half-breath; and there was nothing
Save the blood-stained snow about the doorway.

When we dashed outside with brands and lances.
But our brands died while the trail still led us,
And we slunk home weeping in the darkness
Wherein now no snowflakes more were falling.
All the night we sat awake and speechless,
With the doorway barred, and on the fire
Heaps of fagots crackling and enkindling,
While the women wailed and mourned above us.
In the gray of dawn we saw Benaiah
Striding through the pines against the sky-line,
On the frozen ravine's farther cliff-top.
None of us dared face him, or the love-light
In his yearning eyes as he approached us;
None made any answer when he questioned,
Till a tiny girl-child, weeping, pointed
To the red trail in the frozen snow-crust.
All his face was rigid as a dead man's,
And he strode away, his scabbard clanking,
Tramping in the claw-prints; but he had not
Given any sign of understanding,
And his lips and eyes had made no movement.
When we plucked up heart and followed after,
We beheld him in a ruined cistern.
Full three fathoms deep, and walled with boulders.
He was sitting down, collapsed and shrunken,
By a something which I blanched to look at.
The blown snow was not so deeply drifted
But that we could see in it some fragments,
Frayed and battered, which had been a lion.

Edward Lucas White.

FEDERAL TAXATION OF LOTTERIES.

IN the State of Louisiana, the question whether a lottery company which for many years has been in existence, and has paid for its franchise certain sums of money, insignificant when compared with the evils it has inflicted or with the taxes it should have paid, shall now receive an extension of its corporate life on the condition of paying an annual bonus some thirty times as great, constitutes at the present time the chief subject of political interest in a very exciting canvass. Nor is the interest limited within state bounds: other States

are in some respects even more deeply concerned, for they will share in the evils following a recharter, while not partaking in the bonus. To those who are to vote upon the question the bonus is expected to prove irresistible.

Lotteries are older than civilization, and the time has long gone by for any attempt to defend them on grounds of morality or public policy. In ancient times they were set up by despots, both as a means of revenue and to furnish their people with an exciting subject of thought, and thus draw attention away

from despotic conduct on the part of public functionaries. Nearly all modern European governments have made use of them at times, but the attendant evils have been so serious that the protest against them has of late years been too strong and too general to be resisted. Lotteries prove most attractive to the poor and the ignorant, who consequently suffer most from their operations; and as the certainty of profit requires that they be organized upon the principle of paying out to those who make investments in them a less sum in the aggregate than is taken in for the chances sold, the greater current of money is constantly flowing in the direction of the management. The prizes in the Louisiana lottery are but little more than one half what the tickets, if all sold, will bring in; and if any are not sold, they share with the others in the chances. Nevertheless, there is always the possibility of considerable prizes being received in return for small payments, and every purchaser of a ticket makes his investment in the hope that he may be one of the persons to receive the principal prizes. The general result necessarily is, even when the management is strictly according to the scheme as it is placed before the people, and is conducted without chicanery or fraud, that the class who become habitually the purchasers of tickets must constantly grow poorer in consequence. But the evils are not limited to the fact that more is paid in than is returned to those who have paid it. It is demonstrated by long experience in every country that has tolerated lotteries that their operations are in many ways demoralizing; that the practice of investing in them leads to neglect of business and to general shiftlessness on the part of investors, and therefore tends to impoverish the whole community through diminishing the ordinary gains from labor. It may very safely be asserted that thousands of people are every year reduced to poverty through an uncontrol-

lable habit of indulging in the purchase of lottery ventures; that families are brought to want; and that murders, robberies, and suicides result to a number that, in the aggregate, is appalling. This has come so universally to be accepted as a truth, and the proofs are so overwhelming, that in nearly all enlightened countries lotteries are now forbidden by law. The moral sense of the world would be shocked if any leading European government should at the present time establish a lottery for the purposes of public revenue, as was not uncommon only a century ago. When the first French republic was set up, lotteries were looked upon by the leading republicans as devices of despotic invention, and a law of 1793 to abolish the lottery of France contained a stinging arraignment of those who established them. But republican virtue did not prove a complete security against their evils. The financial needs of the republic were soon to some extent being supplied by means of a state lottery, and the wheel of fortune rivaled the guillotine as a popular attraction, though greatly exceeding it in the number of victims. But lottery schemes were long ago forbidden there as well as in England. They were made use of in the American colonies and in the early days of our republic, but their evils were so obvious, and they were so lacking in redeeming features, that a majority of the States have, by their constitutions, in direct and most sweeping terms, prohibited them altogether. As matter of general law, it is believed that, within the United States, even where the sale of lottery tickets is not made a criminal offense, it is at least an act not sanctioned; and lottery managers could not support against each other an action for an accounting in respect to their demoralizing gains any more than could thimble-riggers or associated prostitutes. But so long as a single State permits the setting up of a public lottery it is to little effect that lotteries are prohibited

in other States, since the tickets issued in one will be sold in all, notwithstanding any diligence that the public authorities may employ for the purpose of prevention. As lotteries are essentially gambling, and the men who are their managers will necessarily be wanting in the moral sense, or at least in any proper regard for the well-being of their fellows, from whose misery and despair they profit, their operations are always, and very justly, open to suspicion; and the Louisiana lottery has done what it could to guard against loss of profits from this fact by securing as persons to manage its public drawings the services of two noted Confederate generals, whose war record we are to accept as guarantee of their vigilance and integrity, when hired with princely salaries to keep those who pay them from going, in their plunderings, beyond what is nominated in the bond. The example of the company is commended to the bandits who hold up trains on the Western prairies, and who might, perhaps, make the operation less disagreeable to the traveling public if they should give out a solemn promise that, in the case of every raid, they would take the life of no person whose money they appropriated, and that they would have always with them two warriors of renown, who would be paid liberally to see that the promise was honorably kept. But the managers must be greedy beyond all ordinary criminals if they resort to fraud when, under their licensed schemes, millions may be drawn monthly, and with the protection of law, as clear profits from the classes plundered. It would be discreditable to the country if the proposition to grant the extension of chartered life had failed to excite intense indignation everywhere, especially as the company's millions in profits are for the most part drawn from the pockets of those whose earnings are not above the needs of comfortable living for themselves and their families, and who, when the passion for this species of gambling

has once seized upon them, have commonly given themselves over to poverty and ruin.

Lotteries, if they exist at all in this country, must do so under state laws. The legislation to make them illegal should also come from the States, for Congress, by the federal Constitution, has, in terms, been given no jurisdiction to act upon the subject. But Congress gives and limits the postal facilities at pleasure, and it has recently set the seal of its condemnation upon lotteries by declaring it a criminal act to make use of the privileges afforded by the post-office department for the purposes of their operations. This, it was hoped, would at least limit their profits within very narrow bounds, but the result has not answered expectation. Official vigilance cannot be carried far enough to be efficient without resort to the opening of mails, and this must lead to mistakes and abuses which the public would not be likely to endure without such protest as must in time be heeded. It would seem, therefore, that if the federal power is to be exercised to much avail against this iniquity, it must be by the employment of some more effective measure.

Why should not Congress, under the power to tax, devise this more effective measure? The power is given by the Constitution in ample terms, and what the tax should be, or what should be selected as the subjects whereby to measure the burden, would, as in other cases, rest in discretion. It might be laid upon the institution itself, upon its corporate offices, upon its agencies, upon the tickets sold, — in short, upon all the means by which the business is carried on; and it might make such exactions from the management as would at least be equal to any profits that could possibly be expected to follow from the conduct of the business. Such taxation would of course contemplate no revenue to the government. It would be imposed for the express purpose of destroying altogether

the institutions which, by any unfriendly action of Congress, taken with the express intent of destruction and shaped professedly to that end, it would be powerless to reach. It would, in other words, be making practical application by the federal government of the legal aphorism that "a power to tax is a power to destroy."

It is here that the chief question of contention will arise. Lotteries could not be directly reached by the general government by such hostile measures as might be employed by the State under whose authority they had been set up, with a purpose of rendering their operations illegal. Congress, for example, could not take from a lottery company the charter which a state legislature had granted; it could not make the issue of its tickets illegal; it could not punish as a crime the action of its officers by which its ordinary business is carried on. Federal power, if exercised against it, must be altogether indirect, and the act by which the injury is inflicted upon it will seem to profess one thing while intending another. It will not be denied that, under a constitutional government, there are serious objections to the powers conferred upon it being exercised in an indirect way, which keeps the actual purpose out of view. What it has been empowered to do should be done directly; and what it has not been empowered to do, or what it cannot do directly, it ought not, in general, to do at all. That which is plainly within the jurisdiction of a member of the federal Union ought not to be drawn into the jurisdiction of the Union itself by any indirect means. The indirect method, though employed in such a manner as to be, when considered by itself, a benefit to the people, will constitute a precedent which may possibly be troublesome hereafter; and any citizen, though not disposed to be overstrict in the construction of sovereign grants, may well be excused if he finds it difficult to give ready assent to

an indirect measure which may appear to him to embody within itself the possibilities of unknown future mischief.

But the persons whose pecuniary interests will be affected unfavorably by the measure must be expected to make objections that will go both to the principle of such a law and to its constitutional validity. The power to tax, they will very stoutly contend, is one which has been conferred upon the general government for the sole purpose of supplying it with the necessary revenue for the conduct of its affairs; to enable it to defend itself as against the assaults of others, and to give to the people of the States constituting its members the benefits of organized civil society. It is of the nature of taxation that the levies made upon the people shall be apportioned on some principle of equality, so that all shall share the burdens of government upon some equitable plan; and when this is not done, the demands of government, although they may be called a tax, will be nothing less than arbitrary exactions. The only solid basis for levying a tax is to be found in the need for the moneys it is expected to produce; and as between the subjects of taxation, the justification for each particular demand must be looked for in the apportionment that attests its justice. If property is otherwise taken by the government, whatever be the excuse, pecuniary return must be made for it by value. This is a principle as old at least as constitutional government, and is so important that it is incorporated in the fundamental law of every State in the Union. Nor is this all the objection that, on constitutional grounds, may be made to such a law. Taxation implies that the government imposing it is to give protection for that in respect to which the burden is imposed; wherefore, when a levy is made for the purpose of destruction, it is subject to the double objection that it is not a demand of the government made for revenue, so that the proper underlying

principle of taxation is absolutely wanting; and that it does not contemplate protection to the subject taxed, so that the reciprocity which is implied in taxation, and which must support the demand the government makes, is also altogether wanting. Such an act is indeed falsely named, since, while it is called a tax law, it does not contemplate the results which a tax law must necessarily have in view in its enactment, and which, under any government, and especially one which embodies in distinct and formal terms the principles of constitutional liberty, must constitute the sole excuse and furnish the sole authority for enacting it. Such may be the objections of the lottery managers.

Some persons who recognize the evils of lotteries, and would gladly see them brought to an end by the direct application of governmental power, are not unlikely, also, to be heard making opposition to legislation of this nature. Admitting, as they very likely may, the principle of consideration which the lottery managers will insist upon,—the principle that taxation implies an obligation to protect the thing taxed,—they may object that the taxation of an immoral business will in some sense, at least, appear to give it countenance; and in the demand from it of moneys that will come from its profits, the transaction will assume the form of a participation by the government in the immorality. How else can it be, we shall be asked, when the levy made by the government will be one that must be paid, if paid at all, from the proceeds of injurious and demoralizing gains drawn from the victims of an immoral business? That the government does not propose to perform the correlative duty to protect which is implied in taxing can scarcely make its act the less immoral.

It must in fairness be admitted that these objections have a degree of plausibility; as well those made by the parties concerned as those raised by parties who

object to any seeming toleration by the government of a business so detestable in its nature and so injurious in its consequences. It is but just that the objections be fairly met. Apparently, the two classes of persons occupying such different standpoints agree in regarding revenue as the sole motive in legitimate taxation: so that if the object in view is something ulterior, or there is even a secondary consideration which it is probable had influence in securing its passage, the law, though called a tax law, must be indefensible and inoperative. Is this a correct view? Is it one that finds countenance in the practice of our government, or indeed in that of any other? If the practice of governments is to be the guide, it will require but slight consideration of revenue laws to make it evident that, so far from the objection being supported thereby, the contrary view is plainly deducible. No law for the collection of revenue looks to expected revenue exclusively. The law-maker enacting it must at least look far enough beyond the general purpose to satisfy himself how any proposed levy is likely to affect the general good: he must not aim to make his law as productive as possible, but rather to make the demand upon the people as little burdensome as may be, and at the same time, as far as possible, incidentally beneficial. He must at the very outset select the subjects for taxation, for to tax everything is so entirely impracticable that the attempt would be useless; and even to the extent he does tax, he is not, as to the several subjects, limited to the same methods, or even to the same principle. The burden is not, as to everything placed upon the tax roll, made proportionate, unless the legislator decides that it is proper and just that it should be. Property is therefore taxed without taxing anything else; or property is taxed and business taxed, also, as business; or persons are taxed as such, while other subjects of taxation are omitted; or property, business, and per-

sons are sometimes all taxed together, and each upon different principles. Rules of apportionment and equality must, indeed, be recognized, but what these shall be must, within reasonable limits, be determined by legislation; and, when prescribed, they can scarcely go beyond making provision for the tax being properly apportioned according to the general rules which the legislature has laid down, and among the subjects upon which the burden is to fall. Even when property is taxed, exemptions are made from the general classes designated; and if persons are taxed, whole classes may be exempted, either because of inability to pay, or because their occupations are of such a nature and so concern the public that it may be proper to exempt them, and sometimes for still other reasons looking to the general good. The indirect benefits which it is hoped will result from taxation are taken into account in both national and state legislation; and it is not uncommon that in the law itself and the circumstances of its passage we can plainly see that these benefits are considered more important than the revenue which the government expects to realize. In many of the laws whereby impost and excise duties are laid by the general government this fact is made very prominent. The several levies are not intended to secure the greatest possible revenue by the equal apportionment of taxation among the objects which might properly be, or which are, in fact, made to bear the burden, but the duties laid are designedly made protective and specially beneficial to some classes of property and to some kinds of business, and this in different degrees, while only burdensome to others; so that while one article of merchandise will, perhaps, be altogether exempted from duty, another will pay a duty merely nominal, and still another may be taxed to its full value, if it should be thought that the general good of the country will best be promoted by dealing

thus diversely with different subjects. Precisely the same difference, determined on precisely the same reasons, will be found in the case of excise duties. One business will be charged a light tax, because benefits are expected to result directly from it; and another will be charged a heavy tax, because, though tolerated, the business is expected to be to some extent, at least, injurious, or, if not injurious, to be peculiarly burdensome to the government in the matter of regulation and protection. Indeed, in some cases where impost duties are laid, revenue is no part whatever of the motive for imposing a particular duty, but it is made so high that it is expected to preclude all importation, and therefore produce no revenue. A person objecting to the duty may complain that it violates the true principles of government, but he would hardly venture to attack it as being so distinctly beyond the constitutional power of Congress that in the courts it might be assailed as wanting in legal validity. He may question its policy, but he cannot well question its constitutionality. The duty imposed assumes the form of a tax, and the motives which lie behind it rest in the breasts of those who enacted the law. The motives of those who make our laws, if the laws themselves appear upon their face to be within the constitutional power of the law-making body, are not to be inquired into by dissatisfied parties in the courts, but must conclusively be presumed to have been constitutional and to have had regard to the general good of the people.

If we look into the matter of consideration for the payment of taxes as something involved in the question of constitutional validity, we shall discover, whether we look to the practice of constitutional governments or to the principles upon which that practice has been established, that, whatever may be said to be the consideration as between the State and its people as an organized society, there is not, and in the nature of

things cannot be, an implied promise on the part of the State that, in return for any particular tax, any article of property or any business which has been made the subject of the taxation shall receive the protection of the State; or, on the other hand, that the protection the State shall in any case assume to give shall rest upon the fact that a tax is levied upon such article of property or business, or upon persons concerned. If there were any such necessary reciprocity, there would be much property and business, and also many persons, entitled to claim no protection whatever. But nobody questions that the church building upon which no tax is levied is just as much to be protected as is the structure which is used for a dwelling or for a store; and the tramps who have nothing to pay may claim the protection of the State as much as those who are taxed upon their millions. So also the business that is not taxed at all can no more be plundered with impunity than that which is taxed the heaviest. On the part of the State, the implied promise goes no further in any case than to give to the people the benefits of protection under general laws; but what the general laws shall be, what shall be protected and how far that protection shall extend, must be determined by the proper legislative power, and will not at all depend upon what taxes shall be paid, unless by the law itself payment of the tax is made the consideration for such protection as is to be given.

But the question of consideration, if accepted as an element in taxation, has a side to it altogether distinct from any assurance of protection whatever. In the determination what taxes shall be laid, and what shall be the apportionment as between the subjects of taxation when business is taxed, the question of the mischiefs likely to be a consequence of the business, the cost to the State for its regulation, for the redress of evils and the punishment of crimes

which may naturally be expected to result, are as properly to be considered as is any promise of protection which the State may be supposed directly or by implication to give. The analogy of the law of contracts may here be adduced: contracts must have a consideration, but an evil suffered or feared may be as sufficient in the law as the receipt of money or property. But indeed no such analogy need be cited, for the justice of making taxes bear some proportion to the attention that the business taxed may demand from the government is obvious on the mere statement.

Notice is here invited to a couple of cases which may be of interest in connection with this point. The State of Michigan, in its constitution adopted in 1850, prohibited the legislature, in the most express and positive terms, from granting any license for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The provision was inserted in the constitution from a sense of the great mischiefs to the people of the State that were constantly springing from this business, and it was expected that a positive declaration of the will of the people which went so far as to take from the legislature the power to pass any law that should, in the customary way, recognize its lawful existence would bring it absolutely to an end. They therefore undertook to make sure that even should a majority at any time be so far emboldened by an apparent change of popular feeling as to be willing to give permission, under any conceivable circumstances or restraints, for the setting up of the business, either generally or in any particular locality, the power for doing so should be wanting. The experiment of prohibition in this form did not, however, meet the expectations of its authors. Many places were in a little while opened for the sale of liquors, and it was found that, especially in the larger towns of the State, the public authorities, either for the want of will or for the want of the necessary popular sup-

port, failed altogether to suppress them. The prohibition, instead of putting an end to the business, seemed rather to increase it. There were, perhaps, more places open for the sale of the mischievous drinks than would have existed under a license law. The business, indeed, appeared to be a privileged one, since those who carried it on required no permission from the public authorities, were subject to no supervision in respect to character, and paid no taxes upon it as a distinct business, whether other kinds of business were or were not taxed. Persons disposed to deal in intoxicating drinks seemed, therefore, to be invited to come from other States into Michigan for the purpose, instead of being driven from it, as it was expected they would be by the prohibition. What should be done, under the circumstances, to check the resulting evils was a question that the people and the legislature found to be of the most serious nature. The final outcome of their deliberations was that, despairing of otherwise putting an end to the prohibited business or of checking effectively the resulting evils, the legislature summoned to its aid the taxing power, and laid upon the traffic which flourished in spite of the constitution a burdensome tax. The law, upon its face, was purely one for revenue, and the purpose was, undoubtedly, to a certain extent, the collection of revenue, because it was expected that many persons would pay the tax; but in part, also, the purpose was destruction, for it was hoped and believed that numbers would be unable to pay and still continue a prosperous traffic, and therefore would abandon the business altogether. The tax was made as heavy as it was thought public opinion would sustain the officers in enforcing, and doubtless would have been made heavier still if the total destruction of the business could have been accomplished by that means; but partial destruction was believed to be better than

to leave the business as it then was, — a business above the law, and which those engaged in it were carrying on in spite of the State, while at the same time bearing no portion of the burdens of the State which before the prohibition it had been customary to impose.

The payment of this tax was resisted; the parties taxed insisting that the State had no power to levy a burden in this form upon that which it did not propose to protect; that the consideration for taxation was necessarily absent in such a case; and that, if destruction was the object, the law was only the more plainly unwarranted, since taxation is for the purposes of revenue, and the business, so far as it was destroyed, would of course pay no revenue to the State under the law. There was an entire want, therefore, of the reciprocity upon which taxation is supposed to rest. The arguments were plausible, but, though they might seem in theory unanswerable, were not held to be well grounded in legal principles. Protection of the subject taxed, it was decided, was not a necessary consideration for imposing the taxation. Revenue was called for that regular government might be maintained, and the people receive the benefits of organized society. But the State must select, by the judgment of its law-makers, the subjects in respect to which those who were to receive these benefits should be taxed. It did not by any means follow that the State must give protection to all such subjects. The general benefits to society at large and to individual citizens might be greater in the aggregate if as to some of them it should refuse the protection altogether. A business which was condemned by the State because it was found to be productive of many and very serious evils to society, and from which the good of society required the State for that reason to withhold all protection, was just as much a subject of taxation as any other. Indeed, if persons persisted in carrying on

the business in defiance of the positive prohibition, then, instead of their being entitled to be placed, in the matter of taxation, on the footing of privilege with hospitals and other institutions of charity, and given exemption, it would be much more reasonable and more in consonance with the true principles of government and the general purposes of the law, which must have in view at all times the general good, to tax the business according to its demerits, making the burden upon it higher than was imposed upon other kinds of business, because, from its demoralizing nature, and the hostile attitude it assumed towards the law and the State, it necessarily added more largely to the burdens of government, and demanded more constantly the attention of all branches of the public authority. This, though not in words, was in substance the answer of the court of final resort to the demand made by those engaged in the mischievous traffic that their business should be exempted from taxation; and it fully met the claim that the consideration for taxation has relation exclusively to protection to be given, or that there is implied in the levy any protection whatever to the object upon which the tax is imposed, or by which the burden the citizen must pay in taxes is to be measured. The legislature had been given the general power to tax; it had exercised the power upon subjects within its jurisdiction, and the courts could listen to no discussion of legislative motives unless constitutional limitations appeared to have been disregarded, which was not the case here.

The objection that the State, in passing a law to tax an immorality, becomes a participant in it must be one of ethics rather than of law. It must rest, it would seem, either upon the ground that the taxation, of itself, is an encouragement to those who are responsible for the immorality, and in some way assists them in carrying it on or strengthens them in it, or else that the money which

is taken from the participators has been polluted by their touch, so that it should be spurned rather than accepted from them. The first ground has certainly no plausibility. None of us feel, when the tax gatherer comes, that to be taxed is a favor, or that, as to the money exacted, we as individuals are the better off for its having been taken from us. We know the tax is a burden; as such it was recognized by every person upon whom, in this case, it was imposed, whether he paid it and continued the business, or, being unable to pay it, went out of the business.

The other ground, namely, that the money becomes polluted by the business in which it has been employed, seems to require slight notice. It has the same plausibility, and no more, that a claim would have that money in the form of a fine should not be taken from a convicted offender, because it is probably a part of his gains from the plunder of the public, or from something else which, being obnoxious to good morals, has on that ground been prohibited by law. The government does well and favors good morals when, in dealing with evils it cannot otherwise prevent, it takes from those who are responsible for them, by way of punishment, their consequent gains, and applies them, as it is presumed to do in all cases, to beneficial purposes. That the government becomes a partner in the immorality, in such cases, is not the view that would be taken of its course by the parties compelled to pay; they would be much more likely to regard as their friends those who would be diligent in discovering scruples to be interposed for the protection and continuance of their monstrous iniquities than those who would employ legal machinery to the utmost extent that should be found possible to make them pay what, on every ground of equity, can be shown to be no more than their just share of the expense of government.

But another instance in which legisla-

tion in the form of taxation was adopted, in the hope, and indeed in the expectation, that it would prove too heavy to be borne, is still more striking and noticeable. This is the case of the taxation of the currency of state banks by the federal government at the beginning of the civil war, for the avowed purpose of making the further issue or circulation of that currency practically impossible. It will be borne in mind that, previous to the great civil war, the currency of the country had been, for the most part, supplied by banks which the several States had authorized for that purpose; but they had supplied it in such a manner that the resulting evils which had been brought not merely upon the people of the States in which any particular banks were located, but upon the people of the whole country, had been innumerable, and it may almost be said immeasurable. The foundation upon which these banks had severally been established, however good it may have seemed in theory to those who had authorized them, had proved in almost every case altogether unsafe and inadequate, and in some cases the banking systems of the States were found to have no solid foundation whatever. This was true in the case of some States who supposed, when their banks were chartered, that they had made their bills so absolutely secure by the fund which had been provided for the purpose that it was practically impossible loss should occur to bill-holders. Especially was this true in some cases where the requirement had been of real-estate security. Mere description cannot make people who have come upon the stage of action too late to have been sharers in the consequent losses fully appreciate and understand them: they were met at every turn, and made their presence felt in all business transactions that rose above simple barter. When the civil war began, the government was for a time compelled to make use of a cur-

rency the very best of which was at some discount in parts of the country distant from the place of issue, and some of which, though the people at places of issue were compelled to a greater or less extent to make use of it, was with difficulty used at all in other sections, even though a large discount was submitted to, when it was offered in circulation. The real value of all this currency was uncertain, and the nominal value depended upon the fluctuating confidence which the people might have in it, and which might be greatly different one day from what it was the very next. When war operations were begun, which must necessarily assume enormous proportions, a sound and stable currency was an absolute necessity. Unless the rebellion was to succeed, means must be provided for making payments in every section in a currency that would be equally good in every other section. The Confederacy was in some particulars in a better position than the constitutional government: it was a belligerent on the defensive, whose operations would be likely not to cover so extensive a field; and, moreover, it would be assisted by the feeling among its people that a revolutionary currency must necessarily for a time exist, to which final success would give the proper value.

Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his first annual report, called attention to the fact that the existing currency was supplied by the States. He expressed a doubt whether it had been within the competency of the States to authorize the issue of the bank-bills which flooded the country; whether, as we understand him, the power to coin money and determine the value thereof did not confer upon the federal government the authority over the whole subject of supplying the people with that which was to answer the purposes of money, both when it was money in fact, and when it was something else which was to be received in the general busi-

ness of the country in place of money as a common substitute. Not, however, stopping to ask Congress to accept this as a true rule of constitutional law, and to endeavor to enforce it as such, — which might require a process not easily to be worked out even in theory, — but fully impressed that the financial needs of the country, in the struggle that was begun, could not be adequately supplied by the state banks nor otherwise without first getting rid of their issues, he boldly ventured the proposal that they should be taxed by the federal government to an extent that in a little time would render the circulation of the bills of those banks altogether impossible. In other words, he proposed to have them taxed for the express purpose of destruction. Congress, under the pressure of the great public need of the hour, and perhaps fully accepting the views of the secretary, but in any event disposed to defer to his judgment as the officer who must be responsible for supplying financial resources, proceeded to impose the tax. This was not done without proper regard to the interests of those who were concerned in the banks, and who, it might be assumed, had invested in them in good faith and in the expectation of supplying a reliable currency; for provision was made under which, when they were taxed out of existence, they might, so far as they were sound and trustworthy and were possessed of the proper capital, reorganize as national banks under legislation which was carefully framed for the purpose, and which was designed to give the public such complete security that the issues of currency that might take place under it would not merely be good where issued, but in every other part of the country as well. The result we all know. The rebellion, which, without this or some similar legislation, would not unlikely have been successful, and which, even after the country had been made secure in respect to its financial needs, had sufficient power to tax the

energies of the people far beyond what was at first anticipated, at length was effectually put down. Not only was this the case, but a sound and stable currency was supplied, which there seems no occasion to doubt will continue sound and stable so long as it remains in existence. But it is obvious that in thus providing for a safe and sound national currency by first taxing beyond endurance an existing currency which did not answer the needs of the government, and was a constant source of loss to the people, the consideration of special protection to those who were taxed as a return for the payment demanded from them was in the contemplation neither of the secretary nor of Congress. If the thought of consideration was in mind at all, it must have been the evils which state currency brought upon the people of the country, and the still greater evils with which the nation was then threatened by allowing its continuance, that were recognized as the basis of the taxation provided for, and because of which taxation was purposely made so burdensome that it was believed it could not be borne with profit, and therefore would not be borne at all. No thought of protection attended the demand for the tax as made upon the institutions which issued the currency; and to any extent that the government looked beyond them to the persons who might be interested in the issue, it considered them only as it did all others under the jurisdiction of the federal authority, as persons bound to respond not merely with their property, but even with their lives, should it be necessary, in order to preserve the country by which they were protected from being rent asunder as a consequence of the existing war, and to keep alive and effective the constitution of freedom under which that country was governed, and which had been the source to its people of innumerable benefits.

What shall be said to the contention that all this proves very clearly that

what was done in this case with such good results, and for the purpose of accomplishing ends that were in the highest degree beneficial and useful, may be done in the very next case with mischievous purpose, and in order to strike out of existence something over which the federal government has no legitimate authority, and which is as valuable as state currency was mischievous; in short, that nothing is safe if the issues of state banks, with the aid of which the States attempted to supply their people with a safe currency, can be thus, by indirection and without the consent of the States, destroyed?

There are, without doubt, we may reply, some clear and very positive limitations to the use of the federal taxing power by laws which assume to be taxing laws, but which do not contemplate the actual collection of any revenue. It is not proposed to attempt an enumeration of these limitations in this place, but a few may be mentioned in order that it may be seen that they stand supported by sound reason, and that the line of separation between them and the cases in which this power has hitherto been applied is very clear and distinct, — so clear and distinct that the courts would not hesitate to enforce it. Congress, for example, could not employ the “power to tax” as a “power to destroy” a state office, or any lawful agency which the State has created as a part of its own constitutional system, from a belief on the part of its law-makers that it is necessary or useful, or may be so, in the performance of state functions. When a private corporation is created, and is to exercise its functions within the jurisdiction of the United States, it is to be regarded merely as an artificial person, having as such no greater rights or immunities than would be possessed by the parties who compose it, if the sovereign authority which could create the corporation had seen fit to empower the individuals to exercise the same func-

tions without being incorporated. It is therefore subject to taxation, irrespective of the authority from which its corporate life has been derived. But municipal corporations are created as a convenient means for the exercise locally of some of the sovereign power of the State; they are a part of the state government, and they can no more be annihilated by federal taxation than can the State itself be gotten rid of in that mode so as to constitute the central government, at the will of those who exercise it, a despotism. With the exception of cases resting on like or kindred reasons to those suggested, the protection as against the abuse of the federal power to tax must be looked for in the good sense of the representatives of the people, and in keeping alive the feeling that for all improper legislation they may be held to strict accountability by their constituents. If they employ the taxing power to accomplish by indirection some other object than that of supplying the government with revenue, the remedy for the abuse is precisely the same as when taxes are levied for expenditure in unwise or extravagant appropriations, or for the purposes of unnecessary wars, or to purchase foreign territory we do not want, or to kill some branch of foreign trade; or when, in levying taxes, unjust discrimination is made as between the objects upon which the burden is laid; or when objects are taxed which sound policy would require should be excused from the burden altogether: and judging from the history of the past, we are justified in saying that the danger of abuse in the first case is very slight indeed, while in the others it is constantly imminent, and indeed continually occurring. We may also add that the rarity of any abuse is likely to attract special attention to it when it occurs, and thereby make correction more probable. If it shall be said that the impossibility of the business which is taxed making payment thereof from

any income likely to be realized must of itself prove that the tax is not legitimate, it may well be replied that no business can of right claim the privilege to be a public burden; and if it shall be plain that the evils which must result from it to the people, and the expenses imposed upon the governments, national, state, and municipal, for purposes of regulation, and in the redress of grievances and the punishment of crimes traceable to its operations, will plainly exceed any imaginable benefits that can accrue to the public therefrom, then any taxation imposed upon it cannot possibly be excessive, or violate any established principle in government. It may be added that the taxation, if it is to be imposed, cannot be laid too soon; it need not await the recharter of the Louisiana leviathan, or the expiration of the charter it now has. Nobody will be wronged, and many may be saved, by quick action, and the time to tax is now.

Since the above was written, the Federal Supreme Court has declared the Anti-Lottery Postal Law valid, and Mr.

John A. Morris, who is understood to be the principal owner of the Louisiana lottery, has given public notice that he shall respect the law and take no more charters. He may keep his word,—some other men do that who also keep whatever else they can lay hands on; but as he might be tempted to do as the managers have done hitherto,—resort to devices and the use of the names of others to circumvent the law,—it will be very well to fortify any present law-abiding determination on the part of the managers by a law they cannot evade. Then they can pension the military chieftains who have so long been in their pay to guard them against being tempted into the low tricks and cheats of common gamblers and confidence operators, and retire upon their millions. A law that effectually takes their business by the throat they will bow to with great respect; neither promises nor the “honor” of gamblers will restrain them from breaking or evading any other, when they believe money may be made thereby. The seared conscience is not troubled with scruples about law-breaking.

Thomas McIntyre Cooley.

SOME NOTES ON FRENCH IMPRESSIONISM.

IMPRESSIONISM, like most new things, great or small, is at present more discussed than understood. The word itself is elastic, and covers a variety of significations; the teachings of the school, in themselves narrow and definite, are only vaguely known and apprehended even by many professional critics. When we find “dealers in knowledge of art,” to quote Mr. John La Farge, not caring to distinguish between the well-defined formula of the impressionist school of painting and the vague current use of the word “impressionism,” how can we expect people in general to do otherwise?

Impressionism as a tendency in modern art has a general and a special application. Taken broadly, impressionism may relate to the conception or to the handling, to the way of seeing a thing or to the manner of painting it. With people in general, who use words like coins, without stopping to look at them, it relates merely to the manner of painting. Their eye is shocked or startled by splashy or rough painting which they hear described as impressionistic. They do not look for or understand the impression which this manner aims at conveying, and to them everything coarse and rough

must be impressionistic, and everything impressionistic must be rough; just as to some people everything in rhyme is poetry, and poetry is nothing but a jingle of rhyme.

To all who know anything about impressionism it is evident, instead, that it is the painters' manner of seeing things that is of importance to us outsiders. It does not concern us very much to know if they use camel's hair or bristles in their brushes, if they daub their paints on with knives or even with their thumbs; but their manner of looking at things does concern us intimately, as artists are the eyes or seers of the period in which they live, and our own vision is, consciously or unconsciously, influenced by theirs. The less we instinctively like their vision and presentment of life, the more it behooves us to examine impartially the principles that have guided them. We might otherwise run the risk of rejecting in theory that which is forcing itself upon us in practice.

Those who know the works of the painters vaguely grouped together as "impressionistic" will have noticed that, different as they are, they have all one thing in common. They aim at being the reproduction of one impression on the artist's eye, and through his eye on his mind; not of a set of collateral impressions fused into one.

To take some instances at random: Cazin's vision is dreamy and full of sad poetry, while Raffaelli is nothing if not distinct. Besnard's vision is one of light and fire, or of beautiful, mystic twilight. Whistler's symphonies and harmonies indicate by their very names impressions seen dreamily, and transplanted by the poetic imagination into the borderland of painting and music, but always real impressions, suggested by the outer world. Some impressions are hazy, others almost pitilessly clear. Some painters reproduce the impression of a moment, while others render the *Stimmung*, the poetry of the hour or the

subject; but this one thing they all have in common, — the visual unity of their picture.

It is well known that the eye cannot rest on two things simultaneously. If you are looking across a stretch of English landscape, in May, with a splendid foreground tangle of varied foliage, — golden oaks and copper beeches, deep-hued cypresses and rich green elms, — and a long vista beyond of billowy slopes and broken, feathery hedgerows, you either see the foliage, while the distance is only an indistinct soft background, luminously green or softly veiled in gray, dark and sombre or rich with shifting, hurrying lights and shades; or else you see the distant view, — some special portion of the distant view, some brightly illumined slope of grass, where the sunlight is just striking two or three quietly grazing cows, or a fairylike, aerial bit of hedgerow, while the foliage in the foreground is only one mass of gloriously confused color. Now a landscape where this unity of impression has been preserved is more likely to give you a broad, open-air impression, and to produce the illusion of looking at a real scene, than would a landscape painted by an artist who had allowed his eye to travel painfully from object to object, and who had painted the elms in the distant hedgerows with the same care (allowing, of course, for perspective) as the bright, golden-leaved oak on the downward slope.

The principle of the unity of impression is not by any means an invention of the impressionists, nor is it their exclusive property. One of the chief merits of the best impressionists, however, lies in their strenuous insistence on obedience to the law of focus; while of course everybody has a right, without being taken to task for using words in a vague and unsatisfactory way, to call art impressionistic which aims at reproducing the unity of impression.

Applied to the rendering of form

and of movement, individual or collective, this principle, strengthened by the influence of Japanese art and of instantaneous photography, has produced results that are characteristically modern. When exaggerated, these results are not always edifying to lovers of art. When kept within bounds by an artistic conception, they represent an almost immeasurable widening of the resources of Western art. Witness the many suggestive phases of characteristic movement, the fugitive expressive poses, that are now, as never before, caught and rendered on the canvas.

In the painting of crowds and confused masses of people, modern art really owes an immense debt of gratitude to impressionism proper in the person of one of its earliest masters, Édouard Manet. It has been my good fortune to examine lately a small Manet in private possession, which exemplifies this to a high degree. It represents a horse race, giving the horses in full front view, and the intensely excited crowd along the stand to the left. It is "impressionistic" in the sense of being blurred and blotchy, but the horses and jockeys are instinct with speed, and the confused mass of small black and white patches, with a few daubs of color between, turns out to be thousands of moving heads and arms and parasols. It is only a small canvas, and yet I know but few pictures that so appeal to the intensely modern feeling of collective sympathy.

Impressionism in color coincides so nearly with the central teachings of the impressionist school of to-day that I prefer to treat of it in connection with them. The underlying principle is the same as in the forms of impressionism already treated; namely, the assumption that the study of the laws of optical effect still has many fruitful secrets in store for the painter. It does not busy itself with the choice of subject; it is a language, not a school of philosophy. It does not,

however, exclude individuality, nor does it tend to make painting merely another form of colored photography. It rests on suggestions from nature, but allows for the artist's temperament as well as for possible idiosyncrasies of his vision. It may be dreamy or clear, delicate or rugged, according to the bent of the painter's mind, which predisposes him to view things in a certain way, and according to the extent and the comparative clearness of his visual range. This is an important point to observe, as it explains many seeming discrepancies. When you see painting like Raffaelli's, all crisp and clear form, side by side with dreamy blurred landscapes, and do not understand why you hear both described as impressionistic, the probable explanation is, that one man has a clear vision and a wide range, while the other has the sharpness taken off the edges by a short-sighted or blunt vision.

The great secret of all impressionism lies in aiming to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the same kind of physical impression on the spectator's eye that was produced on the eye of the artist by the object seen in nature; to make one immediate impression on our retina; to let it come in at once, as it were, through the front door, and, calmly or brightly, announce its presence. It is for us to say if it does so, and if there is enough, in the painter's vision, of the mystical essence called pictorial truth, or rather the truths that are apprehensible by the age in which we live, for us to accept. Before we do so, however, we must be sure that we are comparing the artist's vision with our own vision of nature, and not with preconceived notions of what that conventional thing called a picture "ought to be."

All this may seem to deal with the form, and not the spirit of art. Well, so it does, so impressionism does, in a grand, enthusiastic, undaunted way that is full of noble promise for the future of art. It is a truism that all great

creative periods have been preceded by periods of realism, of enthusiastic devotion to form, to the instruments and means of rendering. Why, then, not apply this truism to our own times, and augur the best for the future from the very enthusiasm for the widening of the resources of art shown by the men of the present day? By this I do not mean to say that the great modern tendency which has produced such a picture as Besnard's *Le Soir de la Vie* does not possess the soul as well as the language of art. But I do mean to say that care for form need not necessarily be deemed a sign of decadence in art; especially not, I venture to believe, in ages of transition and the ferment of new ideals.

In 1886, the list of the most notable impressionists given by their mouth-piece, M. Félix-Fénéon,¹ included the following artists: M. Caillebotte, Miss Cassatt, MM. Cézanne, Degas, de Nittis, Forain, Gauguin, Guillaumin, Monet, Madame Morisot, MM. Piette, Camille Pissarro, Lucien Pissarro, Raffaëlli, Renoir, Seurat, Signac, Sisley, Zandomeneghi. This list is liable to correction. M. de Nittis, for instance, could hardly be classed with the impressionists in 1886. M. Raffaëlli had also, to a certain extent, deserted the party cause and condescended to exhibit at the Salon. I give the enumeration, however, as it serves to show what men then ranked or had ranked with the impressionists. These painters may be divided into two groups: one comprising the men who busy themselves mainly with problems of form, *les synthétistes*; and the other those who are engaged principally in solving problems of light, *les luministes*.

A certain group of the luminists are called *les pointillistes*, or the followers of *le pointillé*. The most noticeable fact about the pointillistes is that their art practice is the outcome of scientific

theories. The impulse was an artistic, not a theoretic one; but given this impulse to find a medium of expression more suited to the highly developed visual sensibilities of the age than the older one, they went to science for help, and we hear of Dubois-Pillet carrying Mr. N. O. Rood's Theory of Colors about with him, and Seurat studying Chevreul's *De la Loi du Contraste Simultané des Couleurs*. The result is the method known as *le pointillé*, from the little points or atoms of color by which the canvas is covered. The formula on which *le pointillé* rests is the same as that put in practice by M. Claude Monet and others among the luminists, only it is more rigorously applied. The double formula of the *mélange optique* and the *division du ton* rests on the assumption that any representation in color of an object in nature that the artist might wish to paint, say a sunlit tree, would, if divided on the canvas into the nearest approach possible to its chromatic components, and left to mingle on our retina, be more likely to excite our visual nerves in the same way as the rays of light from the tree in nature than if the painter had mixed his pigments on his palette into the nearest approach possible to the greens of the tree. This formula, with the close attention to the laws of optics it involves, also entails, as a necessary consequence, the study of the influence of contrast and of reflections on the images produced on our retina. Such is the theory on which the practice of all the luminists is based; but while Claude Monet is content with splashing red and gold and purple upon his canvas anyhow, so long as he gets the vibrations and the play of reflections and counteractions of color he sees in nature, the pointillistes insist on a "logical division" of the color into the smallest particles possible.

the impressionist exhibitions as a semi-official statement of their views.

¹ In an interesting little pamphlet, *Les Impressionnistes* (Paris, Vanier, 1886), still sold at

The first sight of a canvas representing sunlight painted in strict pointillé suggests nothing whatever to you but an immense surface dotted with a multitude of little purplish or turquoise-blue, vermilion, and greenish-yellow wafers. You dimly see that they are arranged in forms, which seem to stand for curious representations of trees and grass and shadowy human beings, but the most conspicuous things about the picture are the wafers. With some painters you never get over this first impression; the wafers are always there, and the curious flatness and similarity of texture that result from using the same brush-work all over the canvas. By putting the whole length of several rooms between you and the canvas, and allowing the air in the rooms to help out the *mélange optique* on your retina, or by looking at the canvas with only one eye, and that more than half shut, you can, however, sometimes succeed in seeing something of the intensity of sunlight, the life and depth of shadow, that the painter aims at conveying, and in understanding how intelligent men can devote themselves to this apparently forlorn quest.

With other painters the quest is not at all forlorn, and if you only give them time the first shock of surprise will grow into a swell of delight at seeing beauties caught on the canvas which before were pronounced "unpaintable." Such are Renoir's splendid renderings of intense southern sunlight and color; or Sisley's delicate luminous spring days, and Camille Pissarro's bright, gleaming, sparkling sunlight. All who have enjoyed the beauty, light in tone and high in key, yet intense in quality and full of vivid play of color, of a French spring morning, or who have noticed how different a landscape appears if looked at with the sun's rays or against them, — how in the latter case everything seems alive with glittering, quivering, dancing light, — will be able to appreciate these conquests of the luminists.

And who can resist Claude Monet? M. Monet is an acknowledged master now, and it is not necessary to sing his praises; yet I cannot help dwelling on two points: the universality of his genius as a landscape painter, and the eminently poetical qualities of his mind. He is a luminist, the enthusiastic apostle of a new technical creed. To him nothing is of interest that does not bear upon the great problem of fixing the sun's rays upon the canvas. But he sees this problem everywhere, just as it is everywhere. We notice the painting of sunlight by the luminists, because it is their most striking if not their most wonderful achievement; but it is evident that their theory would be nowhere if it applied only to the painting of sunlight. M. Monet paints everything as the mood seizes him: fruit, with a glossiness and tempting juiciness of texture surpassed by no other fruit-painting that I know: vast desolate railway stations, shrouded in mist and smoke; northern summer seas, lashed into a silvery foam, shot through with green and mauve, by a summer storm; breezy southern seas, all alive with intense color and happy rhythmic movement; dull days off the coast of Brittany, with the most exquisite play of quiet color in the water; hot days of blazing sunlight off the same coast, or young woods in October, with the maples and lime-trees all aflame with autumn tints, and the bright sunshine pouring in between the stems of the trees.

Then there is the wonderful series of the haystacks, exhibited at M. Durand-Ruel's gallery in Paris in May; seventeen pictures of the same haystacks, sometimes one, sometimes two, begun in August, and carried on until the haystacks were taken down in March, and yet a perfect revelation of some of the most glorious beauties of color and mood in nature: beauties of summer and of winter; of evening skies throbbing with rosy light, while deep blue shadows are

already reigning over the distant hills; of morning mists illuminated in glory; of peaceful, new-fallen snow under softly veiled skies, or of the golden haze of summer sunsets. M. Monet's *décomposition du ton* gives results which he who runs may read. You see a haystack that seems to glow in the sunlight; you go nearer, and see that this effect is got by painting an irregular prism along the edges of the stack and suffusing the shadows with purple. In another picture, the same means — a prism along the edge of the stack — serves to give the effect of crisp, clear winter sunlight striking the yellow straw. But most wonderful of all is the way in which the painter manages, by mere pigments put on canvas, to make you feel all the heat and harmony and happiness of summer. By the side of achievement such as this who would cavil if the zeal of the pioneer sometimes carries the painter too far?

Claude Monet is a poet; everything he touches in his inspired moments seems to give out its inmost tone of beauty. He is a born colorist, enthusiastic and inspiring. But above all he is an artist, — one who sees things as a whole, and paints them with that subtle concentration of all means of expression toward one end which is one of the most precious qualities of the true artist.

Synthesis, too, has its heroes, artists to whom it has been a vital principle, not a mere formula, and who have won great and deserved success outside the narrow confines of the coterie; and I should delight to linger on the powerful qualities of the art of M. Degas, on M. Forain's penetratingly clever and artistic interpretations of some phases of contemporary life, on Miss Mary Cassatt's truly womanly studies of mothers and children, or felicitous, free translations of the exquisite synthetic art of the Japanese. But space is limited, and

so I prefer to pass on at once to some unknown phases and obscure martyrs of impressionism, which have a pathetic interest of their own.

The formula of synthesis, or the reduction of drawing to the necessary, the vital lines of the movement, cannot lay claim to the same originality as that of the *décomposition du ton*. Not to mention the Japanese, who have carried the synthetic treatment of line to such high and singular excellence, or the Greek vase-painters, or Giotto, or countless others, all children and primitive artists are synthesists after their fashion, — a fashion that seems to meet the high approval of some of the present synthétistes, to judge by specimens of their work. In others, you perceive landscape, with the element of light left almost entirely aside, synthetized down to the dusky dull sign-painting of our grandfathers' times, or scenes from contemporary life to grotesque caricatures. There is a good deal of affectation and coterie fashion in this, and of that curious allegiance to definite formulas, no matter how cramping, which mingles so strangely with the true artistic faculty in many French minds. But there are also, in many painters, the most undoubted sincerity, a profound feeling for the charm of mystery, and that longing for and reaching after the deeper spiritual truths of life that are thrilling through many a corner of Paris, undreamt of by the foreigners on the boulevards and the frequenters of the light theatres.¹ Many an imaginative truth or curious suggestion looks out at you from among the exaggerations or mannerisms of products of *l'art hiératique* or *l'art symbolique*, whether enveloped in dusky mystery or wedded to luminism in visions of splendor.

One man in particular has the faculty of inflaming your imagination, till you feel ready to declare him one of the Contemporary for November, The Spiritualization of Thought in France.

¹ See, for further illustration, the remarkable article by Madame Blaze de Bury in the

bringers of heavenly fire. And yet his art is mad. Your first impulse is to laugh at these staggering cottages with flaming red roofs, or at this blaze of rockets and Catherine-wheels, supposed to represent night. But your laugh dies on your lips; you go on gazing, stupefied yet interested; and when you at last leave the exhibition, you do not know whether you have been looking at the pictures of a madman or not, but you have forgotten all the other pictures in the room. Such was my first impression of Vincent Van Goghe's work, and I was not astonished to hear that the man had committed suicide. I sought every opportunity of seeing more of his art, and thus one day I went to the studio of M. Gauguin, in one of the distant unconventional quarters of Montparnasse, where some of his pictures were to be seen. It was all very remarkable. Among things that were not merely exaggerated, but violently distorted, there were some splendidly conventionalized flowers, — gorgeous sunflowers, and huge white roses on an apple-green background. There was an Alpine pass, absurd in color and handling, in streaky waves of dark paint, yet with more of Dante's Inferno and the awesome weirdness of desolate Alpine passes toward twilight than many better pictures. There was his own portrait, drawn with a firmness of hand which accentuated every angularity of that powerful skull and bony face, while he had chosen to give himself a green background that threw the most uncanny greenish reflections over the sandy-blond face. It is the face of a maniac or a criminal, with the eyes of a longing soul.

Another day I was taken to Montmartre, to the little shop of Le Père Tanguy, full of the works of the *néo-impressionnistes*, and several Van Goghes among them. Many were exaggerated, every one was sincere, and two studies of figures were superb. One was a sower of the most splendidly energetic move-

ment; another an old man weeping, bent down over his hands in a perfect abandonment of grief.

Le Père Tanguy is himself a martyr to the cause of *néo-impressionnisme*. His shop was very difficult to find, as he is constantly shifting his quarters, from inability to pay his rent. No one knows what or where he eats; he sleeps in a closet among his oils and varnishes, and gives up all the room he can to his beloved pictures. There they were, piled up in stacks: violent or thrilling Van Goghes; dusky, heavy Cézannes that looked as if they were painted in mud, yet had curious felicities of interpretation of character; exquisite fruit-painting by Dubois-Pillet, which showed how he could paint when he chose; daring early Sisleys, that made the master of the shop shake his kindly head at the artist's later painting; and many others, all lovingly preserved, and lovingly brought out by the old man. Le Père Tanguy is a short, thick-set, elderly man, with a grizzled beard and large beaming dark blue eyes. He had a curious way of first looking down at his picture with all the fond love of a mother, and then looking up at you over his glasses, as if begging you to admire his beloved children. His French and his manners were perfect; and when he took off his greasy cap and made his bow, it was with all the grace and dignity of the old school. He has gone on for years finding the impressionists in colors, etc., and the artists I was with told me, after we left the shop, that many a time had he been sorely in need of money and had gone to remind some artist of an outstanding bill, but found some excuse for his call and come away again without mentioning it, because it seemed to him as if the artist were in straits.

I could not help feeling, apart from all opinions of my own, that a movement in art which can inspire such devotion must have a deeper final import than the mere ravings of a coterie.

Cecilia Waern.

LEGAL DISFRANCHISEMENT.

THE necessity of removing from the ballot box all taint of corruption has long been felt, and has been well met by the adoption, on the part of several States, of the Australian ballot system. But while this secret ballot reduces to the minimum the possibilities of bribery, intimidation, and all other forms of illegal disfranchisement, there still remains the unsolved problem of legal disfranchisement: we still lack that method which will give to the people of each and every State, at all times, representation according to the votes cast.

The avowed purpose of our political system is to secure the rule of the majority; but, though having that end in view, we have enacted laws which defeat the very object sought. Congressmen are apportioned among the States according to their respective populations; but, for the election of these representatives of the people, the States have been divided into districts corresponding to the number of men to be chosen, in each of which a plurality shall elect. The possibilities for mischief in such a method may, perhaps, be made most apparent by submitting a hypothetical case. Suppose a company of forty-nine members; of these twenty-five constitute a majority, and may direct affairs. But forty-nine being an unwieldy number, they agree to elect a managing board of seven, which will allow one representative to every seven members. Patterning from our political system, they separate themselves into seven sections, each of which shall have one representative on the board. As four members in a section are sufficient to elect, the whole board may represent but twenty-eight of them; and as four constitute a majority of the board, its course may be determined by the representatives of only sixteen of the members, — the remaining thirty-three hav-

ing voted against the four men who control the action of the board.

To make the supposition still more pertinent, let the company be given a political coloring. Suppose twenty-five of the members to be protectionists, and twenty-four of them free traders: the former, having the majority, make up the sections in such a way that one has six free traders and one protectionist, while the other six sections have each three free traders and four protectionists, which will result in the election of a board of management composed of one free trader and six protectionists. This order must remain until the free traders get a majority on the board. They may make converts among their opponents thus: The solitary protectionist may be won over, but though this action gives the free traders a majority of the members of the company, it does not alter the make-up of the board. In addition to this, the four protectionists in each of two other sections may be converted, but the others prove to be incorrigible. The free traders now have thirty-three members of the company, but they can elect only three representatives, and hence cannot control the action of the board. Of course, when they do get control, they are likely to reconstruct the sections in such a way that their opponents will be disfranchised. Thus it will be seen that, under a system fair and honest upon its face, it is possible for a faction to embrace 42.8 per cent of the members and yet have absolutely no representation; and it may grow to have 67.3 per cent of the membership without being able to get a majority of the representatives on the board.

That this hypothesis, gross and absurd as it appears, is not more extravagant than the fact may easily be demonstrated. The apportionment of 1880 gave to

Kansas seven representatives, which is at the rate of one for 14.3 voters in each hundred. In 1882, the Democrats of that State polled 32.2 votes of every hundred cast for Congressmen, but failed to elect one; in 1884, they mustered 37.2 votes of every hundred cast, but it availed them nothing; in 1886, they rolled up 40.3 votes of every hundred polled without breaking the solid Republican delegation; and in 1888, they polled 31.9 out of every hundred votes cast, with the same result. Not since Kansas was admitted to the Union have the Democrats of that State had a representative in Congress, though they have polled at the different elections from thirty to forty of every hundred votes cast. Minnesota tells the same story. There being five representatives from that State, twenty votes in each hundred should have one; but the Democrats, in 1882, cast 31.9 in every hundred, and in 1884, 40.9 in every hundred, without effect; in 1886, owing to the curious make-up of these same districts, they elected two representatives, with a vote of 38.8 in the hundred; in 1888, a vote of 41.2 in the hundred availed them nothing.

That this result is not due to climate, altitude, or the innate depravity of the Republicans, Kentucky or any other Democratic State can testify. In 1876, the Republicans of Kentucky polled 34.9 votes of every hundred cast for Congressmen, but failed to elect one of the ten Congressmen, though ten votes in the hundred should have been sufficient to elect one. The same party, in 1878, cast 28.7 votes of every hundred, without effect. Since that time the Republican vote has ranged from thirty-two to forty in the hundred, securing them sometimes two, but more often one representative. In 1890, the Republicans of Missouri polled 39.8 per cent of the total vote, but failed to elect one of the fourteen representatives from that State: almost forty out of every hundred men voting cast their ballots for Republican

candidates, and the whole was thrown away, though a trifle over seven in the hundred should have been sufficient to elect one. The Republicans of Indiana, in 1890, cast 45.8 votes in every hundred, and elected two of the thirteen Congressmen; 45.8 per cent of the vote secured them 7.6 per cent of the representation. In 1888, the same party in Michigan, with fifty per cent of the vote, had eighty-two per cent of the Congressmen; in 1890, it cast forty-five per cent of the votes, and got but twenty-seven per cent of the representation; with a loss of five per cent of the vote, the party lost fifty-five per cent of the representation.

It is needless, however, to multiply examples. State after State may be found where a party polling from forty to fifty per cent of the total vote cast is wholly unrepresented in Congress. There can be no question of the fact of legal disfranchisement. It must be borne in mind that these outrageous results are not due to ballot-box stuffing, "counting out," or intimidation; they are from the vote as cast and counted and returned without question. They come of the law, have their being in the law, and are perpetuated by the law.

The reason of this, as in the hypothetical case of the company, is to be found in the arbitrary division of the voters into districts. The remedy is to be found in abolishing the districts, and electing the representatives from the State at large by means of the quota system.

When Thomas Hare gave to the world the quota system, a method by means of which representation must always be in proportion to the votes cast, it was hailed by such publicists as John Stuart Mill as the long-dreamed-of ideal. But the ordinary mind is so limited and circumscribed that it is very slow to conceive of the perfect when the ideal appears in any form not absolutely simple, and for that reason, if for no other, Hare's the-

ory of proportional representation has not made the headway that Mill anticipated, and which of right it should have made. It is possible, however, by means of a slight modification of Hare's scheme, to secure the practical results of proportional representation, and, at the same time, have a plan so simple that all men may readily understand it, and one which will serve till the growth of popular intelligence has attained a stage admitting of the ideal.

With this method, any number of parties may put tickets in the field, and each ticket may contain any number of names up to the whole number to be chosen. The voter selects his party ticket, which he votes for as a whole, but designates thereon the candidate whom he desires most to see elected. When all the ballots cast in the State for Congressmen are counted, the whole number is divided by the number of representatives to which the State is entitled, which gives the quota or number of votes necessary to elect one. Each party vote is now divided by this quota, which gives the number of representatives to which it is entitled; the successful candidates being those who stand highest on their respective party tickets, as expressed by the voter when he cast his ballot.

The late congressional election in Missouri will serve as an illustration. The total vote for Congressmen was 463,043, which, being divided by fourteen, the number of representatives to which that State is entitled, gives a quota of 33,074. The Republicans polled 184,337, which, divided by 33,074 (the quota), gives five full quotas and a remainder of 18,967; the Democrats, having cast 253,736, have seven full quotas and a remainder of 22,218 votes; the United Labor party polled 23,492 votes. As there are still two representatives to be chosen, they will be taken from the parties having the largest unfilled quotas, the Democratic and United Labor parties. This gives a congressional delega-

tion of five Republicans, eight Democrats, and one United Labor man, instead of the fourteen Democrats, as at present, thanks to the political pens into which the minority parties are put to prevent their members from helping one another.

By means of this method, the voter may not only choose his party ticket with the full assurance that his vote will not be thrown away, but he may choose among the names which his party presents without in any way affecting the strength of his vote. And should none of the tickets in the field represent his ideas, he and his fellow-spirits may present one of their own; knowing that if they poll enough votes in the whole State to fill one quota, their candidate will be elected. The charge of complexity, which was so persistently urged against the Hare scheme by superficial critics, most certainly will not hold here; while a few years' experience with this simple and effective method will prepare the people for the more perfect scheme. Nor can the charge hold, at least in this country, in regard to Congressmen, that it sacrifices local representation. To tell the Kansas or Minnesota Republicans, or the Missouri or Texas Democrats, that, should the congressional districts be abolished, they would lose their local representation would be absurd. They might well ask what they had to do with representation of any kind. Besides that, if opportunity were given the people of the country to nominate and elect the truly representative men, as such a plan most certainly would, it would soon be found that the legitimate duties of Congressmen embraced the conservation of the people's rights as a whole, rather than the appointment of petty politicians to local offices, and the voting of improvements for rivers which the surveyors cannot find.

There are, as in the State of Kansas, instances where the members of the minority party, though it contains a large

part of the total number of voters, are distributed so evenly among the congressional districts as to be rendered absolutely helpless. They have no more hope of being represented in the Congress at Washington than if they had no vote at all; they have but the shadow of political liberty, — the substance being denied them as much as it is the Russian peasant or the Indian ryot. The evil results of such a political system extend in two directions. In most of the congressional districts, one party or the other has such a clear majority that the minority parties have absolutely no hope of defeating it, and their members take little interest in elections. Conscious of the fact that the election was decided when the district was laid out, the legally disfranchised voters are soon thrown into that state of mind which bodes no good to the permanency of our political institutions, — the conviction that might makes right. The certainty of success, when long continued, no less than foregone defeat, is a cause of apathy; and the carelessness of election day soon extends to the primaries, where the real elections are now decided. Having crushed the spirit of political activity by certain defeat on the one hand, and lulled it to sleep by assured success on the other, the present system offers golden opportunities for the professional politicians, of which they are not slow to avail themselves. Not only may these delectable public servants so construct congressional districts that the minority party of the time shall be disfranchised, but they may make them up in such a way that the two principal parties shall be evenly divided, and thus the balance of power be thrown into the hands of a small number of voters, bound together, it may be, by fanaticism or a mutual desire for plunder. In such a case, the tyranny of the majority makes way for that of a small minority.

Legal disfranchisement is equally bad in its effects upon the representatives.

They are seldom men who appeal to the better judgment of the public for approval, but rather such as can manipulate the majority party in any given district. Public apathy leaving, as it does, the nominations of candidates in the control of the "rings" and "machines," these conscienceless mechanical contrivances naturally name such as will best serve their interests. Moral and intellectual worth are useless as political factors, unless coupled with the power to crush the "machine" or the willingness to bow to its dictation. A premium is put upon mediocrity; a reward is offered for dishonesty.

Suppose now the introduction of the system of proportional representation, as suggested. To begin with, the districts are abolished, leaving the voter in any part of the State free to combine with his fellows in all other parts of the State. Every man votes for Congressmen, and every vote counts; there are no permanently disfranchised voters; there are none even temporarily disfranchised. Every citizen is conscious of the fact that the last representative on the list may be chosen by a single vote, and will make it a point to see that all his friends vote. There will be no despair from fore-ordained defeat; there will be no over-confidence from the certainty of victory. The state delegations will represent the parties and the people in the exact proportion of the votes cast. As the voter is freed from the necessity of voting for a certain man and party, or "throwing away" his vote, and may pick and choose in the political field, better men will be named as candidates for his approval. If one party does not present men of character, another may; if none of the old parties do, an independent one will. We shall not then witness the spectacle of a body of men deeply imbued with principle leading the forlorn hope, and voting year after year without avail, simply because their numbers are scattered about the State in a dozen or twenty congres-

sional districts. They will have representation as soon as they have votes enough to fill one quota. The very fact that an independent ticket can so easily be put in the field, and with such hopes of success, will have a tendency to purify the dominant parties, and render such action largely unnecessary.

Upon Independence Day, and upon all national *fête* days, the air is laden with appeals for purer patriotism, for greater public spirit. But of what avail are such words when addressed to the permanently and legally disfranchised voters of whom Garfield spoke, and who are to be found in hundreds of districts throughout the country? What does it matter to the Democrats of Minnesota or the Republicans of Texas how patriotic and public-spirited they may be? They have absolutely no means of giving expression to their ideas of national polity; as for having any part in the choice of members of Congress, they might as well be in equatorial Africa. Few men have the moral stamina to maintain a protracted fight for principle; practical results must be forthcoming, or they will turn their attention in other directions. When the voter has been supplied with the best possible tools, and fails to use them well, he may be censured; but so long as he must use tools which, from their very nature, render it utterly impossible for him to perform his work, no matter what his will and in-

telligence may be, he is not responsible for the failure. In 1888, the Democrats polled in the thirteen States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska forty-one per cent of the vote, but secured only 13.8 per cent of the representatives: they got but thirteen Congressmen when their vote entitled them to forty-one. In 1890, the Republicans of the thirteen States of New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin polled forty-one per cent of the vote, and got ten per cent of the representatives: they got twelve Congressmen when their vote entitled them to forty-eight. In 1888, the Democrats of the seven States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska polled 38.5 per cent of the total vote for Congressmen without electing one: they got no representatives at all, though their vote entitled them to ten.

This is not representation; it is the grossest misrepresentation. It is a flat denial of the very rights guaranteed us in the Constitution; it is an outrage upon simple justice and common sense; and to permit its continuance, when so complete and perfect a remedy as proportional representation is at hand, is nothing less than a crime.

LITERATURE AND THE MINISTRY.

As the ministerial vocation lies mainly within its borders, we should naturally expect that literature would occupy a prominent place in the curriculum of theological schools. Yet, so far from setting any particular value upon it for their purposes, these schools not only fail

to include it in their own schemes of study, but they manifest little interest or concern in regard to the previous literary training of their students. Perhaps there is no better illustration of the spirit and policy dominant among them than the professional uses to which they put the

Bible. By general consent, it contains some of the most extraordinary prose and poetry in the world; but for all that, ignoring the man of letters, they practically give the book over into the hands of the historian, the philologist, and the theologian.

This discrimination against literature is certainly a matter which requires explanation. In the case of the Bible certain theories of inspiration may be partly responsible for it, though it is difficult to see how even the most conservative of them necessitate anything of the sort. Cardinal Newman, for example, held that the divine afflatus sometimes took such complete possession of the sacred writers as to convert them into mere passive channels of communication. Occasional passages, of which the first chapter in the gospel of St. John furnishes an instance, he did indeed refuse to call literature. He put them into the category of science, because they were supposed to deal with facts rather than with ideas. Yet, notwithstanding the presence of these so-called scientific elements, he never dreamed of considering the Bible anything else than literature, and that "in as real and true a sense, as personal, as rich in emotion and reflection, as Demosthenes and Euripides." But the hostile influences that may be fairly attributed to old-school doctrines of inspiration affect only the Scriptures, and do not account for the neglect of literature in general as an instrument of ministerial training. What is the distrust — for distrust there must have been — which has thrust it so completely into the background?

John Locke, to whom the cause of education is under lasting obligations, expresses the opinion, in one of his posthumous essays, that converse with books "is not the principal part of study." While he does not explain his views so fully and clearly as we could wish, he seems to question the relative efficiency of literature in educational work. Per-

haps his position is not essentially different from that of Professor Freeman, of Oxford, who contends that it should not form any part at all of university study, unless pursued in connection with philology and history. He does not leave us in doubt concerning his reasons for this harsh judgment. They all take their rise in his favorite doctrine that sentiment, not fact, is the province of literature. The inference is not far to seek, that in subjects of this character, which are chiefly matters of taste, and hence involve endless differences of opinion, the student may successfully teach himself.

This conception of literature, as I shall hope to show in the sequel, is inadequate and misleading. "Sentiment" is altogether too scant a word to embrace its total contents. The whole history of books discredits the supposition that it is self-interpretative to a degree which renders exposition and illustration superfluous. The delays, the indifference and positive hostility which genius has encountered are an old and familiar story. Even the spacious times of the great Elizabeth mistook writers of the first rank for "unlearned idiots . . . who endeavor continually to publish their folly," and sent them for shrift to St. Fool's. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were in no haste to appreciate men who have since become their chief glory. It is a mistake to suppose that the critic has no vocation other than carrying coals to Newcastle. The present drift of opinion in educational circles, instead of confirming the opinion that instruction is of little consequence in literature, sets strongly toward the conviction that in no other subject is it of more importance. At all events, the outcome of *laissez-faire* theories has been sufficiently unsatisfactory.

Another explanation of the indifference with which professional schools of theology have regarded the study of literature is that it tends to create a

visionary habit and temper of mind; that it blunts the practical energies, and consequently disqualifies men for taking their proper place in a bustling, workaday world. This phase of the indictment, although it has had considerable vogue of late, is by no means new. John Lyly states it after his peculiar fashion when old Cassander gravely tells Euphues that those "who give themselves to be bookish are often so blockish that they forget thrift." The operations of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching in England have shown that this apprehension exists among the middle and the laboring classes. In the work of this society, literary courses have commonly suffered when brought into competition with others which are thought to have immediate connection with bread-winning. These men and women readily appreciate the relation of science to practical affairs, nor is it difficult for them to see that history, political economy, and sociology have direct and helpful relations to their personal welfare. Literature stands, in their judgment, upon a quite different footing. They not only regard it as a luxury rather than a utility, but they have a suspicion that, if meddled with very much, it might unfit them for their craft.

The questions that have been raised are doubtless questions of fact, and some may think that they can be readily settled by a little scientific investigation. Four or five years ago, John Morley met the charge that the study of literature makes men unpractical by insisting that it was "ludicrously untrue" in reference to the existing government of England. "Some of the most sagacious men in the country," he continued, "are the most accomplished bookmen."

By examining the published sermons of successful preachers we should doubtless be able to determine with more or less confidence whether literature had been a chief nourisher of their genius. Take Jeremy Taylor, sometimes called

the Shakespeare of the pulpit. The sources of his inspiration are not doubtful. In spite of the vicissitudes of his troubled career, he managed to read all the important publications of the day. If he did not neglect the soberer writers, neither was he indifferent to Robert Greene or Mademoiselle de Scudéri. Like Petrarch, he might have fitly died with his head on a book. Scarcely less were the obligations to literature of another great preacher, Robertson of Brighton. So conscious was he of its beneficent power in his own experience that he urged the reading of poetry upon the workingmen of his parish, as at once a powerful nepenthe,

"Which can commute a sentence of sore pain
For one of softer sadness,"

and an inspiration which could lift them into the higher moods of living. No one who is familiar with the remarkable sermons of the late Canon Liddon will have failed to observe that only a man of letters could have written them. If there should be appeal from the discourses of clergymen to the testimony of laymen, I should be inclined to quote the opinion of Thomas Nash, which deserves whatever attention the conclusions of a keen, observant Elizabethan may happen to be worth. "How admirably shine those divines above the common mediocrity," he exclaims, "that have tasted the sweet springs of Parnassus!"

We cannot expect, however, that this line of inquiry will lead to decisive results, since, as we have seen, literature has never been a substantial factor in the process of ministerial training. Inasmuch as satisfactory data of this sort do not exist, we are compelled to resort to *a priori* methods, to attempt some analysis of its principal constituents, before we can speak very definitely or confidently.

The question What is literature? does not involve any serious difficulties. It is a matter upon which scholars are in

the main agreed. They would hardly quarrel with a recent writer who says that it "consists of all the books — and they are not so many — where moral truth and human passion are touched by a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form." Shelley's description of poetry, as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best men," strikes the same key, and fits prose, especially of the imaginative sort which Walter Pater calls "the special and opportune art of the modern world," quite as happily as it fits poetry. Now if clergymen should happen to be "hard sitters" at those greater books which contain the noblest thought, emotion, and speech of men worthy to represent their kind, and which we call literature, what then?

It is plain at the outset that the study of these books involves a consideration of the gravest problems of theology. No theories of the Bible and of its relations to the church which promise to have much currency in our day will diminish the importance of this investigation. If literature is, in any adequate sense, a definition of man, — and such is the import of the descriptions of it which have been quoted, — it cannot pass by that very perplexing subject, the philosophy of life. The most casual examination shows that it does not pass by this question. On the contrary, ethical and religious problems largely furnish its materials of perennial interest. In our own literature, the ebb and flow of spiritual forces are distinctly traceable from the times of Chaucer onwards. Taine does not hesitate to say that it is impossible to consider religion and poetry separately, and speaks of that serious poem which in England is called religion. Doubtless our bards often sing as the linnets sing, but their prevailing strain is of another type. No theme appears to attract them so strongly and so constantly as that ancient matter of justifying the ways of God to men. In

the present century, not to speak of other times, they have given much attention to contemporary religious problems. The poetry of Browning wrestles with questions like the origin of evil, the relation of knowledge to morality, and the immortality of the soul. A deep, comprehensive optimism pervades it, — an optimism which dared to look on

"Brow-furrowed old age, youth's hollow cheek, —

Diseased in body, sick in soul,

Pinched poverty, satiated wealth, — your whole

Array of despairs,"

and which survived the tremendous ordeal. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, his *Palace of Art*, and *Two Voices* cover large tracts of modern doubt and perplexity. Clough shows an almost morbid eagerness to tear off disguises and break through conventionalities, in order to reach the simple, unalloyed truth. Shelley flew in the face of the church and theology, yet he did not always escape from the control of some higher and mysterious inspiration which overmastered his avowed purposes, so that, like the baffled prophet from Pethor, he spoke a message that the Lord put into his mouth.

But elaborate details are unnecessary, since "the pale cast of thought" is on the verse of our century. The services of the poetic intuition as a medium for the discovery and illustration of truth are so obvious as to save us the necessity of appeal to argument. These services have been conspicuous not only in the genesis of all the great religions, but also in the interpretation of nature and history. This intuition disclosed to Wordsworth the spiritual aspects of the external world; to Scott a fascinating and forgotten world buried beneath the rubbish of mediæval chronicles; to the Hebrew prophets the vision of God as all and in all. For our present purposes it is only necessary to call attention to these extraordinary achievements of the

poetic intuition, without attempting to lay bare the sources of its power, or to institute any comparison between it and the reflective processes. The philosopher reaches his conclusions through investigation and argument; his main resource is the critical faculty, which must fail to exhaust reality, because the spiritual life is so rich and complex "that we can never, by means of reflection, lift into clear consciousness all the elements that enter into it." On the other hand, the poet is at his best, not when he argues and tries to demonstrate, but when he yields himself wholly to the moods and inspirations of a direct vision. The poorest pages in Browning's poetry are those which he gives over to formal discussion. If they were expunged, there would be no great loss. In general, it may be said that while art and philosophy pursue different methods, while each has advantages peculiar to itself, yet as both aim at "a thinking of things together," as both strive "to interpret the world in terms of spirit," the suggestion that the distinction between them is not so radical and exclusive as has been commonly supposed may be worthy of consideration.

We should expect, therefore, waiving the question of a special divine communication to men through the medium of certain books, that literature would now and then be the source of important theological movements. The religious agitations which marked the first sixty years of the nineteenth century in England furnish an interesting illustration of this tendency. Philosophers and theologians, it is true, both had a hand in them, — effects of such magnitude generally spring from a great variety of causes, — but the leadership fell to men of letters. Coleridge belonged to all these guilds, yet, into whatever field he may have ventured, he never ceased to be a poet. Of Carlyle the same thing may be said, with a difference. He was hardly less a creature of the imagination than the man

who sat on Highgate Hill. No more magnificent raw material of poetry has been written in the Victorian era than lies scattered over the pages of Sartor Resartus. In Newman and Kingsley literary gifts predominated over all others, while *The Christian Year* of Keble has become a classic. During the last twenty-five years, although the charge that he was a little too much at ease in Zion for an undoubted prophet might perhaps be sustained, no one has done so much to modify and harmonize theological sentiment as Matthew Arnold, a typical man of letters.

In this connection much might be said, and possibly something ought to be said, in reference to the resources of knowledge which we find in literature. The relations which it sustains to theology would seem to indicate that they are large and important. Naturally they will be less in poetry than in prose. But, according to one of the best known descriptions of it, poetry is a criticism of life, and that, to be worth anything, cannot forego knowledge. Or if we prefer to say that "the final test of greatness in a poet is his adequacy to human nature," we imply that all the constituents of it, the grosser and denser not less than the more imponderable, appear in his verse. It is astonishing that men like Professor Freeman should depreciate literature in comparison with history or philology, on the ground that it is out of touch with facts. If there is any truth in what has been said, they cannot be wholly absent even from its most sublimated products. In certain departments of it the element of realism has been very noticeable. Thackeray used to say that Tom Jones and Roderick Random surpassed all the formal histories as a mirror of eighteenth-century society. What is more, since it may involve a writer in serious difficulty if he should tell the truth of contemporaries, or even of the dead, the novel appears to be the only available source of information in

respect to certain matters of history and sociology.

But it is not in their more material and tangible elements that we find the supreme distinction of great books. The life is ever more than meat,—to rouse and inspire a higher service than to swell the stores of information. If it be asked, in view of these superior functions of literature, what special contributions to the furnishing of clergymen may be anticipated from familiarity with it, I make haste to say that it is a sovereign antidote to provincialism. Intellectual and spiritual breadth does not imply uncertainty or laxity of opinion. If it should lead to indifferentism, if it should melt into a confused mass the sharp outlines of conviction, the less we have of it the better. But we have no reason to anticipate evil consequences of that kind. Literary study certainly tends to establish and fortify definite lines of opinion: and, what is more, it does this with due regard to the laws of proportion. The vice of provincialism is that it ignores perspective, isolates men and things from their natural environment, and, as a result, inevitably falls into gross misconceptions. That great progress has been made in mental enfranchisement will be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to compare the present century with the seventeenth or even the eighteenth, when, to take a single illustration, the highest historic generalization divided the record of mankind into two great sections, one of which was called sacred, and the other profane. We have abandoned this crude philosophy, as we now see that it breaks the unity of human life, restricts the providence of God, and sets religion at odds with reason, if not with morality itself. Literature promotes habits and conditions of mind that exclude provincialism, not so much by virtue of its accumulations of knowledge, however useful they may be, as by bringing men directly into the presence of great thoughts and emotions,

which are at once its supreme distinction and capital factors of human progress. No one, for example, can read the six essays of Dr. Johnson selected by Matthew Arnold out of the original half hundred, or the speeches of Burke on American topics, without feeling that his mental horizon has been definitely enlarged,—that he sees things in juster relations and proportions. Such reading will communicate whatever breadth of view, whatever insight into the past and present, into the problems of social and religious life, may be gained from association with representative men of the race.

Nor will this intimacy be confined to the actual people of history. Books themselves, simply as books, may share in it. Leigh Hunt says that he once saw Charles Lamb give Chapman's Homer a kiss, and that there did not seem to be anything extravagant or unnatural in the act. But more frequently it is rather the people who live in books—in the fiction of the novelist or the verse of the poet—who attract us. Indeed, our closest friendships may be with these visionary folk. We sometimes feel that they are the most authentic men and women within the range of our knowledge,—feel like the old monk of the Escorial who came to regard the figures which looked out from the canvas of Titian's Last Supper as substantial realities, while the shifting throngs that stared at them and talked about them, in their wanderings through the palace, appeared to be fleeting shadows. The people of literature have a fullness and range of life which those whose being is bounded by the colors of the painter cannot attain. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of their services to the world,—services which the people of flesh and blood have scarcely surpassed. However we may explain the secret of this power,—whether it may arise in part from the fact that they are not literal reproductions of living men

and women, but creatures of the imagination, freed from all that is local or individual, and therefore exponents of elementary and universal principles of human nature, — we shall not be disposed to question its wonderful scope and persistence. Out of the hopes and fears, the victories and defeats, of his struggle against arbitrary power the Prometheus of Æschylus still speaks audibly to these later times. Bunyan's Christian walks among us with as firm and veritable a tread as St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis. For three hundred years what eager audience has there been for my lord Hamlet, — what profound admiration of his genius, what patient exploration of the great mystery that darkens his life!

It is in connection with this phase of the subject that the unwasting vitality of literature appears in a very striking light. He who said that "the art of printing is the most miraculous of all things man ever devised" spoke the sober truth. It has discovered the secret of immortal youth. Age hath not dimmed the purity of Christabel, nor custom staled the visionary charm of Genevieve. Chaucer's pilgrims are quite as fresh and expectant as on the day when they gathered at the Tabard for their expedition to Canterbury. This art of printing annihilates time and space, even, and makes all generations contemporaries. If we open the pages of Homer, we are transplanted in an instant of time into the earlier world: the Trojan war still rages before wind-swept Ilium, the wrath of Achilles still burns, funeral strains still rise out of the grave of Hector, the tamer of horses. Not only has the vitality of books continued undiminished, in many cases, for centuries, but when we look forward and scan the future, no signs of approaching exhaustion are visible. "We can fancy Shakespeare," said Carlyle, "as radiant over all the nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence."

We commonly associate fervor with youth. May we expect that the study of literature will kindle enthusiasm in the ministrations of the pulpit? Will it touch the hearts of clergymen as with a live coal from the altar? I have alluded to the impression rife in some quarters that it spoils men for affairs. The impression has also been abroad that it is destructive to fervor. Festus said that books made Paul mad; in later times they have been thought to make preachers dull. But if intimacy with them has any necessary or even probable consequence of this character, it is very singular. Such a result would seem to be in defiance of all recognized laws of cause and effect. We found no blight of dullness on the sermons of the preachers already mentioned. The great divines of the Reformation "lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato," and suffered little loss of vivacity. John Howe's familiarity with Spinoza and Descartes did not kill his unction. Richard Baxter somewhere enumerates the grammarians, mathematicians, physicists, philosophers, and theologians whom he studied, but he could write, nevertheless, the impassioned Call to the Unconverted. In place of viewing even technical learning with suspicion, as if somehow it would chill the sensibilities and lower the average of spiritual temperature, clergymen may well incorporate into the liturgy of their private devotions the petition of an ancient bishop, — "Lord, send me learning enough that I may preach plain enough."

I can indeed understand how exclusive intimacy with the intellectual side of books might have unfortunate consequences. As Mr. Emerson has remarked, the intellect is cool, and if there were nothing else in books it would seriously impair their usefulness. But there are in them other and greater constituents. The professor of homiletics who said that they are for the brain uttered a very mischievous half-truth.

Mr. Ruskin has spoken with a keener, more trustworthy insight. After entering into their thoughts, he declares that you have this higher advance to make, — “you have to enter into their hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their great and mighty passion.” Hence he contends that it is more important to feel with them what is right than to learn from them what is right. Clergymen who have experienced something of this “great and mighty passion” will not find that it raises barriers between them and their flocks. Nay, it is rather the mysterious power whose touch makes the whole world kin.

But, whatever else familiarity with literature may do for the ministry, will it not after all have a tendency to blunt the ethical sensibilities? We must admit that books, as Professor Masson puts it, have given an uncomfortable prominence to the back of the head. The wickedness which is in the world has powerfully affected them. Still, this state of things ought not to surprise us. If they deal truthfully and adequately with life, it is inevitable. Yet it can no longer be regarded as an open question — and this fact is a conclusive answer to all cavils on the score of morality — that vicious books are destined to extinction. “If any one thing is proved by the whole history of literature down to the present time,” says Symonds, “it is that the self-preservative instinct of humanity rejects such art as does not contribute to its intellectual nutrition or moral sustenance.” A constant process of fermentation is in operation by which all vicious and unwholesome elements are thrown off. Within certain limits, the good and evil of literature, it must not be forgotten, are relative, — incidents in the great historic movements of social evolution. What one age considers proper enough, to the next may appear intolerable. None of the devout and,

according to contemporary standards, refined ladies to whom Cowper read the life of Mr. Jonathan Wild appear to have been made uncomfortable by the performance. Dryden and the Restoration dramatists would scarcely get the same reception to-day that the seventeenth century accorded them. If the Elizabethan Marston were to write for the present generation, he would need to reform his ethics altogether. However brilliant “the rhetoric of Satan” may be, the time comes, sooner or later, when its charm is gone. So we find that the field of authors who once had great vogue is constantly lessening, and in the inevitable course of events must completely disappear.

Yet it is not so much the presence of evil in books as the temper of the writer who deals with it that determines the character of their influence. If the writer is sincere, if his presentation of sin “contains the thrill of pain which touches and teaches,” they cannot fairly be called immoral. In Shakespeare there are plenty of coarse passages, but they spread no infection through his plays. His undoubted moral intuition, which is never absent, saves him. The evil which we find in his pages is not there on its own account, — it affords a background upon which virtue is the more effectively set forth. Our appreciation of Cordelia would be less complete were it not for the ugly figures of Goneril and Regan. The coarseness of Caliban and Trinculo brings out with wonderful effect the spiritual ideality of Prospero and Miranda. Without the presence of Falstaff and of his riotous crew we should fail to take the full measure of Shakespeare’s favorite hero, Henry V. Admirers of the Italian Machiavelli maintain that in art and knowledge of human nature he rivals the great English dramatist; but unworthy conceptions of life and an evident relish for the baser side of it taint all the creations of his genius, and exclude

him irrevocably from the company of immortals. The spokesmen of the race must take service in the cause of truth and purity; and that any class of men

who aspire to be ethical and religious teachers should suppose that they can afford to neglect their words is passing strange.

Leverett W. Spring.

LOUNSBURY'S STUDIES IN CHAUCER.

INTO eight monographs, contained in three large and beautifully printed volumes,¹ Professor Lounsbury has gathered the fruits of his long devotion to Chaucer. The modest title, *Studies*, is no index to the riches or the attractiveness of this book, which is not only indispensable to the scholar henceforth, — that was to be expected, — but is of unusual interest to the general reader. Mr. Lounsbury's style has a peculiar charm: it is brilliant without overfinish, it abounds in humor, and it shows a decided turn for epigram. He takes his time, but is never long-winded. One sees so many rough-and-ready compendiums nowadays that it is refreshing to meet with a writer who will not be bullied into unseemly hurry.

The first and second chapters are closely related, and, taken together, make up Mr. Lounsbury's life of Chaucer, — the best, beyond a doubt, that has yet been written. New facts were scarcely to be expected. A careful sifting of the accumulated material, however, with an appreciation of the hypotheses with which Chaucerians have eked out our scanty information, had become imperative.

In this arduous and delicate investigation Mr. Lounsbury has shown both judgment and acumen. Five moot points will at once occur to everybody who is familiar with the literary controversies of the last twenty or thirty years. —

the date of Chaucer's birth, his relation to Thomas Chaucer, his supposed meeting with Petrarch, the case of Cecilia Champaigne, and the history of his early love. For the date of Chaucer's birth Mr. Lounsbury prefers to 1340 some year between 1331 and 1335, basing his opinion on certain passages in the works of the poet and of his contemporaries, which do not, after all, seem quite conclusive. Yet the earlier date is far from unreasonable. The Petrarch question is examined without sentiment, and with a keen feeling for the humors of the situation. Professor Skeat's dictum that to deny the meeting is to charge Chaucer with "deliberate and unnecessary falsehood" is treated with as much leniency as it deserves. As to Thomas Chaucer, Mr. Lounsbury decides that the weight of evidence is distinctly in favor of his being the poet's son, and to this all sober reasoners will subscribe. The disagreeable guess elaborated by Mrs. Haweis is not even alluded to. The Champaigne affair is discussed with great good sense, and felicitously illustrated by an appeal to the manners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Particularly happy is the criticism of that sad pageant of unrequited affection which the ingenuity of scholars has constructed out of shreds and patches of Chaucer's poetry, — a tragedy in which Chaucer is made to play the pale complexion of true love, and a high-born lady, fair but unapproachable.

¹ *Studies in Chaucer. His Life and Writings.* By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale

University. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

enacts the red glow of scorn. This criticism is included in the second biographical chapter, *The Chaucer Legend*; for that is the limbo to which the author has banished "all things transitory and vain" that have exercised the pens of theorists. The whole chapter, we need hardly add, is highly diverting. One regrets only that the latest German suggestion, which identifies the hard-hearted mistress for whom Chaucer languished with "die Freigebigkeit" of the Duchess Blanche of Lancaster, did not appear in time to receive due honor in this essay.

The first chapter closes with a capital commentary on Chaucer's ability in practical affairs, — a subject about which we have a right to draw inferences, but which has been pretty well neglected by his biographers.

In *The Text of Chaucer* (chapter iii.) Mr. Lounsbury speaks to laymen rather than to specialists; yet even the most advanced student will find his specimens of manuscript corruption useful, and his notices of the early editions exceedingly convenient. The gradual deterioration and the slow restoration of the text are traced with perspicuity; and to the whole of what is usually regarded as a sufficiently arid subject the charm of the author's style and the titillation of his humor lend an attractiveness which philologists have not usually thought fit to impart to their lucubrations. To Tyrwhitt Mr. Lounsbury is liberal of praise, though not beyond desert; to Thomas Wright he is something less than just. The odd notions of Chaucer's verse prevalent as late as the middle of the present century are described, and due credit is given to Professor Child for investigating, for the first time scientifically, the leading phenomena of Chaucerian grammar and metre. An account of the labors of Dr. Furnivall, and a sketch of what remains to be done in elucidation of Chaucer, bring the chapter to a close. Despite its

excellence, the essay is not free from questionable statements and inferences. The most striking is, perhaps, the attempt to justify the Ellesmere reading in a famous couplet in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, where, to our thinking, the rejection of the vulgate would deprive us of a delightful bit of characteristic humor. Of less moment, although not without significance in view of arguments subsequently used to support the doubtful thesis that Chaucer is responsible for the extant English translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, is the assertion that "there must have been" in Caxton's time "a body of students who recognized the existence of corruptions in the copies, and were laudably interested in preserving the text of the poet in its purity." This may be true, but it is scarcely a warrantable inference from Caxton's words, which indicate merely the existence of a body of intelligent and enthusiastic readers, — quite a different thing. The misprint "1513" for "1413" occurs twice in this chapter (pages 240, 341), to enforce what Mr. Lounsbury says about the difficulty of attaining typographical accuracy.

The essay on the Writings of Chaucer (chapter iv.) deals with the higher criticism, attempting to separate from the genuine works of the poet the many pieces ascribed to him by the ignorant zeal of the earlier editors. To this end, much space is given to a minute scrutiny of those "internal" criteria on which scholars have come to rely in such a process. A long excursus on the authorship of the English *Romaunt of the Rose* forms a sort of appendix. With regard to all the other apocrypha, Mr. Lounsbury's judgment agrees with that of most modern scholars. As to the *Romaunt*, however, he is flatly opposed to the prevailing view; for he is convinced that Chaucer is the author of the whole of the fragmentary version that long went under his name. He is led into this position by considerations of style, his chief doc-

ument being a large collection of parallel passages. Though fully aware of the difficulties in the way of his theory, — difficulties which most students regard as insuperable, — he believes that the grammatical, metrical, and dialectic tests cannot hold their ground against his proofs. To discuss fully Mr. Lounsbury's extraordinarily clever argument would carry us into technical details for which we have no room, and for which this is not the proper place. We are satisfied, however, that all his affirmative arguments can be met, and that he has in no wise vacated the all but conclusive evidence on the other side. His parallel passages, on which he is almost ready to rest his case, can in very many instances be themselves paralleled from the metrical romances, and the stylistic and philological evidence which he adduces is in many respects untrustworthy. An example or two will illustrate what seem to us his errors in matters of detail. *Smitted* (Troilus, v. 1545) may well be from *smitten*, to pollute, to disgrace: there is then no irregularity, and the form is useless for Mr. Lounsbury's purpose. Again, it is unsafe to assert that *houne* (Troilus, iv. 210) is the same as *hound*, unless *here*, in the same line, can be satisfactorily accounted for, and this has not yet been done. *Shortly to tell*, which is said not to occur in Gower, is found in the *Confessio Amantis* at least twice. Such tautological turns of phrase as "ful pale and nothing red," to which Mr. Lounsbury seems disposed to attach importance, are met with again and again in Gower and in the romances. *If I may*, in the sense of *if I can help it*, is, in one of the cases in which it is found in the *Romaunt*, a mere translation of *si je puis*: this is enough to destroy its demonstrative force, even if it did not occur elsewhere (as it does, for example, twice in *Yvain* and *Gawain*). It is useless to compare "Although he sought oon intyl Inde" with "Though that I walked into Inde" when Havelok the Dane contains

the line, "Thou [= though] I southe hethen into Ynde." But enough of this.

In one instance Mr. Lounsbury has suffered his enthusiasm to get the better of the fairness with which he usually treats his opponents in this debate. One of the proofs that the English *Romaunt* as we have it is the work of more than one hand is the fact that an important personage in the allegory is called "Bial-Acoil" in one part of the poem, "Fair - Welcoming" in the rest. This argument Mr. Lounsbury dismisses with contempt that is almost ludicrous. "Sadly hampered would a poet be if he were not at liberty to use equivalent expressions, either when the necessities of the verse demanded it, or when, after using one form, he settled upon another that recommended itself, for any reason, to his taste. . . . In the general Prologue, [Chaucer] speaks of the Reeve's horse as 'all pomely gray.' In the prologue to the Canon's Yeoman's Tale, the horse of the Canon who overtook the party is 'all pomely grys.' As if this were not enough, the steed that Sir Thopas bestrode was 'all dapple gray.' Here we have three ways of stating the same thing. Does any one seriously think of maintaining that these differences of phraseology suggest in the slightest degree difference of authorship?" Another question: Does any one seriously think that, by showing that Chaucer used three different words to describe a dapple-gray horse (or rather, three dapple-gray horses!), Mr. Lounsbury has in the slightest degree answered an argument based on the variety of names given to a single character in the *Romaunt*? Far be it from us to wish to restrict genius in the exercise of its reasonable privileges; but surely liberty becomes license when an author is to be allowed to vary at will the names of his *dramatis personæ*. We should surely have a right to complain if a German translator of Henry IV. indulged his dislike for sameness by

calling the hostess of the Boar's Head "Dame Quickly" or "Frau Hurtig" indifferently, and it might dizzy the arithmetic of memory if we were obliged to greet the same man in the same poem now as "Fortinbras" and now as "Johnie Armstrong."

A long monograph of over two hundred and fifty pages on the Learning of Chaucer follows the excursus just commented on. This is one of the most valuable parts of the work. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the solid acquirements and the expository talent which it displays. It exhausts the subject without tiring the reader. We can mention but a point here and there. Mr. Lounsbury is clearly right in denying that the House of Fame is a travesty of the Divine Comedy, or can be identified with the Dante in English of Lydgate's catalogue. His opinions on Chaucer's relations to Boccaccio and Petrarch will provoke digladiation. There is no evidence, he maintains, that Chaucer ever read a line of the Decamerone. This statement is so opposed to current beliefs that we must expect to see it assailed with passion. It is true, notwithstanding. The remark that Chaucer owed to this work the plan of his Canterbury Tales continues to be made in every new history of English literature, though the latest worker in that field, Professor Brandl, in Paul's Grundriss, has had the caution to employ a qualifying "*wohl*." Yet so great a genius as Chaucer, as Mr. Lounsbury reminds us, might well have hit upon the idea of having people tell stories, — for in that point alone are the plans of the two works alike, — without consultation with Boccaccio. The "Lollius" puzzle tempts Mr. Lounsbury into an ingenious but highly improbable theory. He suggests that those works of Boccaccio which Chaucer unquestionably knew (the Filostrato, for example) were supposed by him to be works of Petrarch, and that by "Lollius" Petrarch is always and

everywhere meant. But this is *difficile per difficilius*. The influence of French literature on Chaucer is traced with discrimination. It is to be hoped that this part of the book will meet the eye of Mr. Churton Collins, who, in a recent much-commended polemic, On the Study of English Literature, has not shrunk from declaring that "the fathers of Chaucer" were "Boccaccio, the authors of the Roman de la Rose, Machault, Granson, Froissart." Acquaintance with Horace and Livy, Mr. Lounsbury is inclined to think, Chaucer had none. The Doctor's Tale is no proof that he knew the story of Virginia in the Latin form, for the details of the narrative show that he drew directly from the Roman de la Rose.

The most serious defect in this otherwise admirable chapter is the very inadequate treatment of Chaucer's obligations to the metrical romances. Sir Thopas has always been allowed to have too much weight in this question. Chaucer satirizes one class of the romances, not all classes; for there were good romances and bad in the fourteenth century, as there are good and bad novels in the nineteenth. That Chaucer enjoyed the best of them would be *a priori* extremely probable: their excellences, the existence of which Mr. Lounsbury is too hasty in refusing to recognize, were of a kind to appeal to him. Indeed, he must have had a kindness for the poorest of them. The satire of the Thopas is rather that of a man who is indulging in raillery at the amiable weaknesses of his friends than of a man who is branding the despicable follies of the objects of his literary antipathy. It is as reasonable to argue from Rebecca and Rowena that Thackeray had no liking for Ivanhoe as to argue from Sir Thopas that Chaucer had no liking for Beves of Hampton or Guy of Warwick. At all events, the style of Chaucer shows the plainest marks of the influence of the romances. He uses their phraseology

and their formulæ with freedom, and apparently with satisfaction; and indeed a considerable number of the parallel passages which Mr. Lounsbury has collected in a previous chapter, to prove that Chaucer and the translator of the *Roman de la Rose* were one and the same person, are destitute of all value as evidence simply because they are literary commonplaces derived from these compositions. It is odd to find Mr. Lounsbury appealing to the language of the Nun's Priest to prove that Chaucer had no respect for "the book of Launcelot de Lake." To say nothing of the fun of the passage in question, it is dangerous to gauge Chaucer's sentiments by those of the Nun's Priest.

The essay on Chaucer's Relation to the Religion of his Time, which takes up the more original part of the next chapter, — for that portion of the chapter which deals with Chaucer's relation to the English language, though useful and generally sound, does not pretend to contain anything new, — is in some ways in striking contrast with the rest of the *Studies*. It exhibits Mr. Lounsbury in the character of a special pleader, not in the character of a judicial critic. The main thesis is that the poet, though not a Wycliffite, was so affected by the religious and political agitations of the times that he yielded to the impulses of his naturally skeptical spirit and grew less and less an orthodox Christian as he grew older, till he came at last to question the fundamental articles of the faith. In a word, an attempt is made to approximate the attitude of Chaucer in his riper years to that of "the modern agnostic." That there may possibly be some truth in this view few will deny. That the poetical passages which Mr. Lounsbury brings forward as evidence substantially support it we cannot admit. This is notably the case with regard to the opening lines of the Prologue to *The Legend of Good Women*, on which Mr. Lounsbury lays great stress. So far are these from

bearing the meaning which he wishes to attach to them that a friend suggests that they might well have been used by Dean Mansel as a motto for his famous Bampton Lectures on the limits of religious thought. Notwithstanding all this, the whole paper is so interesting and suggestive that one could better spare a better part of the book.

The third volume of the *Studies* is entirely devoted to literary history and literary criticism. It consists of two masterly articles, — *Chaucer in Literary History*, and *Chaucer as a Literary Artist*. The object of the first of these is "to trace the history of Chaucer's reputation." In his own day and by his immediate successors Chaucer was regarded as the prince of poets, and there is the testimony of Eustache Deschamps to prove that his fame had crossed the Channel. The vogue of the poet in Scotland in the fifteenth century was also very great. All this is pointed out by Mr. Lounsbury, whose remarks on the *Kingis Quair* will save his opponents the trouble of putting into excellent language a strong point against the Chaucerian authorship of the English *Romaunt of the Rose*. Similarly, what he has to say of the "singular fact that the anonymous productions [of the fifteenth century] exceed those of the authors of repute in everything which makes poetry readable" may easily be used against him by one who wishes to expose the fallacy of his argument that we must ascribe the *Romaunt* to Chaucer because it is too good to be ascribed to any other known writer. Of the popularity of the poet in the sixteenth century, four editions of his complete works, published within a period of thirty years, are the best evidence. Such testimony is striking enough, even if we allow for the factitious reputation which he enjoyed mainly on the strength of the spurious *Plowman's Tale*, a violent invective against the Roman Church. Mr. Lounsbury's treatment of these matters leaves

nothing to be desired. Equally well done is his account of the relation of Spenser to Chaucer, and of the general effect which the fourteenth-century master exercised on the Elizabethan revival. From this he passes to the eclipse which Chaucer's fame suffered in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when he appears to have been read by a select circle only, though of course he continued to be talked about by everybody. The renewed interest in Chaucer which followed Dryden's modernizations carries Mr. Lounsbury into country seldom explored even by the professional student. He has given a history of the attempts made at different times to reproduce the works of the poet in modern English, as well as a sketch of various entertaining futilities in the way of imitations of his language. And all this is not mere compilation. Mr. Lounsbury has written a chapter of literary history for which no one has ever attempted even to collect the material, and he has written it so well that it need never be written again. His criticism of Dryden is particularly gratifying; for it is rarer now to find an appreciative judge of Dryden than to find a judicious admirer of Chaucer.

In the concluding pages of this chapter Mr. Lounsbury has agitated a question of much practical importance: How is Chaucer to be spelled, and how pronounced? His answer is not quite what one would expect. For the great body of cultivated readers he advocates a spelling and a pronunciation reduced as nearly to nineteenth-century standards as is consistent with the preservation of metrical form. In no other garb, he

thinks, can Chaucer be familiar to our sight; in no other voice can he speak to us with a familiar sound. Space fails us to discuss these unwelcome and, as we think, mistaken utterances. But in practice they will refute themselves. It is only an approximate familiarity that such changes will effect; and this delusive benefit will be won through a very real and very lamentable loss. One test is easy. Let the beginner who is halting between two opinions examine a consecutive hundred of Chaucer's rhyme-words, and observe what happens to them when pronounced in modern fashion. Yet bad rhymes are not the only evils that follow in the train of modernization.

In the final chapter of the book we have Mr. Lounsbury at his best as a critic. He is clear, logical, and convincing, without taint of sentimentality or "impressionist" nonsense. Of the affected jargon which some critics seem to think essential to their art there is not a trace. Not only is the essay valuable for its contents, but as an object lesson which our day and generation would do well to lay to heart.

We cannot take leave of this remarkable work without congratulating the cause of sound scholarship and good taste on the possession of one proof more in rebuttal of the too prevalent notion, that philology and the study of literature should be divorced. Mr. Lounsbury's book would demonstrate, if demonstration were needful, that learning is not inconsistent with the ability to write good English, and that superficiality is not a necessary accoutrement for a literary critic.

MONTCALM AND LÉVIS.

THE Abbé Casgrain is a veritable product of his race, his tongue, his religion, his locality. When he writes, he writes as a Frenchman, as a French Canadian, as a Catholic, and he writes in the French language. In every one of these capacities he deserves well of his race, his tongue, his religion, and his country. To him the Celts are the embodiment of everything good in the Turanian stock, and of these no race equals the French, and of the French no branch approaches the Canadian, preserved from the contamination of the world in the remoteness to which it has been assigned by the special care of Providence. Perhaps, too, of this chosen people, none are quite equal to those along the lower St. Lawrence, or, more particularly, those dwelling upon the chilly side of Cape Diamond.

It is not only his people who owe him much; the students of colonial history, the readers, the writers, all are indebted to him. He is indefatigable, enthusiastic. What he says of Parkman's tirelessness and painstaking may be said of his own: he crosses rivers and lakes to locate a stockade; he traverses seas to make sure of a manuscript. His latest labors would be well worth recording. In 1888, while in France, he unearthed eleven volumes of manuscript, containing the journal of Montcalm, the journal of Lévis, the correspondence of these two generals, as well as that of Vaudreuil, Bourlamaque, Bigot, and a crowd of other officers, civil and military, the reports of divers expeditions, and the letters and official papers of the court of Versailles of the epoch of 1755-60. He did more: he induced the Quebec government to take upon itself the publication of these documents, he overseeing the task; and the world will thus benefit by his sagacity as well

as by his discovery. To complete this collection, he has had copies made of the documents filed in the Ministry of the Marine and Colonies and that of War at Paris, and this series alone comprehends nineteen huge volumes in folio. He has made abstracts from the collections in the national archives and the principal Parisian libraries, as well as from those in the provinces and in the possession of private families. In his collection are the writings of Bougainville which treat of Canada, his journal and correspondence; and these constitute two great folios of eleven hundred and eighty-four closely written pages. From the little town of Foix among the Pyrenees, where he brought Jaubert's letters to light, to the British Museum and Public Record Office, and to the libraries and government offices of the United States, to say nothing of those of his own country, — wherever, indeed, anything bearing upon that portentous epoch was to be found, he has delved untiringly and to good purpose.

This brief *résumé* of what one collector has done shows what a man can do who is really in earnest; it conveys, too, an adequate realization of the labor and research of which this latest of his works, *Montcalm et Lévis*,¹ is a result, and of the value that can be put upon his statement of facts. It may be said, in brief, that this great collection of *materia historica* has enabled him to correct some errors, to dissipate many obscurities, to cast upon the annals side lights which illuminate the story and even modify its character, and has permitted him accurately to weigh divers contradictory and contending assertions and to settle disputed points. Nothing, it would seem, could stand in the way

¹ *Montcalm et Lévis*. Par l'Abbé R. H. CASGRAIN. Québec: J. Demers et Frère. 1891.

of a connected, continued, and accurate statement of facts; nothing could mar the completeness and harmony of narration. There is no room left for error save that made by the original writers, or that to which fallibility of judgment and passion and prejudice may expose the historian: his reflections and his decisions are all that should remain subjects of appeal.

In 1885 the Abbé Casgrain concluded his notice of the life and works of Francis Parkman with the assertion that the true history of Canada was yet to be written in the English language. In seeking the reasons for this conclusion, we are led to his observations upon *The Old Régime in Canada*, where, though the criticism be glowing in everything relating to style, to the conception of the subject and disposition of matter, to the enthusiasm of the writer, his conscientious adherence to the truth, and his equally conscientious toil and patience, the critic denies to the historian the possession of certain qualifications without which he cannot even comprehend his subject. Mr. Parkman, says the abbé, seems to reject everything which does not pertain directly to the present life, everything which is connected with a better world and with our future destiny. He examines and judges all—men and things, thoughts and deeds—from a purely natural and human point of view. Therefore his gaze does not dwell upon the finest side of Canadian history; but that which is greatest, most generous, and most heroic in this country's past either utterly escapes him, or at best but skims the surface of his mind. In brief, Mr. Parkman, in his critic's eyes, is a rationalist, and consequently, however picturesque and vivid may be his account of those who exhibit faith as the mainspring of their deeds, it is not possible for him to grasp the real character of a people upon whose annals, at almost every page, is to be found the imprint of those supernatural

motives which animate men and which were the very soul of the colony. The abbé adds that he would be still more severe were he to criticise *Montcalm and Wolfe*, the latest production of the historian; thus leaving us to infer that the lack of spiritual qualification so painfully apparent in Mr. Parkman's early work is still more so in his late one.

The abbé, however, has ventured further: he himself has essayed the part of historian, and historian of the very period which the New Englander is fresh from recounting. He tells the same story over again, and we have reason to expect his presentation of the subject to be in an altogether different light, and surrounded by another atmosphere; for here we have a writer who cannot help comprehending his subject, inasmuch as he has the principles which belong to an order of things the Bostonian does not admit; here we are to behold those supernatural motives which animate men, and which were the very soul of the colony; here will be rejection of all that pertains to present existence, and acceptance of that which relates to a better world and our future destiny only; and men and things, thoughts and deeds, will be examined and judged from a point of view not natural and human. It must be granted that what is grandest, most generous, and most heroic in the Canadian past does not suffer at the Canadian historian's hands, even though it requires argument to prove its existence and iteration to set it forth; but as to the rest one remark will suffice,—there is not a trace of a higher life or of loftier principles than those which are revealed in the pages of the rationalist; no supernatural motives animate the unmistakably earthly Canadians; we breathe no rarer atmosphere, we quaff no purer streams, and, to our great relief, the point of view is quite natural and human. From beginning to end there is a total absence of everything which could suggest that the Canadians

were animated, in assisting at the reduction of Fort William Henry, for example, by any spirit more mystical than that which possessed this fortification's unfortunate defenders, unless we find it in the pious Lévis attributing that dastardly success to the interposition of the Holy Ghost.

It is an unfortunate thing for him who assumes a part already taken that he is debarred from heightening curiosity by the offer of anything novel in the scene. He must take it as the other found it; he is forced, by the nature of the case, to rely upon his more effective personality, and he must make this outweigh the advantage already possessed by his predecessor. Possession is nine points of the law in letters as well as in jurisprudence, and the later work is certain to be contrasted with the earlier. It must not only surpass this in style and in matter, but it must dislodge it and take its place as a better and a conclusive exposition of the truth. The aspirant's motto should not be "Until something better," but "After me nothing." First impressions will hardly concede to the author of *Montcalm et Lévis* originality in conception of his theme. If priority is to have force, then the conception is Parkman's, the disposition of material is Parkman's, and the method of treatment is Parkman's; for where this work is not antiphonal to *Montcalm and Wolfe*, it is one and the same thing. It has the same subject and the same object; it has almost the same title, and it covers the same ground; its constitution, *tout ensemble*, and division are the same; it even winds up with the same ghost story. One of these works, however, is written in English, the other in French; this has for its author a Canadian, that an American. The difference of race in the writers manifests itself, and the stories, though similar, are not entirely the same; while the subordinate character of the later work is betrayed by the recurring correction

of, opposition to, or criticism of the former, and the constant recognition of the American work as the point of approach or departure. When Parkman intones,

"Their Dieskau we from them detain,
While Canada aloud complains,
And counts the numbers of their slain,
And makes a dire complaint,"

the abbé responds,

"Je chante des François
La valeur et la gloire,
Qui toujours sur l'Anglois
Remportent la victoire."

From certain causes we deduce certain effects, and we come to the irresistible conclusion that to *Montcalm and Wolfe* we owe *Montcalm et Lévis*, and that without Parkman we should not have had *Casgrain*.

The most important feature of this work, perhaps, is the revelation and exposition of the antipathy which existed between the civil and military powers as well as between the French and the Canadians, and the jealousy of *Montcalm* exhibited by a number of his subordinates. Where internal contention and bickering are limited to personal rivalry or animosity, so long as they are subordinated to the public welfare they are not subjects of history; but when they threaten the very end of the undertaking itself which has called them together upon the scene, they are serious indeed, and their gravity makes them historical. Such was the case during the period of 1755-60, and the animosity which arose between *Montcalm*, the commander of the forces, and *Vaudreuil*, the governor-general, is not to be underrated. One would suppose that if ever the things that are *Cæsar's* should be rendered unto *Cæsar*, it is in a war to the death. They manage these things better in France — or worse. An old-time jealousy of the French army, and of French influence whenever it was exerted in the colony, had long existed in Canada, and *Vaudreuil*, a Canadian born, was the exponent of this feeling.

He made it felt at Versailles before Montcalm had set foot aboard ship, and made it felt in such a way that the instructions to the new commander-in-chief contained an injunction that his plans and contemplated operations should always be first submitted for the approval of the governor-general, who had a royal letter containing this statement: "The Marquis of Montcalm has not command of the regular troops; he can have it only under your authority, and he must be wholly under your orders." The house was divided against itself at the outset, and the result of this is, the assumptions of a governor who preposterously claims every success as his own and lays every failure upon the shoulders of the general, and an acrimonious and bitter contention between the elements of Old and New French which would be contemptible were not its consequences so very serious; for the enemies of Montcalm (who, to judge from this book, at last comprised nearly everybody contained in the word "Canadians") go so far as to insinuate that the fall of Quebec was due to Montcalm prematurely ordering the attack in order to anticipate Vandreuil, who was hastening up with the rest of the army.

Nor was the French army itself free from dissension. The animosity existing between the French and Canadians, it is true, could not divide the regular army, which was altogether French, but it aggravated the invidious comparison between Montcalm and Lévis already whispered, and favored the enemies of Montcalm in his own camp. It can hardly be said that there was a Montcalm party and a Lévis party among the regular troops, for the cool and self-contained Lévis would not permit such a dangerous and unmilitary condition; but there undoubtedly existed a coterie, of which it is noticeable that, while Lévis is lauded to the skies, Montcalm is the object of criticism invariably tinged with censoriousness.

The feeling existing between the French and the Canadians at that time manifests itself in the Abbé Casgrain's work to-day. One cannot resist the conviction that it was written for the purpose of setting forth the part played by the Canadians in the best light possible. There cannot be any objection to this; on the contrary, the task is a commendable one, if conscientiously performed. The danger besetting a writer in such a case is that of sinking the historian in the advocate; but, that offense avoided, no offering to Clio could be more pleasing. We know that, upon our side, the same jealousy between the regulars and the militia existed, the same disdain of the provincial by the European. With us, too, this feeling left its mark upon history in Braddock's and Abercrombie's defeats, and in the reluctance of different colonies to forward men and supplies, and was recalled with such bitterness, half a generation later, that it cannot be overlooked in assigning active motives for our revolt. There is a complete historical parallel in the cases of the Americans and the Canadians. The Europeans landed with a consciousness of superiority, which, on being met by resentment, manifested itself in disdain. There was the same contempt of the regulars for the provincial way of fighting, and the same refusal to recognize in it the mode adapted to a country where there was no cavalry, field artillery, or baggage trains, nor any chance of using them if they existed. The results were the same: the French incurred Dieskau's defeat and the fall of Quebec, where those who escaped from the field did so under cover of the despised Canadians; and the British met with Braddock's defeat, where those who regained Fort Cumberland did so under the protection of the slighted provincials. The work of the Abbé Casgrain clearly reveals the progress of this jealousy in the cabinet and in the field, until it culminates in irretrievable disaster to the cause which

brought the discordant elements into conjunction.

We cannot, however, yield our entire sympathy to the unintermitting attempts to attribute every success to the Canadians, and every failure to the French. We are willing to admit much; but Oswego was taken by French skill, Fort William Henry was reduced by French skill; Abercrombie was repulsed by French valor, and the victory of Ste. Foy was shared by the French with the Canadians, and was achieved under a French leader. The Canadians, in fact, throughout this war, never took a principal part, except in the affair of the Monongahela; they figured only in subordinate parts or in minor warfare, and in these they gained the respect neither of their auxiliaries nor of their foes. Where there was one Beaujeu there were a hundred La Cornes. A long and eventful war, during which their country was at stake, produced not a single man among them much above mediocrity; not a single poet uttered a lament over Canada's downfall, nor was there an annalist to record the bravery of his countrymen. Not until the mists of a century had hidden what they did not magnify did a historian arise to tell of their deeds.

Other important features of this work are to be found in the effects of the famine, and the glimpses of social life among the higher classes during the sway of Bigot. An undertone of anti-Montcalmism runs from cover to cover. It would have been well, perhaps, to dwell more emphatically and in detail upon the growing indifference of the court towards Canada, — indifference which culminated in the sneer of Voltaire. It would have been better (and it would have been a mere recognition of humanity) had the author forborne to quote, and to adopt as expressive of his own sentiment, the unutterably mean observations in which Lévis shifts the blame of the Fort William Henry butchery upon the butchered. He could learn a lesson in this respect from the Abbé Gabriel. Whatever the shortcomings of Montcalm and whatever the performance of his lieutenant, the world has not taken Lévis to its bosom as it has Montcalm, and it will require more than one work like *Montcalm et Lévis* to effect a change now in its regard. As far as the Abbé Casgrain's work is concerned, the question whether the true history of Canada has been written in the French language seems still to remain an open one.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems of Sidney Lanier, edited by his Wife; with a Memorial by William Hayes Ward. (Scribners.) A new edition, though there is no intimation how far the book is an advance upon the edition published in 1884. As a collection of Lanier's verse, however, it cannot fail to find its place. It is to be feared that the place will not be in a general popular regard, for the appeal which Lanier makes, with all his fervor, is to a somewhat small class, first of students of poetry, curious in the technique, and then of

those who, with the quick sympathy of youth, are attracted by the passionate struggle for full utterance which marks much of this poetry. It is rare that one can say, Here is the mastery of poetic expression, but often one can be aware of a strong spirit imprisoned by words. — Is condensation so prime a requisite in literary art that our instinctive criticism of much current verse lies in this direction? Here is *The High-Top Sweeting*, and *Other Poems*, by Elizabeth Akers. (Scribners.) The poems are marked by pure sentiment and genuine

poetic expression. They are largely in the minor key, though now and then there is a charming joyousness, as in the opening poem and in *The Bobolink*. The story in *Every Port*, also, is told as only a poet would tell it. Yet again and again one finds a poem, like *A Winter Grave*, of eight stanzas, of which five are explicatory of three. — *The Happy Isles, and Other Poems*, by S. H. M. Byers. (Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York.) A new collection, with additions, of Consul Byers's verses, which are characterized by honest feeling and a certain heartiness of speech. Nature and military reminiscences and kisses are accountable for a good share of the poetry. — *Mosses, Under the Pine, Seaweed, Tales at the Manse, a Revised Collection of the Poems of Marcus Fayette Bridgman*. (F. S. Collins, Boston.) There is a prevailing quietness of tone about these unpretentious lyrics and idyls, which makes them not unwelcome; the stories and sentiments are simple and natural, and the melody has the charm which belongs to careful and slowly played music. The book appears to have been written mainly at dusk, when there are not many disturbing sounds of life. — *Parnassus by Rail*, by Marion Mills Miller. (Putnam's.) A little volume of considerable variety as regards subject. It is rather noticeable in the work of a young poet, just out of college, apparently, that the most conspicuous omission is of himself. Whether in translation, adaptation, or comment, the verse keeps clear of this subjective pitfall. — *Osbubaba, and Other Poems*, by Robert D. Windes. (The Author, New Orleans.) Between prehistoric Indians and reminiscences of classic Greek, our poet manages to keep pretty well aloof from contemporaneous interests, for into his antiquity he does not even decant the present. — *In the Genesee, Early Poems*, by I. D. Van Duzee. (De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.) The author states that these poems were all written before the end of his twenty-fifth year, and yet, from some dates given, he would appear now to be about threescore and ten. — *Harp of Hesper, Songs and Poems*, by Mary E. Butters. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) More than a hundred and fifty poems, besides the author's portrait. — *Delphic Days, a Greek Idyl*, by Denton J. Snider. (Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis.) The reissue of a book which shows

Mr. Snider no novice in the elegiac distich, in which was also written the book to which we referred a month or two ago. This series of scenes at Delphi, in which the writer mingles his classic reading and his Hellenic living, has a liveliness which is not daunted by the form of the verse. Mr. Snider insists upon it that the measure is in some vague way impelled by the place itself, and some of the verses do have a rhythmic beat which impresses one as born of a buoyant, sunny-tempered air; but it is also true that the poet who rides his steed so bravely sometimes dismounts without previous notice. — *Lyrics and Legends*, by Nora Perry. (Little, Brown & Co.) Under the sub-titles *Songs of Spring, Songs of Summer, Autumn, Winter, Love and Friendship, Loss and Gain, Hope and Memory, Songs of New England, and Ballads*, Miss Perry has collected some twoscore of her poems, the best being such as have a story element, where her tripping melodies let the story run off in an attractive fashion. — *Lyrics of The Living Church*, compiled by C. W. Leffingwell. (McClurg.) A collection of original poems which appeared first in *The Living Church*, an Episcopal journal of Chicago. The order of the Church year determines about half the volume, the remainder being given over to poems of consolation, patience, meditation, childhood, and the like. — *The Poet and his Self*, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) A volume of poems decidedly individual, and striking some notes with much force. The lighter verse, such as the group of poems in *A Flower Cycle*, is rarely without a grave undertone, and the more profound poems, like *The Great Sphinx* and *The Beginning and Ending*, have a fine courage in their strong lines which bear strong thought. Mr. Bates's seriousness, indeed, carries him too far in the direction of brevity, leading him into verse too compact for melody and lyrical beauty. But if his mastery of poetic form gives him at last freedom of song, we have a right to expect some notable work. — *Launcelot and Guenevere, a Poem in Dramas*, by Richard Hovey. (U. S. Book Co.) The long Dedication at once commands the reader's respect, and he enters upon the successive books, *The Quest of Merlin* and *The Marriage of Guenevere*, with a courage and hope which are not daunted even by the classic jocularity of Puck, or the half-Runic character of

the literary reproduction of old-time spirits of the air and earth. Mr. Hovey is steeped in literature, and his whole work repeatedly suggests the sounds which it echoes; but it does much more than this: it excites strong hopes that one with so much dramatic skill, such striking poetic faculty, and so brave a spirit as he must have who would work in this material will sing in his own voice songs which shall wing themselves straight into the air we are breathing. — *Classical Poems*, by William Entriiken Baily. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The title appears to indicate, not that the subjects of the verses are all taken from ancient classical themes, but that the writer pays respect in his verse to the classic writers of English poetry. We are afraid the effect upon mature readers will be something like the effect of much ancient classical poetry upon young readers. — *Memory's Casket*, by Mrs. Lucy H. Washington. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) — *Zululu, the Maid of Anahuac*, by Ilanna A. Foster. (Putnam's.) Fifty-three brief notes explain the slight difficulties of this Mexican story. — *Poems of Humanity, and Abelard to Heloise*, by Lorenzo Sosso. (E. B. Griffith & Sons, San Francisco.) The curious who want more of Rabbi Ben Ezra than Browning saw fit to give will discover in Mr. Sosso's volume Ben Ezra Continueth, measure the same as in Browning. — *The Feast of the Virgins, and Other Poems*, by H. L. Gordon. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.) The author finds suggestions for many of his poems among legends of the Dakotas; some themes, also, are derived from his experience in the army. The book is an octavo, and contains a portrait of the author. We would give a good deal to see a portrait of the artist who contributes the illustrations. — *Sonnets, Songs, Laments*, by Cora E. Whiton-Stone. (J. G. Cupples, Boston.) The verses, apparently, through which a woman of emotion expresses her own experience. A personal note sounds in almost all the work. — *Phidias, and Other Poems*, by Frank W. Gunsaulus. (McClurg.) A small volume reflecting the author's study and travel, with often a passionate burst and always intensity of feeling. — *The Bard of the Dimbovitza* (Scribners) is the title of a volume of Roumanian folk-songs, collected from the peasants on her father's estate by Hélène Vacaresco, and translated into English by the Queen of Roumania

(Carmen Sylva) and Alma Streltell. The songs possess a curious, dreamy, mystical quality which is hard to define, but which can be recognized by any one who cares to turn to *He Who Took Nothing, Hay, or The Song of the Shroud*. It is a distinctly original and interesting collection, which will command a small audience, but one worth having. A word should be said about the volume itself, which is a charming piece of book-making, possessing (in spite of some typographical affectations on the title page) marked elegance and distinction.

Fiction. *The Squirrel Inn*, by Frank R. Stockton. (The Century Co.) The friskiness of the name of the inn fits well the story, which is as nimble as one could desire. All the figures are on the alert, and succeed in placing themselves in the most unexpected situations at every turn. In this, as in other of Mr. Stockton's stories, there is an odd effect produced by the old-fashioned address indulged in by the men toward the women. It really seems as if, in this author's eyes, a woman were a most unaccountable creature, to be approached always not merely with respect, but with timidity. — *Miss Wormeley*, well known for her excellent translations of Balzac, has begun, apparently, to render a similar service to Paul Bourget. At any rate, we have the first and second series of his *Pastels of Men* (Roberts), containing in the first series the three titles *A Saint*, *Monsieur Legrimaudet*, and *Two Little Boys*. The skill of line, the touch of delicacy, the simplicity and yet subtlety of motive, make these portraits not only charming in themselves, but admirable studies in literature. If one could but learn this deft art! — A recent volume by Bret Harte is *A First Family of Tasajara*. (Houghton.) — *Miss Bagg's Secretary*, a West Point Romance, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton.) A bright, entertaining story, not very elaborate in plot, but natural, and in these days, when novels are expected to carry concealed weapons about them, very grateful to the reader who asks for honest entertainment. Miss Bagg, a country maiden of uncertain age, unexpectedly falls heir to great wealth. Maxwell Van Kirk, who ought to have inherited the property, becomes her secretary. A woman who loves him, a woman whom he loves — But we leave the story to the story-teller. — *The Children of the Abbey*,

by Regina Maria Roche. (McClurg.) We suppose that there are still a large number of unsophisticated readers who can weep over the long-drawn-out and multifarious woes of Amanda Fitzalan as sincerely as our grandmothers did. It can at least be said of this novel that, in spite of its enormous sentimentality, it has had vitality enough to live through a century. — *The Scottish Chiefs.* (McClurg.) We are glad that so attractive an edition of this romance has been issued. To be sure, its highly colored sentiment is as old-fashioned as will be most of the introspective, analytic fiction of to-day eighty years hence, and its rather Grandisonian hero is far away — centuries away — from the real Wallace; but the story has sufficient vigor and movement and enough real feeling to make it still a favorite with many bright boys and girls, — that is, if they are not already familiar with their Scott, for then they are apt to find Miss Porter's thrilling tale but 'prentice work. — *Pudney & Walp*, by F. Bean. (Lovell.) A queer production. The writer appears to have satisfied himself as to the general scheme of his story, — two men beginning in humble life as partners in a stone quarry, and rising quickly to affluence, with families that hated the plebeian origin, — and then to have let the minor incidents take care of themselves, with little attempt at a consistent story, but with occasional bursts of realistic description and portraiture which suppose a much closer regard for the probabilities in character and incident than the reader finds. But we must look for realistic details nowadays before writers have had a realistic change of mind. — *Culture, a Modern Method*, by Elliott E. Furney. (I. H. Brown & Co., St. Louis.) We wish science joy of this novel of the future, in which a biological machine constructs a child that reads the newspaper before his first breakfast. — *The Spanish Galleon*, being an Account of a Search for Sunken Treasures in the Caribbean Sea, by Charles Sumner Seeley. (McClurg.) This story, told in the first person, recounts the adventures of a young man who needed a hundred thousand dollars to clear off the incumbrance on an ancestral estate, and be thought himself of the record he had found of the loss of a Spanish galleon with portable property to the amount of three hundred thousand. He sails from Martinique

for Key Seven, off which the galleon was sunk, is shipwrecked, reaches the island with his chest, finds it uninhabited, resorts to all the devices known to such experience, receives in course of time a shipwrecked missionary and his beautiful daughter, meets with enemies in the form of a wicked pearl-fishery man and his assistants, foils his antagonists, raises the galleon, gets his money, marries his beautiful guest, and in the last page of the book sits on his ancestral porch. The ingenuity of the writer in all that relates to his Crusoe-like experience is considerable. The story is told in a straightforward way, and, though not designed for the young, will find its most appreciative audience in that class. — *Down the O-hi-o*, by Charles Humphrey Roberts. (McClurg.) The reader must not make the mistake, from the title, that this is a book of cheap jocularity. On the contrary, though a story in form, and one of some merit even as a story, its real value is in a series of scenes, often felicitous, and sometimes extremely spirited, of rural life, chiefly among Quakers, on the north bank of the Ohio in the period shortly before the war for the Union. The writer may well have been part of what he saw; and though there is almost a careless manner about some of his narrative, and he is more or less artificial in his treatment of the plot and the lawyers who are needed by it, his genuine interest in the more simple parts, as, for example, in the capital racing scene, carries the reader as well as the writer along at a good pace. — *Ben Beor, a Story of the Anti-Messiah*, by H. M. Bien. (Isaac Friedenwald Co., Baltimore.) The prophet Elijah, when he went up in a fiery chariot, landed in the moon, and found affairs in a bad way there. Rebellion and other naughtiness were going on, and at the same time, as nearly as we can make out through the smoke and fire of Mr. Bien's prose, equally iniquitous proceedings were on foot on earth. We get into a little clearer atmosphere in the second section of the book, which portrays, under a sort of allegory, the war which always has been waged between freedom and righteousness in the person of Moses and despotism and iniquity in the person of Ben Beor, the anti-Messiah or Wandering Gentile. The design of this tumultuous book is probably clear to its author, but the reader has to content himself in the main with a success-

sion of somewhat turgid historical scenes. — The Pocket Piece, Short Stories and Sketches by American Authors. First series, Number 1, by Edgar Mayhew Bacon. (Walbridge & Co., New York.) Mr. Bacon's clever work is already known to readers of *The Atlantic*. In this little volume he has collected a half dozen of his magazine stories. — A new and uniform inexpensive edition of F. Marion Crawford's novels has been begun (Macmillan) with Mr. Isaacs and Dr. Claudius. — A similar issue of William Black's novels (Harpers) opens with *A Daughter of Heth*, with a steel-plate portrait of the author for frontispiece. Mr. Black has taken the opportunity to give his work a careful revision. — William Morris's *The Story of the Glittering Plain* makes so sure a demand upon readers that it has been reissued in the ordinary style of books to be read. (Roberts.) — Freytag's *The Lost Manuscript*, already issued in two handsome volumes, is now brought into a single solid but very readable one. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Mr. East's *Experiences in Mr. Bellamy's World*; *Records of the Years 2001 and 2002*, by Conrad Wilbrandt, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford; *Mrs. Dines's Jewels, a Mid-Atlantic Romance*, by W. Clark Russell; *The Baroness, a Dutch Story*, by Frances Mary Peard. — Number 15 of Good Company Series (Lee & Shepard) is *Dreams of the Dead*, by Edward Stanton. This is not a reissue, as are many of the numbers in this paper series. It is a fantastic work, in which the writer lays hold of some of the current speculations, to say nothing of his own discoveries, regarding astral bodies and the like, and undertakes to make an uncanny sort of nether-world book of travels. The result in the author's mind is the conversion of an agnostic materialist into an occultist. The general effect of the underworld upon the reader is not to make him feel goosey, but to make him yawn.

Science. Electricity and Magnetism, translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin. Revised and edited by Silvanus P. Thompson. (Macmillan.) This well-known work has been enriched in its passage from France to England; for, besides the many minor additions made by Dr. Thompson, the chap-

ters on Dynamo-Electric Machines and on the Telephone have been largely rewritten by him, and the final chapter on Transformers, by Professor Walmsley, as well as appendices on Modern Views about Lightning-Rods and on the Nature of Electricity, are wholly new. The work, which is an octavo of nearly a thousand pages, has six hundred illustrations, large and small, and, in its combination of scientific thoroughness with a regard for popular interest in the application of the principles of electricity and magnetism to modern life it is full of value and attractiveness. — *Nature and Man in America*, by N. S. Shaler. (Scribners.) The effect of critical conditions of the earth on organic life in general, and of geographic influence on man, both in the past and more especially in the present in North America, — these are the great themes which engage Professor Shaler's attention; and the very notable physiographical chapter which he contributed to the *Memorial History of Boston* prepares the reader to look with eagerness for what this suggestive writer has to say when dealing with more comprehensive material. The book is one which cannot be neglected by any thorough student of American history, and it ought to be on the shelf of every teacher of geography. — *The Living World, Whence it Came and Whither it is Drifting*, by H. W. Conn. (Putnam's.) The title page bears also the condensed summary of the contents as "a review of the speculations concerning the origin and significance of life, and of the facts known in regard to its development, with suggestions as to the direction in which the development is now tending." The author clears his way as he goes in a reasonable fashion, and shows an instinct for the essential as discriminated from the incidental points in the discussion, so that the reader respects the logic of the writer, and is not incumbered with a bewildering mass of particulars. His general deductions are that the organic world is approaching a limit in its conclusion, and that man, seizing upon the last undifferentiated faculty, the intellect, is developing this to the extreme. — *Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting, a Compact Handbook for the Amateur Taxidermist, Collector, Osteologist, Museum - Builder, Sportsman, and Traveller*, by William T. Hornaday; with chapters on Collecting and Preserving Insects, by W. J. Holland.

(Scribners.) Mr. Hornaday is an enthusiast as well as a very practical guide, and the reader of this serviceable book will enjoy the frequent outbursts of indignation at unsportsmanlike or unscientific practices, as well as the up-and-down style in which he goes about the business of his work. Especially to be commended are his strong words at the thoughtless destruction of birds by collectors who merely count the number killed. "There is a way," he says, "to prove whether a juvenile collector has really a love for the study of birds. Let the one who furnishes the sinews of war — parent, guardian, or elder brother — demand that he shall *mount every good specimen he kills*, and be able to tell all about its habits, food, economic value, etc. This will in any event result in great good. If the collector is not really absorbed in the study of bird-life, the labor such a course involves will soon deter him from indiscriminate slaughter." — *New Fragments*, by John Tyndall. (Appleton.) Fifteen addresses and papers, chiefly on topics connected with science and men of science, though among them is an interesting paper, *Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle*. — *The Evolution of Life, or Causes of Change in Animal Forms, a Study in Biology*, by H. W. Mitchell. (Putnam.) The writer brings to an ardent study of the results of the great workers in biology the added advantage of observation in travel in unfrequented regions. The book, which is liberally illustrated, is rather a contribution toward the solution of a great problem than a comprehensive treatise.

Sociology. *English Social Movements*, by Robert Archey Woods. (Scribners.) An instantaneous photograph, catching with vivid precision the present aspects of that social movement which changes with so bewildering a rapidity from hour to hour. Mr. Woods tells of the labor movement, of socialism, of university settlements, of university extension, of the social work of the church, of charity and philanthropy, of moral and educational progress. On all these subjects he gives just the facts which intelligent people wish to know, and which are hard to learn at a distance because they are still matters of experience rather than of history. It is impressive and cheering to read this account of the vast energies which, in the England of to-day, are

turned toward social reform. It is more impressive and less cheering to think of the greatness of that sorrowful need which is hardly as yet affected to a perceptible degree by activities so multiform and so vigorous. — *White Slaves, or The Oppression of the Worthy Poor*, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks. (Lee & Shepard.) The sermons which form the basis of this book were delivered in South Boston, and contain an arraignment of clothing merchants and tenement-house owners, as well as a criticism of some of the public charities of Boston. The facts brought forward are fresh evidence, if any were needed, of the close connection between degradation and greed. We are members one of another in a terrible as well as a comforting sense, and the rich merchant and poor toiler have a Cain and Abel brotherhood. It is, indeed, the facts rather than the rhetoric which make this book one to be heeded. As a reverse picture, the author has given a pleasing account of a humanely conducted factory in Newark, N. J. — *The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law, with Practical Illustrations especially Adapted to Women's Organizations*, by Harriette R. Shattuck. (Lee & Shepard.) A delightfully minute and very sensible little book, in which the reader, if he be male, is given a glimpse into the room of a woman's meeting, and permitted to know what troubles the members when they desire to organize. If the reader be a woman, she will be met by the most explicit instructions. We notice that there is no fussy attempt at getting rid of masculine nomenclature, but "chairman" is used boldly, with no reference to the other form with its dangerous lapse into "charwoman." — *The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations*, by Karl Heinzen. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) There is such a thing as the disease of liberty, and we think this author suffers from it, since it makes him absolutely near-sighted when he tries to look at Christianity.

Literature and Criticism. The fourth volume of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, as edited by Mr. Crump (Macmillan), continues the *Dialogues of Literary Men*; containing, by the way, the exquisite little Walton, Cotton, and Oldways. An etched portrait of Landor at sixty-five fronts the volume, — a pugnacious face and attitude.

— In the *Knickerbocker Nuggets* (Putnams) is included George Long's translation from the Discourses of Epictetus and the *Encheiridion*. — Lectures on the History of Literature, delivered by Thomas Carlyle. (Scribners.) These discourses belong to the early period of Carlyle's literary activity. They are not printed from his own manuscript, but from the notes made by a hearer who plainly was after the matter which Carlyle discoursed rather than greatly impressed by Carlyle's personality as disclosed in his style. — *Essays on English Literature*, by Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. (Scribners.) Mr. Saintsbury's introductory essay, though discriminating, has a certain self-assertion about it which irritates one who fails to accept Mr. Saintsbury himself as a figure in literature. Egotism, like revolution, must be successful to succeed; otherwise it is as insufferable as rebellion. The essays themselves are another matter. The sanity which marks them conceals at first from the casual reader the breadth of mind and clear perceptions of this masterly critic. Whoever thinks that criticism is to undergo a sharp change from old methods to new should read Scherer to see how possible it is for a personal critic to be governed by law in his criticism. — *The Renaissance, the Revival of Learning and Art in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries*, by Philip Schaff. (Putnams.) An essay in thirty sections, covering a hundred and thirty pages, in which the author touches with encyclopædic fullness and brevity upon the several manifestations in literature, art, science, and learning of the great movement in human thought. The work is equipped with a considerable body of bibliographic notes. — *Browning's Message to his Time, his Religion, Philosophy, and Science*, by Edward Berdœ (Macmillan); with fac-simile notes from Browning to Dr. Berdœ, not offering to kill him after each of his papers here reprinted, but courteously thanking him. — *The Browning Cyclopædia, a Guide to the Study of the Works of Robert Browning, with Copious Explanatory Notes and References on all Difficult Passages*, by Edward Berdœ. (Macmillan.) Copious the notes are, in truth. If one wishes to find Browning's poetry after it has passed through the alembic of a prosaic mind, here is the precipitation, with the evapora-

tion of the poetry. Mr. Cook's Guide-Book, which we suspect was on Mr. Berdœ's table constantly while he was engaged on this fat cyclopædia, had the restraint which a sensible commentator puts upon himself, but Mr. Berdœ has no respect for the reader's intelligence. — The series *The Great French Writers* is an enterprise suggested, apparently, by the *English Men of Letters Series*. The first number we have seen is *Madame de Staël*, by Albert Sorel. Translated by Fanny Hale Gardiner. (McClurg.) The book is in curious contrast to the cold, careful volumes in the English series. Not that the work is a rhapsody, but in his rhetorical decoration of his subject M. Sorel gives at once his own opinion of the Neckers, and lets the facts catch up, if they can, with his judgment. The reader is likely to revolt a little at being taken in hand so summarily from the start, and not allowed to form any opinion until M. Sorel has delivered his. The book, however, is a convenient short cut to an interesting subject. — *The Abbess of Port Royal, and Other French Studies*, by Maria Ellery Mackaye. (Lee & Shepard.) The other studies are *The Song of Roland*, *Beaumarchais*, *French Women before the Revolution*, *The Marvels of Mont Saint Michel*, and *Provençal Song*. Two of the papers were printed originally in *The Atlantic*. The reader recognizes early in the book that he is in the hands of a writer who writes out of a full mind, and that he is not assisting painfully at a task. Mrs. Mackaye's genuine interest in her subjects and her familiarity with the material make her a skillful guide through regions so populated with memories that the unled scholar is liable to be bewildered. — *The Mortal Moon, or Bacon and his Masks, the Defoe Period Unmasked*, by J. E. Roe. (Burr Printing House.) The Baconians must be delighted with this new champion in the lists. He not only adds Shakespeare to Bacon's province, but Bunyan and Defoe as well. But stay! J. E. Roe, of Rochester. May there not be something concealed under that mask? It is darkly alliterative. Whatever is isn't, and here are six hundred and five pages to prove it.

Fine Arts and Gift Books. The part of *L'Art* (Macmillan) for December 1 is almost wholly given up to an installment of M. Paul Leroi's illustrated sketch of Delaunay's work. The sketches in charcoal

of a large number of studies for his decoration of the Pantheon in particular are very interesting. The same part contains an etching of Rubens's *Servantmaid*, now at Munich. Delannay is treated further in the part for December 15, which reproduces also some of the pictures of modern Dutch masters lately exhibited in Paris. — *Friendship the Master-Passion, or The Nature and History of Friendship, and its Place as a Force in the World*, by H. Clay Trumbull. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) Our friends who have been debating Friendship's Question in the Contributors' Club will thank us for directing their attention to this book, which owes its inclusion under the caption of Gift Books to the dignity of its presentment, and not to pictures. In an octavo of four hundred pages, well printed, bound in red, and comfortably housed in a pasteboard box, Mr. Trumbull has treated first the nature and scope of friendship in a series of chapters, the second of which bears the significant heading *Loving rather than Being Loved*, and after that friendship in history. Literature is drawn upon, and especially records of human life, and the book is studded with examples of friendship. There is an interesting excursus on the distinction to be observed in the New Testament words for "love" and "friendship." The author's work must not be regarded as a mere anthology. It is much more, for it attempts what might almost be called an inductive study, with results which will surprise some readers. — Another book on Friendship (Albert Scott & Co., Chicago) is a vellum-covered one, thus entitled, made up of Cicero's *De Amicitia*, Bacon's essay on Friendship, and Emerson's *Friendship*. Cicero's part is translated by Cyrus R. Edmonds. — *The Origin of Will-o'-the-Wisp*, by Donizetti Muller, illustrated by Charles Schabelitz (the Republic Press, New York), is, from its form, evidently designed to lie flat on the recipient's table, and to have its leaves turned for the sake chiefly of the half-tone prints, which were doubtless effective in their original form; but the poetry must not be overlooked; it is a pretty conceit, worked up with grace and animation. — *Poems*, by Juan Lewis. (The Author, Washington.) Another flat book, with designs and ornaments by Charles Bradford Hudson. — *Ruskin's Val d'Arno and The Eagle's Nest*

(Charles E. Merrill, New York) form two volumes of the Brantwood Edition, an authorized American reprint of Ruskin's works. The *Val d'Arno* comprises the Oxford lectures on the revival of art in Tuscany in the thirteenth century; *The Eagle's Nest* includes ten lectures on the relation of natural sciences to art, delivered at the same university. The most striking of the latter papers is devoted to *The Relation of Art to the Sciences of Organic Form*, in which Mr. Ruskin states his theory that the study of anatomy is destructive to art. The lectures, although uneven, are now and then eloquent, and always interesting because intensely characteristic of the writer. Each volume bears an introduction by Mr. C. E. Norton, which tells something of the circumstances under which these lectures were delivered; but on the whole the introductions have a somewhat perfunctory air, as if written merely as send-offs. The edition is more satisfactory than the earlier American reprint, but it remains to be seen if it will be as inclusive as that. — *The Pentateuch of Printing*, with a Chapter on Judges, by William Blades. (McClurg.) We are disappointed in this book. Although the author tells us that it is but "a popular summary of a very large and interesting subject," and we learn from the preface that he did not live to finish the work, it still strikes us as sketchy and inadequate, when we consider the authority of the writer on printing. However, the book is evidently meant to be careful and dispassionate. Mr. Blades divides his volume into portions bearing names of the books of the Pentateuch, — the *Genesis* of printing, a sketch of the spread of the art under the title of *Exodus*, the laws of the art under *Leviticus*, etc., — a plan more ingenious than exact. The illustrations are not all strictly relevant to the text, and seem pitchforked together, and among them we recognize some old friends from *Le Livre*. This is the more surprising since the printers are Blades, East and Blades of London. The most valuable thing in the book, to our mind, is a bibliography of works on printing in general and its development in various countries, under the quaint title of *A Chapter on Judges*.

History and Biography. *Africa and America, Addresses and Discourses*, by Alex. Crummell. (Wiley & Co., Spring-

field, Mass.) The writer is rector of a church in Washington, and is of the race which suggests the topics in the book. He writes of the negro race in America, of Liberia, of the black woman of the South, and upon a variety of occasions addresses stirring words of encouragement and counsel to this race. There is a downright style in his address which answers to the open, manly character of his thought. He shows that he is a student of books, but he is also an observer of men, and his speech is that of a person appealing forcibly, sometimes with smooth, often with rough words, to other persons. Perhaps to many readers the most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the influence of Christian negroes upon the destiny of Africa. — Hour Glass Series, Fisher

Ames, Henry Clay, etc. (Webster.) Nine historical studies and criticisms, taking Henry Adams to task for his Randolph, carping at Schurz and Van Holst, and absurdly characterizing Mr. Bryce as one of "these European doctrinaires as they gallop through the country writing as they ride." The studies relate to Fisher Ames, John Randolph, Jefferson, Henry Clay, B. R. Curtis, Daniel O'Connell, Francis S. Key, and to the Capital and to certain historic landmarks in New York. The papers are somewhat desultory, and the writers are delightfully frank in their likes and dislikes. J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL. D., writes the greater part of the book, and his associate is Daniel B. Lucas, LL. D. There is often an interesting air of antebellum oratory about it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

We Boast of
What We Have
Not. SOME years ago there was exhibited in the city of New York a very remarkable picture. As to its unique character the critics were all agreed. It is true, the authenticity of the picture was vehemently disputed by some, and as warmly espoused by others. While the history furnished by the exhibitor failed to satisfy the captious because of its incompleteness, as might be supposed, this very incompleteness gave ground for added emphasis of belief on the part of those who still viewed the picture as an authentic portrait of Charles I. painted by Velasquez. *Imprimis*, it was undoubtedly a rare work of art, by whomsoever painted, and this even to least details. The eye of the portrait, for instance, when examined through a convenient magnifying glass in the hands of the exhibitor, was wonderfully human and lifelike, especially in its imperfections, these being precisely the ones which, to the experienced, would be looked for in an eye of that color and setting. In the foreground of the portrait was a large globe over which a scarf had been carelessly thrown. This device, the exhibitor averred, bore distinct reference to a remark made by an eminent statesman of that day, in view of a contemplated marriage between

the king of England and a Spanish princess, — a marriage which was to unite two of the most powerful nations of Europe: "With Spain and England united, we may divide the world."

The background of this picture was painted with notable skill and fidelity (another reason for attributing the picture to Velasquez, as the works of his contemporaries, even of Murillo himself, were often unfinished). It is of this background that I wish to speak. With the consummate touch which gave token of the master, whoever he might be, a small episode of war, half obscured in smoke, was discernible in the far distance. There was delineated, or suggested, the usual array of gallant knights "riding to joyous battle in a storm of steeds;" a confusion of shivering lances, broken brands, and reeling banners, — all dimly descried by the spectator, yet cunningly suggesting the idea that they were part and parcel of the experience of the hero himself. On asking the enthusiastic exhibitor what was the presumable purpose of this background, he replied, with the confidence of pseudo-science: "Why, it is introduced for the purpose of relieving the too placid monotony of Charles's features. So good a picture of so good a man, painted with too much fidel-

ity, might seem tame. You see, the portrait needs a background of bloody fiction to give it symmetry as a work of art."

In recalling this incident, it has often seemed equally applicable (names being changed) to a large number of subjects in the live portrait gallery of my past and current experience. The mild-mannered Charles would always be offset by a romantic projection or mirage of Charles as the scourge of God and minister of vengeance. Not alone does the temperamentally timid wish us to believe that he is on occasion desperately courageous, but the naturally gracious often affects bluntness, the dove asks to be credited with serpentine wisdom, and the sheep even would don the wolf's attire. In fact, whatever we are, we crave the strange privilege of being taken with a certain small amount of the *haut goût* of contrariety. Remembering this perverse tendency of our common human nature, and that this tendency is, perhaps, most generously developed in the young, should I not have forbearance towards — nay, a certain sympathy with — the meadow-faced boy who would have me believe him to be a "devil of a fellow," even while his own ears are startled by the sound of his "thrasonic brag"?

Friends in Council. — Friendship's Question, propounded at the February meeting of the Club, set us all talking at once, and it was not easy for the clerk of the Club, in spite of that officer's stenographic-phonographic-type-writing-and-setting machine, to detach separate voices from the general buzz and make a neat record. Delay ensued, with the result that one energetic member went about canvassing for answers, various lovers quarreled, preachers took up the parable from their pulpits, and at the April meeting of the Club there was an unusually full attendance, as every one wished to hear the record. The autocratic clerk, without whose irresponsible authority the Club would become a polite Nervine Hospital, was found to have thrown out all but the following votes.

What the Canvasser said. — I find opinion and feeling on the subject to differ very widely. I have "inquired round" among my own friends, and give the remarks of two of them (both, let me add, men), which very well represent the two extremes. The first writes :—

"I think that the finest and highest order of love asks less than it gives, for the reason that it is grand to give in an unstinted way, in spite of a smaller return. It reveals a superb character that can do this, — that feels its requital in the fact of bestowal. It is ennobling to give, to bestow, and the height of unselfishness to be content with less." He then expresses as his opinion that it would be far easier to rise to such a height in love than in friendship.

The second friend holds this view :—

"In regard to the soul's allegiance, trust, and affection, I certainly think it is possible to give too much of one's self in that sense; and a very little is too much, when it is not returned in kind. The disposition to squander sentiment is both the effect and the cause of a morbid state opposed to the healthy one of giving 'action.' You cannot do too much for even the least deserving of fellow-men, if it is rightly done, but it is easier (and very cheap, and at the same time very agreeable) to give too much of the sentimental side.

"And are you sure that it really is giving? Is it not simply enjoying the sweet comfort of feeling that one is doing a noble thing or making a noble sacrifice, while it really begins in self and ends in self? A feeling which cannot or does not result in action must 'return unto itself void,' and deserves the penalty of selfish indulgence and wasted force."

Both these opinions — one the expression of a rich and generous nature, the other based rather, perhaps, on the "stern demands of justice" — have so much weight that they seem well entitled to a candid hearing, and the other friends in council may, according to their own dispositions, "pay their pennies and take their choice."

Another friend of mine, a poet of some note, has summed up the whole question in a poem which offers, in my humble opinion, the only true view, if not exactly a solution, of the problem, namely, that the noblest, highest, and truest love gives itself without stint and without reserve, independent of the insufficiency of the return made it, or indeed of any return at all. The lines have never before been shown to the public, but I am permitted to use them here.

INSUFFICIENCY.

I broke the branches from my apple-tree,
 Rosy with pomp of spring,
 All the white wealth of present blossoming
 Surpassing fair to see,
 And promise of the golden fruit to be,
 For him, my friend; and he
 A tuft of grass that sprang beside his door
 Lightly held out to me.
 I brought him from my closely guarded store,
 The heart's most sacred nook,
 Where the red lights of darkest rubies burn,
 My gems; and he in turn
 A handful of white pebbles from the brook
 That flows the meadow through.
 I gave him of my richest wine, that grew
 Upon no hill, nor knew
 The winepress save God's own, — the joy and pain
 Of all my life, distilled
 To subtle draught; and he did take and drain,
 And smiling gaze around,
 Scarce heeding if the priceless drops were spilled
 Upon the barren ground.
 — Yet hush! I will not murmur nor complain,
 With idle tears and vain,
 All should be thus. I think he gave his best
 In what he gave, nor guessed
 Half the sharp sorrow that my heart possessed.
 And this I surely know,
 God made him as he is, as He made me,
 Though fashioned differently, —
 His cup not full, and mine to overflow.
 His soul I could not teach —
 Nay, though I gave my very own for price! —
 In all life's days to reach
 A deeper depth, and higher heights to soar
 Than it had touched before;
 But what to me was granted will suffice
 Perchance both him and me,
 And I can love, and love, and love him still, —
 Ay, love him more and more,
 Till my great love, like tides of rising sea,
 Shall deepen, flush, and fill
 All shallows of his nature and supply
 All want there yet may be,
 His every lack and insufficiency,
 So full and wondrously,
 That after all beneath God's stainless sky
 Accepted in His sight,
 Fair with the glories of His deathless light,
 Our friendship yet may stand
 A temple sacred and divinely planned,
 Soul knit with equal soul,
 One rounded, perfect, and immortal whole!

Of course this sort of one-sided giving involves, in a certain sense, a fearful cost to the giver, but I also know to a certainty that one does not die from the loss of such life blood, but that, on the contrary, the whole character is uplifted, broadened, ennobled, and enriched by it, provided the nature is originally large and generous enough to bear the strain and accept that "discipline of fire."

The same poet has also said in another place: —

"I do not live
 By love received, but the great love I give."

What the
 Objector
 said.

— I should be glad to hear an argument from the opposite standpoint on the duty or advisability of reserving something of ourselves for self, since it seems as if there must be something to be said on that side of the question. My own consideration of the matter would lead me to go farther than the Questioner, and assert that it is impossible to give too much of ourselves to our friends, if the feeling which prompts the surrender be an unselfish one. May we not take this condition for our shibboleth? In the instance cited, where the woman felt that she had "given herself too much," may not the real trouble have been that she did not give herself enough, — that is, that she craved too liberal a gift in return? Some natures appear to be so constituted that in friendship they always give more than they receive, — although, if we look at it in a different light, we may say that they really receive the most, after all, — and this fact must be accepted, with many others whose *raison d'être* we cannot understand. But a genuine love, even if it meet with no adequate response, ought always to ennoble and enrich the soul from which it springs, provided it be given with no selfish demand for a precise equivalent. The more complete this self-surrender becomes, the greater, I believe, will be the power of entering henceforth into all other lives, in a spirit of helpful sympathy.

A friend of mine seems to have struck the keynote of the whole matter in saying: "I have long since come to believe that the only cure for heartache, discouragement, and disappointment is to love more, not less; to love a person, a pursuit, a cause, a country, an ideal, or a truth so much that we lose all thought of our share in either or our claim on either, and love them for the utmost possibility of good there is in them, desiring nothing in return but the joy of loving and serving them."

Had the Contributor's friend loved in this spirit, even though it was with her whole soul, I think she would not have "invariably come to grief" as a result of her devotion, nor could she have felt that she had in any true sense "given herself too much."

What the
 Advocate of
 the Heart
 said.

— The question does not appear to me to be friendship's; neither, I think, is Emerson speaking of friendship when he says that

after one has once known "a man's limitations it is all over with him;" that love of one's self "accuses the other party;" in other words, that if the "other party" were sufficiently high to be loved he could not love down to his lover. This is quite Emersonian, and is true enough as applied to those purely intellectual camaraderies which are, as Mr. Hamerton very clearly shows in his *Intellectual Life*, limited by the very nature of the case. One goes into an intellectual friendship for the sake of what one can get out of it, in the spirit indicated by Emerson; and, intellects being sadly limited, after a time the end comes, and one goes on to pastures new.

But when one comes to real friendship, which is an affair of the heart rather than of the head, calculations must cease. Friendship, like charity, "seeketh not her own;" in a wonderful sense, one gets most, in friendship, by giving most. Her true motto comes from Shakespeare, "Be sure of this, what I can help thee to thou shalt not miss." In this spirit she gives, and gives, and gives again; and in the very worst event, to her "purification becomes the joy of pain."

Three great sayings strengthen and illustrate this idea that friendship is for service,—for service rendered, not for service received. The supreme word is in that passage in the gospel where the disciples were told that whosoever lost his life for the Master's sake should find it. Shakespeare's supreme test of worthiness for manhood in love was the willingness to give and hazard all the man had. And Tennyson, when Sir Galahad would sit in the "siege perilous" wherein "no man could sit but he should lose himself," makes the dauntless young knight exclaim, "If I lose myself, I save myself!" It is this selflessness, to use one of Tennyson's words, which is the glory of friendship. She is "careful for nothing;" she may be "cast down," she cannot be destroyed; she may suffer long, but she *is* kind.

Friendship, as God, sees down through the outward husk of circumstance, the accident of environment, which has caused petty faults and affectations, which may even have built these up into great faults or vices; she detects beneath all this that which would be better if it could, that which would have been more noble had the

environment been less belittling. She sees the flame of good at the core, which exists in us all, however tiny or feeble it be; she looks on that, and patiently fans, and fans, and fans it, never worn out, though often weary. She finds the common ground and stands there, obeying one of Mr. Ruskin's maxims in dwelling upon points of consonance rather than points of dissonance. As long as a friendship is so new as to be still discovering fresh congenialities, it grows and flourishes; by and by, upon a toilsome day, a vexation creeps in, an offense comes, and differences begin to be discovered, magnified, dwelt upon. Let one die then, and instantly the surviving friend once more dwells tenderly upon the common tastes and aspirations. I have seen this again and again, and tested it many times, until I doubt whether we ought ever to "thank God we are not as other men." If sympathy is the great bond which makes the world's work and life itself possible, surely we dare not do so.

Very many times that passes for friendship which is the sheerest self-love. Who can doubt that jealousy and wounded feeling spring chiefly from this source, and that these are the greatest killers of friendship?

I know that in writing thus of friendship I may be accused of overshooting the mark,—of speaking of that grand general "love of benevolence," I think some catechism calls it, which cares for all the world alike; but this is not the case. I do not hold that it is possible to cherish the affection of which I speak, and for which I plead, equally with all the world. "It is ever with man's soul as it was with the universe; the beginning of creation is light." There must be a light, a spark struck out between spirits, a discovery of special congeniality, if you like to call it so. But this may be very slight, a mere "outward and visible sign;" the rest is "inward and spiritual grace," and "the soul, of its own beauty, will lend beauty to whatsoever it looks on with love," or, better still, it will find the beauty which is already there; for, in a sense beyond this special sense which forms the original bond of friendship, we are all at one if the soul's sight is keen enough to see it. After all, is not the power to forgive a test of genuine friendship?

What the
Friend said
of Forgiveness.

— The *noblesse oblige* principle is often most cruel and unrelenting in its constructions and applications, and perhaps never more so than in the current distribution of forgiveness. I see that we are forgiven by our friends only for what is adjudged by them to be our own class of failing, our individual bent in sinning. To illustrate : the habitually careful and trusty are not easily pardoned even a single lapse into carelessness, while some notorious disregarder of every charge given him is pardoned seventy times seven times. Again, any one instance of disingenuousness in the habitually truthful is never even forgotten, while the pleasant liar pursues his profession with no reprimand beyond the genial recognition of his mendacity. If gentleness becomes violent or good nature becomes irritable, on some occasion of great stress, what a miracle of apostasy ! Yet violence and irritability, unchecked, keep their own seats in the chimney-corner. From all which might be deduced a rule advantageous to self-seeking humanity : only insist sufficiently upon your own special and favorite fault by its familiar repetition, or by defending it as a matter of "temperament" or in some way of individual prerogative, and by so insisting you shall find that any special instances of your baseness, treachery, abuse of power, or aught besides will be treated to a palliation never accorded to the *one-time* offender in the same line of misconduct.

The so-regarded "faultless character" is ever at a great disadvantage in this one respect : so sensitive are his associates for

the preservation of their criterion (himself) that they cannot endure disappointment in the least article of the catalogued virtues which they have set to his credit, oftentimes despite his honest protest against apotheosis at their hands. What is the result if any little human deflection is discovered in him ? "So good that we cannot forgive him !" might be the summing-up expression of their attitude towards any such sporadic and unaccountable case of error or of failure. Is it that as one's excellence is great, so is the degree of his chance offense great and unforgivable, although in the inveterate practitioner the offense would be scarcely an appreciable fact ? I dare say there is some adroit sophistry which would explain why the springs of charity should flow with lethean tenderness over the transgression of the perpetual offender, whilst these same springs congeal and hold in merciless crystalline display the occasional lapses of the habitually upright, generous, and just. That Florentine potentate quoted by Bacon in the essay on Revenge seems to whisper significantly in my ear, as he observes that whereas we are commanded to forgive our enemies, we are nowhere commanded to forgive our friends.

I cannot help thinking that the sacred Word which tells us there is more joy over the one returning sinner than over the ninety and nine that went not astray is often sadly strained to indulge the sinner, while the balance is kept by showing, in a corresponding degree, austerity towards the ninety and nine.